TAVERNS, INNS, & TAPROOMS

GUILD

Taverns, Inns, and Taprooms

Spread throughout the entirety of the civilized world, one need not look far to find a communal gathering place to share food, stories, and camaraderie. Such places, guaranteed to arise wherever civilization blossoms,come in many forms.

A resource for Dungeon Masters of the
World's Greatest Roleplaying Game

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INTRODUCTION

Sometimes, it's good to give your players and their characters a chance to put their feet up and have a taste of normalcy. Regardless of the game you are running, offering such bastions of relaxation, recuperation, and safe havens can be incredibly rewarding and fun. Whether you're running a published D&D adventure or you plan on creating your own game world for your players, there this book can help develop and populate any number of restful locations.

Taverns, Inns, and Taprooms assumes you know the basics of playing or running the D&D roleplaying game as well as how to navigate and discern information from a variety of published rule and source books for 5th edition Dungeons and Dragons. If you have never played before or read through the aforementioned material, a great place to start is the *Dungeons & Dragons Essentials Kit*.

This book relies heavily on the *Players Handbook (PHB)*, *Dungeon Master's Guide (DMG)*, and *Monster Manual (MM)*. Having access to at least those three books will prove invaluable when utilizing this book.

While they are not **required** in order to utilize *Taverns, Inns, and Taprooms,* there are several mentions of creatures and rules from *Mordenkainen's Tome of Foes (MToF), Volo's Guide to Monsters (VGtM),* and *Xanathar's Guide to Everything (XGtE)*. Should those volumes not be available to you, replace the listed creature or rule with one found in the *DMG*, *PHB*, or *MM* as you see fit.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

This book is split into four chapters. The first three of which present details, NPCs, rules, and quests a party may discover at establishments that fall into the category of **Tavern, Inn, or Taproom**. The fourth and final chapter is devoted to resources that aid you in leveraging your own creativity to create your own, customized or randomized business in your own game world.

CHAPTER 1: TAVERNS

Spread throughout the entirety of the civilized world, one need not look far to find a communal gathering place to share food, stories, and camaraderie. Such places, guaranteed to arise wherever civilization blossoms, come in many forms, but a tavern, we will define, is any location open to the public in which alcoholic beverages, food, small games of chance, and short-term lodging can be found.

FEATURES

All taverns are unique, but many share similar features that help identify them. The following information can help you discern a tavern from any other similar establishment:

Size. These establishments are often operated by 4-8 individuals. Primarily staff includes a cook, a bartender, servers, and a general caretaker. Taverns can range in size from 1-2 rooms, with accommodations to sleep multiple people in a single communal space, all the way to enormous mansions-turned-taverns that have a half-dozen rooms for nightly rent and a comfortably large dining hall.

Food. Tavern meals are often well prepared and filling; easy to make and easy to store, they're generally sold to weary travelers and returning local patrons. Alcohol in such locations can vary wildly, as each tavern often sports an assortment of local and imported options.

Services. Non-essential services are kept to a minimum in Taverns, though some may offer minimal stabling and clothing repair. Occasionally, people from nearby communities will pedal wares or services with the tavern owners' permission, but such things are often kept to a minimum.

Entertainment. A point of contention for many tavern operators, available entertainment can often be hard to come by. Bards may sing for tips or a room for the night, but seldom will long-term accommodations be made for such entertainers. Small games of cards or dice are often allowed as well as simple carnival-style games should the crowd be inclined to start one.

Operations. Taverns must keep up with local trends and the demands of potentially wealthy travelers. As most tavern staff live in or near their place of business, the tavern will seldom make long-term arrangements, choosing instead to focus on a brief yet pleasant visit for any who happen by.

CHAPTER 2: INNS

The world is a vast and unfamiliar place to all who traverse it. Such travelers may find themselves weary or in need of a temporary home while they tend their wounds, wait for a wayward courier, or assess the next destination on their travel.

FEATURES

Inns will be classified as any location that primarily offers lodging for extended stays, often for a wide variety of guests. Such locations have several rooms and a large staff to accommodate each patron's needs.

Size. Inns are typically larger than private homes in the surrounding area. Many have ten or more rooms, with as many as thirty beds on offer. There are generally small meeting rooms, private lodgings, baths, and common rooms to host a number of functions.

Food. Some inns may choose to offer no food or may even lack a kitchen all together. Such places often partner with near-by eateries to tend to their guests. Other inns can focus a great deal of their manpower and resources on a cultivated an unique dining experience that rivals gourmet feasting halls. Meals are often unique and interesting, catered with regional flora and fauna in mind more-so than the expected clientele.

Services. Most Inns have a relatively large staff to better cater to guests. Some of the wide variety of services offered could include: **stablehands** that tend to beasts of burden, **porters** that see to luggage, **wait staff** to serve food and beverages, **cooks**, **bartenders**, and **valets** who fulfill a wide variety of personal services such as: running errands, delivering messages, purchasing goods or services, or submitting requests for an audience with local nobility on the patrons behalf.

Entertainment. Many inns host well-regarded entertainers, sanction large games of chance or skill, host weddings, or invite bands to perform concerts on the grounds for their guests' amusement. Many traveling entertainers will exchange nightly participation for their prolonged stay, allowing for multiple shows in a single day, on occasion.

Alternatively, some specialized Inns and Hotels have a staff of trained hosts and hostesses able to entertain travelers with conversation, dance, massage, song, or unique spellcasting services.

CHAPTER 3: TAPROOMS

While taverns may be well respected as communal watering holes, some find the selection of drink there wanting. Specialized businesses devoted primarily to a unique selection of alcohol help to fill the void.

FEATURES

Taprooms are any establishment whose primary focus is alcoholic beverages. Food is secondary or completely forgotten for a wide assortment of vintages, and such places have no lodging accommodations at all.

Size. Taprooms are generally large enough for thirty to a hundred patrons to congregate and mingle over beverages. Some taprooms sport massive open dance floors that allow people to flock together in revelry.

Food. In general, taprooms have a small selection of easy-to-make snacks, but no sizable meals to speak of. Taprooms, by a considerable margin, offer the widest assortment of beers, ales, meads, wines, liquors, and other specialized drinks of any establishment. Great care is taken in these establishments to ensure all licenses and fees are paid to their respective cities to maintain legal and respectable business practices.

Services. Bartenders, Servers, and occasionally Mixologists are the only interactive staff one should expect in taprooms. In addition, high-end breweries may pay for armed security to ensure a peaceful, enjoyable experience, often enlisting the services of well-known sellswords to give the establishment a reputation for safety.

Entertainment. Most entertainers filter through cities in search of lively taprooms. Enjoyable performances can garner enormous respect from the collected crowd and taproom owners are often wise enough to spread tale of such remarkable showcases by word of mouth when a performance enhanced the night's take, enticing even more bards, poets, and magicians ply their trade.

In addition, some locations allow or offer games of chance and skill, such as cards, darts, and dice games, as well as a variety of drinking games like ***Mug-Tennis*** or ***Ruby Races***. Even more affluent taprooms have more expensive entertainment outlets like billiards, bowling, and ***Singing Stone*** rooms.

CHAPTER 1: TAVERNS

BE YOU A TRAVELER, LABORER, ADVENTURER, OR aristocrat remaining incognito, taverns are perfect locations for putting up your feet, having a hardy meal, and preparing for the last leg of a long journey.

Taverns pop up sometimes in unexpected locations, wherever an entrepreneur's inspiration may strike. From the beautiful to the practically unbelievable, Taverns rarely ever fail to make a lasting impression.

THE SHOUTING SAIL TAVERN

Atmosphere: Rowdy

Lodging: Poor, Plenty

Food: Poor

Entertainment: Grand

Region: Forest, Rural, Upland

Cost

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The Shouting Squid was a large three-masted transport barge that fell from the sky, crushing most of a farmhouse beneath its excessive bulk. Even from ten bow-shots distance, the huge ship appears to be mashing the broken wreckage of the three-story home underneath it like the cap of an acorn. Rowdy songs, music, and shouts of gambling or jest flow from the place night and day.

BACKGROUND

Now keeled onto its side, the ship has exits cut into its belly, and has been re-branded as *The Shouting Sail,* open to all weary travelers. The one-time captain of the odd vessel, refuses to explain how the ship managed to get so far inland, the fate of half of his crew, or where their rumor of a vast horde of coin came from. Instead he chooses to regale people with stories of his and his crews' previous high adventures on the seven seas.

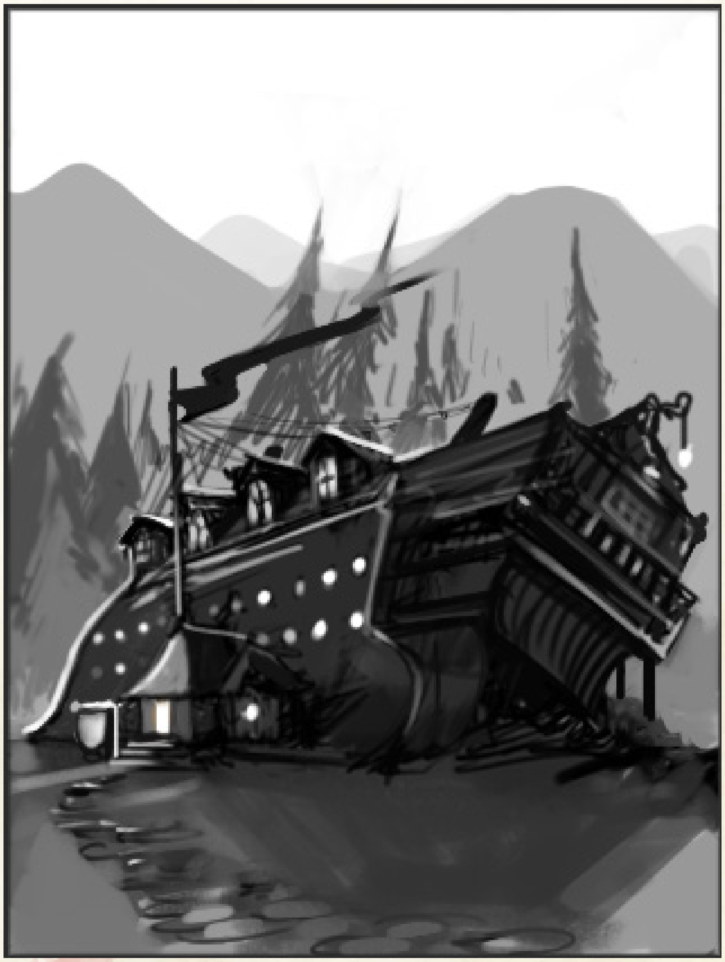
With the help of the family displaced by the ship's unintended careening, the wreck was hastily gutted – its decks laid bare, the forecastle converted to tight walled quarters, the remains of the masts used as great beams to build roofs and floors on the main deck, the huge shrouds repurposed into dozens of hammocks for small sleeping rooms on the storage deck of the ship.

There is never a shortage of people in The Shouting Sail, nor a shortage of noise. Rowdy soldiers and sailors frequent the place, seeing it as a good luck charm before a long adventure, often stumbling about the crooked and patchwork floors to the laughter of their peers.

THE CAPTAIN

Captain Gage Abrem (CN male Tethyrian human **swashbuckler**, VGtM 217) is a reedy man with a cross-shaped scar on the side of his head, a pair of wounds that cleaved the top of his ear off. His age is catching up to him; his salt and pepper hair stretches from the top of his scabby head to the point of his self-proclaimed "noble" mustache. Anyone would be hard-pressed to recall a time Captain Abrem didn't have a sword strapped to his hip or in his hand.

Always happy to share stories, local bounties, tricks of the trade, or advice to any who seek it, he is also an expert at holding his liquor, as well as a renowned Mumblety-peg player. The Captain enjoys showing off his "many, varied, and remarkable talents."



Mumblety-peg

This game is played by two or more players standing a stride or two from one another with their legs spread shoulder width apart. Each person takes turns throwing a dagger end-over-end down into the floor as deeply as possible as closely to their own foot as possible. The loser of the round has to get on their hands and knees and attempt to pull the winner's knife from the floor with their teeth. If they cannot, they are out of the game.

A player who strikes their own foot wins the round (or ties with other members who strike their foot).

Playing. On your turn, while wielding a non-magical dagger, roll an attack roll against the floor. The floor has AC 10. Roll damage normally to determine how deeply the blade sinks into the floor. On an attack roll of 2-9, the dagger bounces off the floor without dealing damage. On a critical miss, a natural roll of 1, the dagger sinks into your own foot, dealing damage to you. On a natural 20, you may choose exactly where the dagger lands, including between one's toes or through one's shoe.

At the end of the round, the player who rolled the lowest attack roll must make a Strength check to attempt to pull the winner's knife out of the ground with their teeth. The DC for the Strength check equals **double** the damage dealt by the winner's attack. If the player fails the Strength check, they are out of the game. If they succeed on pulling the dagger from the ground, they continue on to the next round.

Drinking Game. If you'd like to turn this into a drinking game, at the start of each round, every player drinks a mug of ale, beer, or mead. Characters can imbibe a number of drinks equal to their Constitution Modifier before they are affected (minimum 1) after which they take a cumulative -2 to attack rolls and ability checks. A player who imbibes a number of drinks equal to their Constitution Score passes out.

THE CREW

Much like their one-time captain, whom they still refer to as such, the remaining crew of *The Shouting Squid* do not talk about their last voyage, their near bottomless wealth, nor the fate of half of their number.

Of the original 130 man crew, 65 were aboard the ship when it fell from the sky, and 51 survived the fall onto the Meknav family's home. All able hands worked tirelessly to help create the amalgamation known as The Shouting Sail, but since it's completion, forty of their number have since departed.

Two notable crewmen keep The Shouting Sail prosperous along side their captain:

Brizira Hillstepper (NG stout halfling **druid**, MM 346) is a shaman of sorts and also the **ex-sailing master** of The Shouting Squid. She's a short grey-black haired halfling in her middle years. She hangs waxed, persevered leaves from her braided hair and sea shells on her wrists and ankles that jangle while she works. These days, she works along side Mel Meknav and a handful of others to procure local food for the tavern, and is an acceptable brewmaster.

Teleasian (CN non-binary half-elf **bard**, VGtM 211) is a spindly well-dressed master of wearing many different hats: both figuratively and literally. The primary role among them being their remarkable ability with both Voice and Violin. Once the ship's beloved **quartermaster,** Teleasian spends much of their time entertaining guests and tending the well-stocked bar.

THE FAMILY

A small human family and their dragonborn guardian were displaced by the massive ship that smashed down into their lives. In secret, they admit that they had to nurse all of the pirates back to health, from the brink of starvation and deadly thirst.

When the pirates offered a vast fortune for the opportunity to stay and make the wreckage their home, the family agreed. The stony fields the family once painstakingly tended are now overgrown with thick grasses and hay they let horses graze on. On the uppermost terrace grows Brizira's prized barley. Life, the family admits, has markedly improved since the day The Shouting Squid landed in their laps.

Mel Meknav (LG male Illuskan human **scout**, *MM 349*) is a surprisingly large man in his early 70s. His thick fingered hands cramp with arthritis during the cold months, much to his displeasure. When his son, Fret passed away several years ago, he took over as head of the household. He has no talent for growing things nor fatherly wisdom – but he has done right by the family with his skills as a hunter and trapper. Local rangers and hunters know his reputation as “the white bear” - for his massive stature and snow-white hair.

Julianne Meknav (LG non-binary Illuskan human **commoner**, MM 345) has always felt they have led a troubled life, but now enjoys a sense of purpose as a **caretaker**, tending to patrons at The Shouting Sail. When their husband Fret died, they would often remark at how quiet the house was without his constant chatter. Julianne welcomed Wutrin into their home and, later, the crew of The Shouting Squid. They're infinitely proud of their wheat-colored hair and often stains their lips with red berry mash – a trick taught to them by their mother.

Many underestimate Julianne's nerve and willingness to stand up to even the most fear mongering brigands that happen by their home. Captain Gage Abrem has remarked: “I'd not be surprised to see them staring down a hell hound if the need were to arise.”

Vaylent Meknav (CN male Illuskan human with the statistics of a **bandit**, MM 343) is a rail-thin teenage boy that takes after his mother, save for his dark brown hair. Vaylent does not speak about the day his father died, but still carries brutal scars from the occasion on his arms and face: a particularly gruesome scar splitting his cheek from ear to lip in a lop-sided smile. Whatever fate befell Vaylent and his father has not robbed the boy of bravado. He is often seen, since The Shouting Sail has opened, exchanging colorful words with the sailors that happen by, pouring water onto troublesome layabouts, and spurring the crowd to fits of dance and laughter.

Many sailors and brigands that frequent The Shouting Sail claim that one day they'll all be working for Vaylent, and the prospect ain't half bad.

Wutrin of Clan Kruuphelminxis (LG male silver dragonborn **knight**, MM 347) follows Vaylent Meknav like a shadow. Nearly seven feet tall with glossy silver-white flesh and a brutal looking axe slung on his back, Wutrin commands attention everywhere he goes. Those who watch him for any length of time can see his tongue fluttering between his large angular teeth.

The Cook

Known by the crew as “Ham Bones,” no one who meets Samuel Loam (CN male half-orc **bandit**, MM 345) would ever think of him as a pleasant person. The short, stocky half-orc suffers no foolery and would sooner eat a bowl of nails as hear unwanted criticism about his cooking.

Ham Bones is in his late fifties, four decades of which have been spent cooking aboard various ships. At the age of nine, he was a cook's boy on a private naval ship called the Starman's Dream, captained by his cold, uncaring father. When the ship fell to pirates, most of the crew was to be marooned. Samuel shouted “I can cook!” over and over again until the captain of the pirate vessel dragged him to the galley to shut him up.

Ham Bones knows with a liberal application of alcohol, there is no need for exceptional food. He cooks much higher quality food in secret for himself and his apprentice Harlen – in an effort to teach the boy good technique, even if there's no need to use it.

His sous-chef, a young very tan dwarf named Harlen Bronzebane (CN male gold dwarf **bandit**, MM 345), scurries around day and night to the shouts of his mentor, trying to please the stubborn half-orc. Harlen is unaware that Samuel would walk into the Abyss for him, and often considers leaving The Shouting Sail and returning home.

Rooms and Amenities

There is no shortage of sleeping space in The Shouting Sail, but even storied sailors would be hard-pressed to call the accommodations anything but survivable. With a price tag of 5cp per night, occupants shouldn't expect much.

The decks of the ship have been walled with heavy planks and thick canvas curtains used as doors. The size of each room may vary, but there is space and hammocks for more than 200 guests to sleep off a night's heavy drinking, as well as dozens of small circular windows to let in the cool forest breeze.

Valuables Storage

Each room has a heavy wooden chest with an iron padlock; renting a chest for the night costs a hefty 5 silver pieces. The crew and the captain make no guarantees for the security of the chests, but do make a very public and violent show of what happens to thieves aboard The Shouting Squid, even after it's permanent careening.

Night Peddlers

Crewman walk along the sleeping quarters all day and well into the night with buckets full of scalding hot water and bars of soap for sale at 2 cp, fresh baked bread and butter for 1 cp, and hot fruit wine for 4 sp a pitcher. Such peddlers wear a red sash around their waists covered in tinkling bells to announce their arrival after dark in place of shouting down the halls as they are want to do during the daylight hours.

Private escorts of all varieties occasionally come to the Shouting Sail and ply their trade among the guests and crew. Such people are treated respectfully and protected as well as the captain himself.

Menu

Food and Drink in The Shouting Sail is plentiful, but of sub-par quality. What it lacks in sophistication, it more than makes up for in affordability. Most of the victuals are stretched thin in soups and stews with heavy breads and local vegetables and fruits.

Every tenday, two large carts bring enormous barrels of wine and rum. Meanwhile, in the unused windmill, heavy fermentation vats produce gallons upon gallons of beer and ale all year-round, spearheaded by the halfling druid Brizira Hillstepper.

Breakfast (**3cp**) is served from before daylight until an hour or two after sunrise each morning.

Dinner (**4cp**) is less structured than breakfast, generally people can make a request at any time during the day for whatever is on offer from the kitchen.

Work Meals (**3sp**) are offered for those traveling locally. They contain a plethora of dried fruit, salted venison, hard-baked bread, and a pouch of simple spices. Sometimes, when Brizira is in the kitchen, dried teas will be included at no additional price.

Dessert (**1cp**) is a luxury and not always available, but when it is, the portions are small and served reservedly, lest most of it end up reintroduced to the bar-room floor.

A Family Secret

Patrons who go to great lengths to win Julianne, Mel, or Wutrin's trust may be told the story of how Wutrin joined the family, the fate that befell Fret, and the scars that cover young Vaylent.

A Debt to be Repaid. Wutrin, despite his incredible capabilities as a warrior, found himself beset by a gnoll pack in the woods north of the Meknav farm. Though he killed several of the creatures, they returned again and again in greater numbers, hounding him to exhaustion. Eventually, was cornered by three of the beasts in a cave on the edge of the Meknav property. Barely able to lift his axe, let along swing it, it's a marvel that he managed to kill one of his attackers.

As the dog-like killers stabbed and smashed at Wutin with spears, it was the young Vaylent Meknav who ran into the cave with a heavy branch, screaming loud enough to wake the dead. He did little to wound the gnolls, but gave them and Wutrin a hell of a fright. While one of the gnolls pounced on the child, raking and chewing Vaylent, the boy's father, Fret, took the other in the chest with a well-placed crossbow bolt. On seeing its pack mate die, the gnoll abandoned Vaylent and fell upon Fret with its claws, a dagger, and powerful jaws.

The struggle lasted only a few moments, but when the melee stopped, both Fret and the gnoll lay dead. Both of them cut to pieces by the other. Wutrin dragged himself to the boy's side, who lie howling in pain, screaming for his father, his mother, his god – any name that might take the pain away. Wutrin did the only thing he could, and knocked the boy out.

He carried young Vaylent for a time, and dragged his father – until his hands couldn't bear the weight. When he finally woke, a huge man called Mel, had Wutrin slung across his back, the boy under one arm and Fret under the other. Soaked in their combined blood, the huge man kept screaming the name 'Julianne.'

Wounds. Wutrin and Vaylent recovered together in the Meknav house, watched over by Mel and tended by Julianne. Fret was buried unceremoniously under a shady tree next to two other family graves. Together, the family wept. Julianne wept with sorrow, Vaylent with regret, and Mel with pride.

When his wounds mended, Wutrin decided to remain with the family. He swore an oath to remain by Vaylent's side and watch over the boy until he became a man, to repay a dept to Fret that only Wutrin felt was owed.

Part of the Crew

Only the smartest, most trusted, or ruthlessly ambitious of adventurers, would ever learn of the hidden wealth accumulated by the crew of The Shouting Squid. Hidden away in various lockboxes in The Shouting Sail are potions of treasure for each member of the crew totaling 81,449 gp worth of gemstones and coinage of various mints.

A *portable hole* is locked inside a trapped chest buried under hundreds of thousands of tons of soil and stone directly underneath The Shouting Sail Tavern. Inside the portable hole is another **3.7 million gold coins** along with 20,000 gp worth of art and collectible objects.

Should the horde ever be touched by someone not of the crew or The Shouting Squid ever touch the ocean again, there is nowhere in the multiverse safe for the thief or the ship to hide from the creature that comes for retribution.

Quest: The Rat

Captain Abrem, should he ever come to trust an adventuring party, may make a request of them.

Back when his crew was sailing for their supper, a crewman they picked up along the coast named Jerris "The Rat" Custen (CE male half elf **wererat**, MM 209) stole a singularly personal treasure from Gage before making his escape in the dead of night, the captain's magical scimitar, *Stormbreaker.*

Gage eventually tracked the thief to a forest, where he was supposedly holed up with a band of brigands. When the crew arrived to seek their vengeance on the bandits, they had already been set upon by a massive **Treant** (MM 289) and a quartet of **4 dryads** (MM 121). The forest had cursed the cutthroats and, to Gage's shock, embedded the lot of them, still living, in the wooden flesh of the Treant.

Brizira**,** a druid herself, utterly refused to disturb the Treant or its protectors and went so far as to threaten the captain should he take arms against them to recover his sword.

Gage can give approximate directions and descriptions to the location he last saw the Treant, a massive forest a few miles from a well-known coastal city.

Treasure. Should the characters track down the sword and return it, Gage offers to give them **5,000 gp** and a ***robe of eyes***, a gift given to him by the Marquis of Belerand years ago.

Should the party desire the sword for themselves, Gage does not begrudge them – better in the hands of people he trusts than a coward like The Rat. ***Stormbreaker*** (***See Appendix C***) itself is a powerful weapon in the hands of a seafaring folk and could fetch a high price from certain collectors.

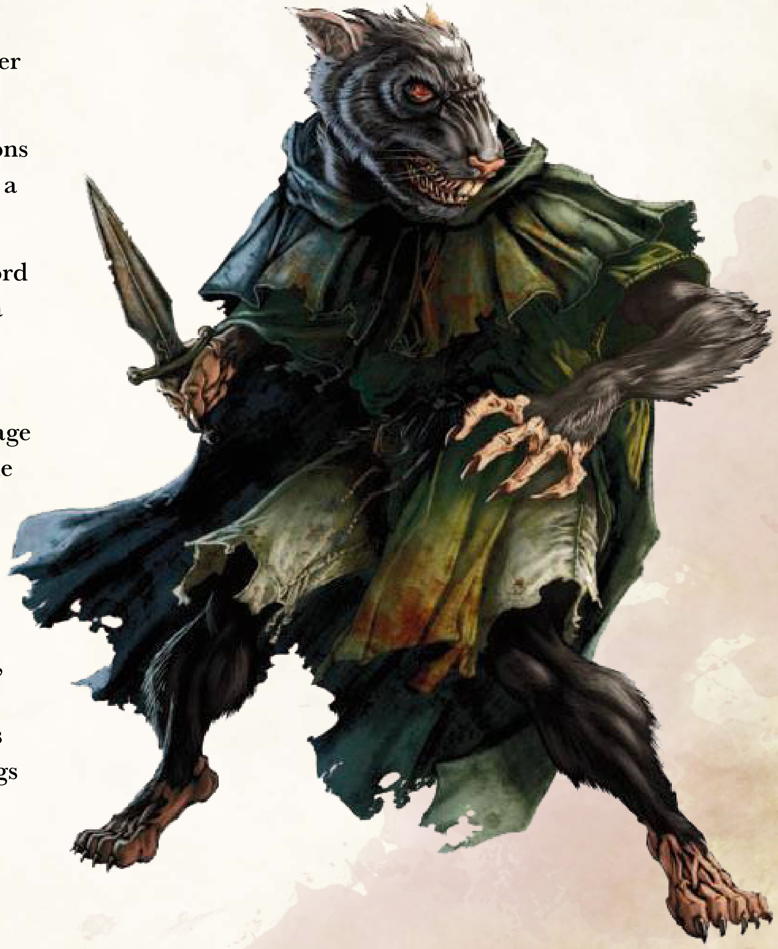
Development. When the characters find the Treant, six vine-wrapped skeletons remain half-embedded, grown over, in the treant's body. Jerris, however, looks hale and hearty, thanks to his wererat blood, with twigs and branches piercing through his body ineffectually.

The dryads and their Treant guardian seek only to remain secluded and safe but require a great deal of convincing to give up their captive – lest he escape and do more harm to the forest.

Characters must succeed on a DC 18 Charisma (persuasion) check to convince the dryads to release The Rat. Should a character fail the check, the Dryads attempt to beguile them with magic and force them from the forest. Should the dryads be attacked, the Treant defends them to the death.

Jerris has been left completely mad by his imprisonment and attacks the party as soon as he is free, spouting jibberish and mad ramblings all the while. A *greater restoration* relieves him of his madness, but does not improve his prickly, selfish demeanor.

Treasure. Among the corpses and Jerris, embedded in the treant, are 8 platinum, 44 gold, and 81 silver pieces, a *potion of animal friendship*, a *horn of blasting*, and *Stormbreaker.* Any mundane gear once worn or carried by the brigands is ruined beyond repair.



Breakfast (3cp)

Lamb and Beef Bone Soup with Carrots

A heavy bowl of hot meaty broth and sweet chunks of carrot.

Spiced Bull's Tongue Jerky with Potato Hash Stew

Pan fried chopped potatoes drowned in a milk-broth covered in strips of chewy beef tongue spiced with pepper and garlic

Hard cheese, Black Vinegar, and Tomato Soup

Smoked and cured cheeses are local favorites and easy to come by. Served with salty pungent vinegar and a boiled tomato broth soup.

Sweet Corn Porridge with Bacon

Sweet yellow cornmeal porridge spiced with cinnamon and nutmeg. Served with a thick slab of cured bacon

Dinner (4cp)

Sour Rolls and smoked salt fish

A sharp-tasting crusty dinner roll full of whole smoked shad

Cornbread with White Beans and Chopped Beef

Sweet and dry cornbread covered in soft white beans and scrap bits of minced stewed beef

Spicy Potato Sausage Soup

Large chunks of soft yellow potato stewed in milk and chicken broth with spicy slices of sausage

Stewed Salt Pork and Black Beans

A huge bowl of earthy, firm black beans simmered with chunks of chewy pork.

Dessert (1cp)

Honey Hand Cakes

A very simple, crumbly cake made with honey, eggs, and flour

Marzipan (almond paste) pastries

Flaky rolled dough stuffed with ground almonds and sugar

Warm Honeyed Goat's Milk

A bowl of creamy goat's milk whipped with hot honey into a sweet airy cream

Tenday Apple Dandies

Two tart green apples boiled in Rum then sealed in a cask for ten days, drained, and charred on a flame until hot

Drinks

Water

Luckily, there is no shortage of crystal clean well water around The Shouting Sail

Apple Cider

A watery blend of crisp green and sweet red apple juice with local spices. Served warm or cool

Mulberry Juice

A glass of thick black tart and sweet grapefruit-like berry juice. Sometimes mixed with water

Milk

Local roaming cows and goats were convinced by Birzira to stop by to be milked each day

Alcohol

Sofwin

Ale

This weak ale is made by a small family a few days ride south of The Shouting Sail. The ale leans into the sweetness of the grain and is shipped in patched whiskey barrels, making it easy to drink but with a much stronger aroma than expected.

Mug 4cp   Gallon 2sp

Hillstepper 5

Lager

Brewed in five hand-made large vats in the unused mill outside the old Meknav house, many call this dark beer otherworldly. As such, it commands the highest price of any drink at The Shouting Sail. Crisp, clean, and incredibly fresh, the exact recipe is a mystery and probably magical.

Mug 4sp   Gallon 5gp

Effect: The first time a creature drinks 5 mugs of Hillstepper 5 Lager in one sitting, they can roll 1d4 and add that many hitpoints to their hit point maximum.

Darkrest

Spiced Wine

The Darkrest estate was once home to an incredible vineyard. A rampaging brood of Ankheg made a ruin of the estate itself and most of the surround. In the years since, the only wine carry the brand is this “cheap swill.” It's a pale third-pressing, spicy and fragrant with hints of clove and pepper. It sports a deep red color from being dyed with earthy beets.

Pitcher 1sp 5cp

Calburn's Fierce

Rum

The most standard, workhorse of spirits, this sugarcane rum is brewed by a clan of Dwarves that ship the stuff around the world in stupendous quantities. Very sweet and strong enough to peel paint, the crew of The Shouting Sail have always drown hefty portions of citrus (mostly limes) in it to help stave off scurvy and mouth rot.

Shot 1sp   Mug 6sp   Pin 2gp

The Shouting Sail

Breakfast

3cp

Spiced Bull's Toungue Jerky

Potato Hash Stew

4cp DINNER 4cp

Sour Rolls + Salt fish

Potato Sausage Soup (Spicy)

Sweet

~~1cp~~ 2cp

Tenday Apple Dandies (w. rum)

FAMOUS - Don't miss out.

DRINK

Softwin (Ale)	4cp Mug	2 ~~cp~~ SP gal
Darkrest (SPCD wine)	1SP	5cp pitcher

Dont Be A Snot - Tip yer BARMAID.

BIG BONE COOKERY

Atmosphere: Elegant

Lodging: Minimal

Food: Grand

Entertainment: Poor

Region: City, Temperate

Cost

●●●●○

Big Bone Cookery may be in a difficult-to-find location, hidden behind larger buildings or decorative foliage, but has a reputation as being the most celebrated eatery for a thousand miles. The building, once a manor house, is surprisingly small considering the massive crowd bunched up outside its doors from dawn to well after dark. On the outside of the building is a wooden board, purposefully burned black. Across the top of the board, in white paint, is written “Big Bone Cookery;” underneath is a list of four dishes, written in chalk: the day's select menu.

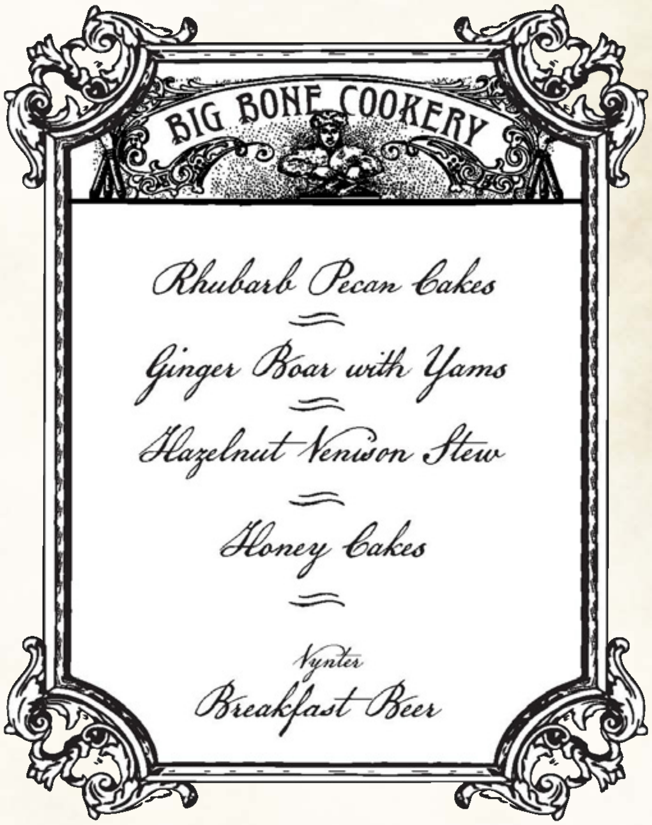
BACKGROUND

With no more than five sleeping rooms, four rapidly changing choices of drink, and no entertainment to speak of, the true heart of Big Bone Cookery is an awe inspiring menu. The head chef, **Guermont dan Ebliese** is rumored to have been the head chef to a royal family in the far south before being forced to flee the unwanted advances of the queen and the brutality of her king.

The bottom floor of the house was gutted and turned into an immaculately adorned dining hall. A dozen dark wood tables are sprinkled around the red oak floor. Long white curtains frame each window, and rose scented candles burn on every centerpiece. A single staircase leads up to the second and third floors, and an open doorway leads down to the basement cellar, where employees go to fetch wine.

Cut off from the diners, in the back of the house, lies a well appointed kitchen where two cooks and the head chef tirelessly make incredible dishes served on clean white ceramic plates.

Many guests who frequent the establishment are dressed in fine gowns, flowing robes, and stately suits of well-woven fabric. A duke dining inside would not seem so terribly out of place, nor a opulent adventurer splurging newly acquired wealth.



THE OWNER AND HEAD CHEF

Guermont dan Ebliese (NG male sun elf **cultist**, MM 345) is stocky, olive-skinned, and has a noticeably odd gait. Those who pay attention can see he has a prosthetic wooden left leg from the knee down. His angular face and naturally puckered lips make him appear far more haughty and unapproachable than he is.

Guermont is quite young by elven standards, barely in his forties. Any elvish patrons are immediately aware that Guermont does not act or behave as one would expect of an elf. Attempts to uncover the origins of the chef are stopped dead by his complete unwillingness to converse about his past. Only those who seek to earn his friendship might be trusted to know his painful history.

THE CARETAKER

Krista dan Ebliese (LG tiefling **commoner**, MM 345) has dark red skin and slate gray ram-like horns that sweep back and wrap around her delicate ears. In her early twenties, she's still rebellious and youthful. Often, she adorns her ears and horns with thin silver chains and jewelry and wears an impressively tailored white gown. She is a singular beauty, and a sight to behold.

Krista, despite years of asking, as no idea why she is so unlike her father or her late mother. The agony such arguments bring to her father suggest he is not ready to tell the tale – despite her own desire to know.

She often recalls, when asked on the subject, that her very first memories were of cooking, and while she enjoys to work with her father in the kitchens, she has found an equally useful talent in tending to guests. The work reminds her of her mother's doting, caring nature, which never fails to bring a smile to her face.

Krista has learned and experienced more about food in her short life than few other in the circle of the world, and she's not one to miss an opportunity to boast about those skills.

Kind, endearing, and ruthlessly energetic, Krista is the pillar on which the Big Bone Cookery was built. Despite the apprehension of many, due to her devilish appearance, she is considered one of the best **caretakers** in the business.

The Staff

The workers at the Big Bone Cookery were hand-picked by Krista and Guermont for their discretion and training with nobility. As such, many of them only passingly greet guests and remain unseen and unobtrusive. As such, they are not fully fleshed out characters and almost always send inquisitive sorts to Krista to be taken care of.

Hired Staff. Each of the seven waiters and three cooks (LG male and female **commoners**, MM 345) are untrained in combat, but exceedingly good at their jobs: attentive, knowledgeable, yet ultimately forgettable.

Hurk Embereye. The barman is a red bearded hill dwarf with bushy square eyebrows. In addition to his job serving drinks and tending to guests, Hurk acts as the tavern's security, should the need arise. He keeps two beautifully crafted silver handaxes holstered on his lower back beneath his jacket. Hurk has the statistics of a **veteran** (MM350) with the following changes:

- Hurk Embereye is Lawful Neutral.
- His speed is 25 feet.
- He has advantage on saving throws against poison and resistance to poison damage.
- He has darkvision out to a range of 60 feet, and he speaks Common, Infernal, and Dwarvish.
- Instead of a Longsword or Shortsword, he wields a pair of silvered handaxes. As an action, he can make three attacks, two attacks with one handaxe and one attack with the other handaxe. Each handaxe deals 6 (1d6+3) slashing damage.
- Hurk keeps his heavy crossbow stowed beneath the counter and can retrieve it and fire as an action while behind the bar.

Hurk Embereye has been with the Ebliese family since before Guermont was born and chose, willingly, to accompany his young friend, wherever he may go.

Br'reverer Caskback. The sommelier (wine expert) who works tirelessly tasting, turning, and selecting beverages in the cellar is the sickly looking Br'reverer "Breva" Caskback (LN female **deep gnome**, MM 164). Breva is a secret weapon of Guermont's and an old friend.

The deep gnome traveled out of the Underdark in hopes of learning techniques surface-dwellers use in brewing their alcohol: particularly fruit wine and spirits. Many ingredients used on the surface are nearly impossible to cultivate underground, but Breva's family has spent generations shaping and manipulating the earth to accommodate such undertakings.

Breva has struck a deal with Guermont and his daughter to work as their wine and spirits expert. Every few months, a contingent of Breva's family venture to the cellar from the Underdark to deliver their newest brews and take back Breva's findings. They generally only stay for a day or two, which Guermont happily closes Big Bone Cookery to accommodate.

Rooms and Amenities

The Big Bone Cookery's five rentable rooms reflect the building's humble home architecture. Due to the surprisingly limited space and the chance to dine before any others in the city, rooms are extraordinarily priced: **6gp per night.** Five times the rate of most taverns.

Each room has two beds, a trunk with a lock and key, a dresser, a fireplace, a pair of lounge chairs, and a small balcony that overlooks the surrounding city.

WASH CLOSETS

A small door inside each room leads to a closet where occupants can fill basins with fresh water from spigots in the wall. The spigots are fed from a large water tank in the attic of the house, leaving the water warm but not hot. Each wash closet is tiled with a drain in the floor and a smooth ceramic lidded wooden toilet that empties into the sewer underneath the house.

Guermont sold most of the house's furnishings to have the rudimentary indoor plumbing installed for the sole reason of never wishing to empty another person's chamber pot.

SMOKE DEALERS

Few peddlers are allowed inside Big Bone Cookery, the exceptions being local sellers of pipeweed, tobacco, and smoking accessories. Many guests partake in the consumption of such products after such enjoyable meals, including Krista – who smokes a particular brand of orange scented tobacco called "Rikard's Orchard."

Cost. A pouch of floral pipeweed costs **1gp** (18 uses) and a pouch of fine tobacco costs **12gp 5sp** (18 uses). Wooden pipes are sold for **5gp** or a clay pipes for **2gp.**

MENU

A popular travel writer called the food at the Big Bone Cookery "blessed by the divines." Guermont has spent years perfecting and reinventing the cuisine he learned in his youth. Local merchants sell their best wares at a fraction they charge most patrons in an effort to win the Cookery's business. Meals are crafted with fresh breads, well attended meats butchered in-house, imported specialty items from far away regions, and fresh local vegetables and fruits.

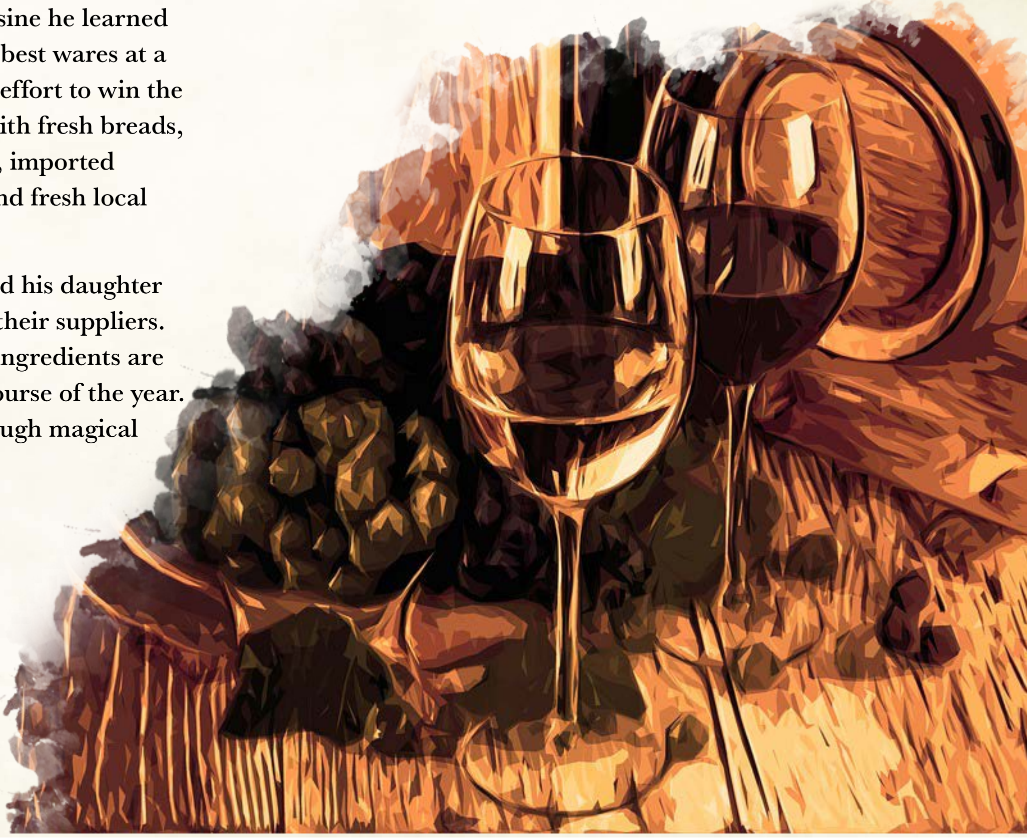
Every day, before dawn, Guermont and his daughter venture to local markets and meet with their suppliers. The menu for the day is constructed as ingredients are purchased, and often change over the course of the year. Merchants who preserve their food through magical means are given special consideration.

Breakfast (8sp) is served from one hour after sunrise and lasts for three hours. Meals are large and fresh with a particular focus on fruits and vegetables. Elvish themes are explored during breakfast, as Guermont believes they've mastered morning dining experiences.

Lunch (1gp 2sp) is served for four hours, starting at noon. Lunch is meant to be quickly consumed and enjoyed to fuel the day: smoked meats, crusty breads, and energy packed vegetables. Lunch often utilizes the remaining ingredients from breakfast as well as ingredients purchased for the task.

Dinner (2gp), unlike breakfast or lunch, is catered to an aristocratic clientele. Dinner begins two hours after lunch concludes, and continues until all of the ingredients purchased for the day are eaten or until midnight, whichever comes first. Dishes served during this time are extravagant and painstakingly prepared. Neither heavy nor overly light, the dining experience is something to behold.

Dessert (1gp) is often purchased in addition to the dinner experience, but one can order only dessert, should they wish. The dishes served for desert are practically unheard of outside of a duke or king's table. Tender fruit-soaked sweet cakes, frozen custards of exotic fruits and milks, and sweet pastes made of nuts and bark are common inclusions.



CORRUPTION OF A CULT

After several attempts to earn his trust, Guermont may decide to finally confess the truth of his daughter's lineage to Krista and possibly the adventurers themselves. Recalling such memories cause him no small amount of pain and would only be spoken of in privacy.

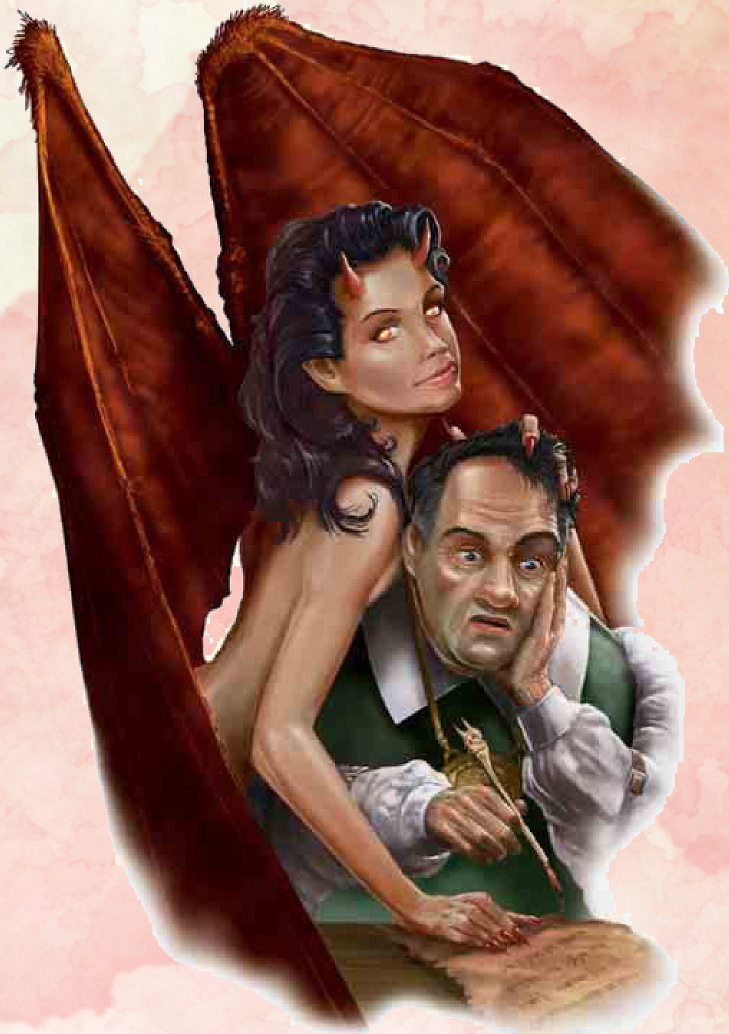
Love Unbecoming. Guermont was born an illegitimate child in a noble half-elf family. He was neither hated nor treated graciously. In his early years, he worked in the estate's kitchens, where he found a love of food. It wasn't until his teenage years that he found friendship in a group of traveling priests. Swiftly, he fell in love with Liara, a female elven priest of their number. The two met in secret almost daily and whispered of running away together.

Betrayal. After months of suggesting he become a priest himself, Guermont, without Liara's knoweldge, went to Fortune's Fate, a well known temple of Tymora where they dwelt. But beneath that holy place, hidden from the world, the priests sacrificed many in honor of Baalzebul, an archdevil who reveled in falls from grace.

Whatever their plan for Guermont, it did not come to pass. When he woke, he lie among the dying priests in the basement shrine to Baalzebul, mortally wounded by one another. Kneeling beside him, groaning with pain and clutching a cruel dagger, Liara laughed at the destroyed effigy of the archdevil. Her back had large bat-like wings spread wide, and her skin changed to the color of flame. In the years that followed, Guermont learned her form to be that of a **succubus** (MM 285).

One's a Curiosity. In the throes of whatever ritual was underway, Guermont saw, squirming under his devilish tormentor, a baby born from her own womb. She was speaking a language Guermont could not understand, but he felt the words rattling his bones. He grabbed the baby and tried to flee. Liara, half-prostrate, grabbed him with a vice-like taloned grip. When Guermont wrenched himself free, the muscle and bone of his left leg was irrevocably mangled by the effort. Regardless, he ran, crawled, and fell over himself, screaming through the pain to escape the infernal place.

When the priests of Tyrmora arrived minutes later, the cultists were putrefied and the stench of brimstone filled the chamber. The effigy of the archdevil lie shattered apart on the bloody ground, and there was no sign of the succubus.



Fortune Granted. Guermont convalesced for several tenday at the temple, alongside his daughter. Her reddish skin, black eyes, and stubby horns drove healers away, save for one nursemaid, **Seleese**, who took pity on the hungry child. When the time came to leave, Guermont asked the sorrow-filled Selieese to be his wife. She agreed, and the two were wed that very day.

After twenty happy years, Guermont and Krista, have opened the doors of their family home to any who share their passion for food.

QUEST: THE CORRUPTRESS

Despite Guermont's desire to have nothing to do with the succubus that nearly robbed him and his daughter of their lives, Hurk Embereye has spent a relative fortune in finding the devil's true name – which he holds until a time when Guermont or Kirsta should need it.

It was Hurk's plan to find the fiend and kill it himself – but doing so would undoubtedly end his friendship with Guermont: an unbearable thought.

If Guermont confides the tale of what happened twenty years ago to the adventurers, Hurk confronts them and requests they see the creature destroyed for what it did to his friend. He suggests the adventurers find a spellcaster or priest powerful enough to summon the vile fiend into a trap strong enough to contain it. Hurk does not know the complete process of how to destroy a fiend for good, but trusts the adventurers to find the truth of it for themselves.

Luckily, Hurk knows the most important key to destroying the devil: its name, **Nesiza-mentz.**

Treasure. Should the adventurers bring proof of the devil's real death, Hurk will see to it that his clan builds a stronghold for them on whatever land they may own. An immensely expensive undertaking, costing nearly 15,000 gold and half-a-year to oversee, Hurk has no qualms about overseeing the construction personally. He considers it an apt reward for bringing even a moment of peace to his beloved friend.

Nesiza-mentz "The Corruptress"

Nesia-mentz was once a succubus loyal to Glasya, the archdevil ruler of Malbolge in the Nine Hells and daughter of Azmodeus. In a perpetual power struggle with her peers, Glasya has standing orders to many such succubi and inccubi to infiltrate, corrupt, and destroy cults loyal to rival archdevils. Any devil who succeeds in such a mission would be raised among the ranks of Glasya's growing force.

Going by the name Liara, Nesia-mentz had no trouble infiltrating and corrupting the fallen nobles worshiping and spreading the influence of Baalzebul. She took pleasure in their desperation, their opulence, their carnal desires. Her plans came to culmination when she finally bore a child, the instrument of endless jealousy among the gathered throng of selfish sycophants, ending in a destructive tirade among all the congregation.

When Nesia-mentz's child arrived, she planned to show its corruption to the father, Guermont, before taking his life and absconding with their powerful **cambion** offspring back to Malbolge. When the child was born **a lowly tiefling**, she thought to kill it. Imagining the child as a burden on the fool who bed her so enthusiastically, she delighted at their bloody escape.

Glasya, aptly pleased with the succubus' works, honored her bounty and ascended Nesia-mentz to power she'd not even imagined.

Now the fiend calls itself **Baltaris "The Vile"** - a **chain devil** (MM 72) able to summon up to **3 Merregon** (MToF 166) bodyguards at will. Baltaris' power is exceptional, dwarfed only by its cruelty and thirst for torture.

If summoned using an ***Infernal Calling*** **spell** (XGtE 158) or other magic, the devil will happily attempt to convince the adventurers it will work for them for the duration of the spell in exchange for "an ounce of pain" (10 points of damage), "a word of secrets" (a secret divulged in earnest to the devil), or "a imagined murder" (the character must picture the death of an NPC at their hands).

Its infernal nature allows it insight into whether the character has held up their end of the bargain. What the devil will not divulge is that a single character that exchanges all three over the course of its life, has bound its soul to the Lower Planes and into Glasya's domain.

Killing a Devil. More information on devils can be found in the *Monster Manual* on page 66-67 that may prove useful:

- A devil's true name can be used to summon and bind it into service.
- A devil that dies in the Material plane is drawn back into the Nine Hells where it reforms at full strength.
- The only way for a devil to be brought to the Material plane is through powerful summoning magic or open portals.
- If the devil is killed inside the Nine Hells, its destruction is permanent.

Such information is uncommon, but not difficult to find if searched for. Any arcanist, conjuration wizard, high ranking priest, or scholar of the Lower Planes should have ready access to this information for a small price.

BREAKFAST (8sp)			
Rhubarb Pecan Cakes Sweet and earthy oyster-sized elvish pecan cakes that smell of nutmeg and honey packed with chunks of fresh rhubarb. A white-corn porridge that's been seasoned with whole cinnamon and cloves is served along side the cakes.	**Stuffed Purple Bread** A savory violet-colored bread made from purple potatoes and ground rosemary that's stuffed with onions, mushrooms, and thinly sliced peppercorn crusted beef.	**Black Pears and Eggs** A delicate plate of sweet pears poached in a black mulberry brandy, soft boiled eggs dusted with toasted cardamom, and a dollop of fresh creamed goat cheese.	**Cauliflower Jacks with Pepper Sauce** A heavy, crispy cauliflower pancake dusted with white pepper and shaved white truffles served with poached quail eggs drizzled with a spicy roasted red pepper sauce.
LUNCH (1gp 2sp)			
Ginger Boar with Yams Hearty cutlets of boar marinaded in roasted leek and ginger served over stewed blackberries, yam, and candied pecans.	**Smothered Squash Plank** A roasted slab of yellow squash smeared with whipped Auroch cheese and dark mushrooms fried in garlic oil. Served with crusty wheat bread.	**Sweet Grilled Lamb** Grilled lamb covered with a chili and lemon sauce. Served along side roasted carrots and sliced grilled beets.	**Salmon and Pepper Pot Pie** A golden pie filled with smoked salmon, delicate cauliflower, and pan fried white pepper crusted chickpeas. Served with a side of hot red pepper sauce.
DINNER (2gp)			
Hazelnut Venison Stew A savory bowl of crushed hazelnut and juniper crusted venison, yellow and black smoked carrots, and red potatoes topped with fried sage leaves.	**Forrest with Prawns** Fire roasted garlic and chili soaked grilled prawns served over a bed of dark roasted broccoli, burnt leek, and candied basil leaves.	**Lamb with Pumpkin Soup** Soft strips of cherry-glazed lamb and flame roasted baby corn served with a savory grilled and pureed pumpkin and sage soup.	**Fricassee Rabbit with Roots** Young rabbit braised in a delicate parsley, bay leaf, and peppercorn cream sauce. Served with a side of roasted parsnips, celery root, and candied turnips.
DESSERT (1gp)			
Honey Cake A pair of chewy honey cupcakes topped with a delicate chamomile whipped cream frosting.	**Bread Pudding** A cinnamon and nutmeg wheat bread pudding full of candied cranberries and sugar-glazed oranges.	**Plumb and Apricot Cobbler** A sugary blend of stewed sour plumbs and sweet apricots covered in a light and crispy dough of oats, clove, and goat butter.	**Black Mint with Stuffed Pastry** A flaky pastry filled with candied lemon, honey, and sweet-creamed goat cheese. Served with several fresh mint leaves dipped in dark chocolate.
ALCOHOL			
Vynter **Breakfast Beer** A smooth pale beer brewed for a light, sweet flavor. Shipped in barrels with roasted coco beans for a robust earthy note. **Mug** 6cp **Gallon** 2sp 3cp	***Dorwin Brewery*** **Herb Mead** A sharp, sour honey wine fermented with wild yeast, crabapple, lemon balm, rose, and hibiscus for a bright fragrant appeal. **Mug** 7cp **Pitcher** 1gp	***June Nipper's "L"*** **Sweet Barrel Gin** Each small apothecary-style single-serving bottle of this fermented juniper berry alcohol contains a unique blend of lemon, cherry wood, and rose flavors with a smooth finish. **Bottle** 2gp	***Vassal*** **Red Wine** "Vassal" has the aromatic pinch of roasted blue fruits, cherry spice, and sweet oak. Each barrel is branded with a counting number, and only one hundred and five barrels are made each year, leading to an exorbitant price. However, the wine is Breva's absolute favorite and it is **always** on hand. **Glass** 2gp 3sp **Bottle** 13gp 5sp **Barrel** 4,050gp

BIG BONE COOKERY

Rhubarb Pecan Cakes

Ginger Boar with Yams

Hazelnut Venison Stew

Honey Cakes

Vynter
Breakfast Beer

BIG BONE COOKERY

Stuffed Purple Cakes

Smothered Squash Plank

Forrest with Prawns

Bread Pudding

Dorwin Brewery
Herb Mead

TASTE OF FIRE

***Atmosphere**: Energetic*

***Lodging**: Great*

***Food**: Great (Spicy)*

***Entertainment**: Good*

***Region:** Lowland, Equator*

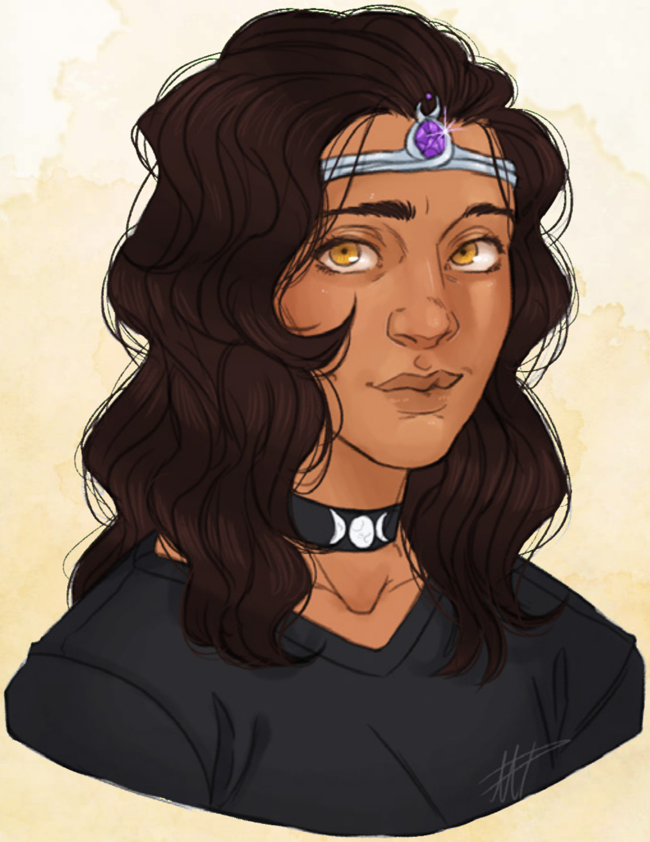
Cost

■■■■□

Taste of Fire is an open, airy, two-story wooden building run by a fearsome and well respected husband and wife. A wooden sculpture of a phoenix, its massive wings spread, is carved above the door. When night falls, the sculpture becomes wreathed in harmless, heatless flames that act as a beacon to travelers and potential patrons for miles.

BACKGROUND

The building itself is built from rich aromatic cedar timbers. Inside, the fresh-cut look of the wood gives way to a dark and moody scorched appearance to the planks, left charred, gray, and cracked.



The front door leads into a wide, open room filled with evenly spaced tables. Along the far wall is a bar made of rich black wood with several wrought iron stools for patrons. Behind the bar, dozens of glass bottles and metal pitchers contain a huge variety of wine. On an adjacent wall is a small stage appointed with crimson drapery where performers take turns entertaining the guests under the matron's watchful eye.

Each wall in the tavern is illuminated by a single wooden stake driven into the wall that flickers with a bright, heatless flame. Healthy plants laden with green and red chilies grow in terracotta window boxes around the room. From time to time cooks wearing thin leather aprons scurry from the kitchen to pick the peppers for use in their myriad of heavily spiced dishes.

THE MATRON

Amrita (CG female Rashemi human **transmuter,** VGtM 218) acts as the bartender and is the owner and proprietor of the tavern. It is not a stretch of the truth to call Tase of Fire a part of Amrita, as it is her magical creation. Every board, every chair, each of the ever-burning light sources were brought into existence and assembled through her skill in transmutation magic.

Amrita is short and muscular with dark brown hair, nearly black, and an amiable disposition. When amused, she laughs heartily and loud, and when she's displeased she does little to hide it from her expressive face.

Only in her thirties, she's a practiced and skilled spellcaster, and was once in the employ of the city guard as a watch-wizard. After eight years of service, she had saved up enough raw material to begin construction of her dream tavern.

Today, most of her attention is devoted to tending the common room, but if need arises, she helps the local constabulary in any way required – often with a decisive and unrelenting bombardment of magic. When work calls her away, she trusts the operation, as always, to her husband Branix.

Amrita has a different spell list from that of a transmuter in *Volo's Guide to Monsters*. In her early days, she maintained a useful and dependable list of spells for protection and subversion. Now that her attention is focused on being the proprietor of a tavern, Amrita's prepared spell list is more tailored for day-to-day usefulness:

Cantrips (at will): *Control Flames, Friends, Prestidigitation, Shape Water*
1st level (4 slots) – *Charm Person, Sleep*
2nd level (3 slots) – *Knock, Hold Person, Magic Mouth, Suggestion*
3rd level (3 slots) – *Tiny Servant, Tongues*
4th level (3 slots) – *Banishment, Fabricate, Polymorph*
5th level (1 slot) – *Telekinesis*

Spellbook. Hidden inside the writing desk in Amrita's bedroom is her drake-leather bound spellbook. The book's lock requires a key, which she keeps around her neck or the lock can be picked with thieves tools and a successful DC 14 Dexterity check. The book contains the following spells:

1st level: *burning hands, charm person, detect magic, find familiar, fog cloud, mage armor, protection from evil and good, sleep, Tasha's hideous laughter, unseen servant*

2nd level: *alter self, arcane lock, cloud of daggers, darkness, enlarge/reduce, invisibility, knock, misty step*

3rd level*: bestow curse, catnap, counterspell, fly, haste, Leomund's tiny hut, phantom steed, remove curse, sending, vampiric touch*

4th level: *banishment, fabricate, polymorph*

5th level: *animate object, dream, telekinesis*

The Manager

The "bones of the operation" is an amiable goliath named Branix. Once a mercenary, Branix has spent the last several years of his life enjoying a moment of peace. Nearly seven feet tall, still incredibly muscular, and clad in well treated chain mail, few rabble-rousers dare make a commotion in his presence.

There is no aspect of daily operations in Taste of Fire that Branix does not oversee directly: changes to the menu, new inventory, returning guests, patron requests, payroll, and many other daily aspects go through him exclusively.

Unlike his diminutive wife, Branix does not suffer fools and has little patience for those that waste his time. When addressed by a patron, he gives an air of quiet confidence that puts most at ease. Despite his brutish exterior, he often speaks fatherly wisdom to those he would call friend.

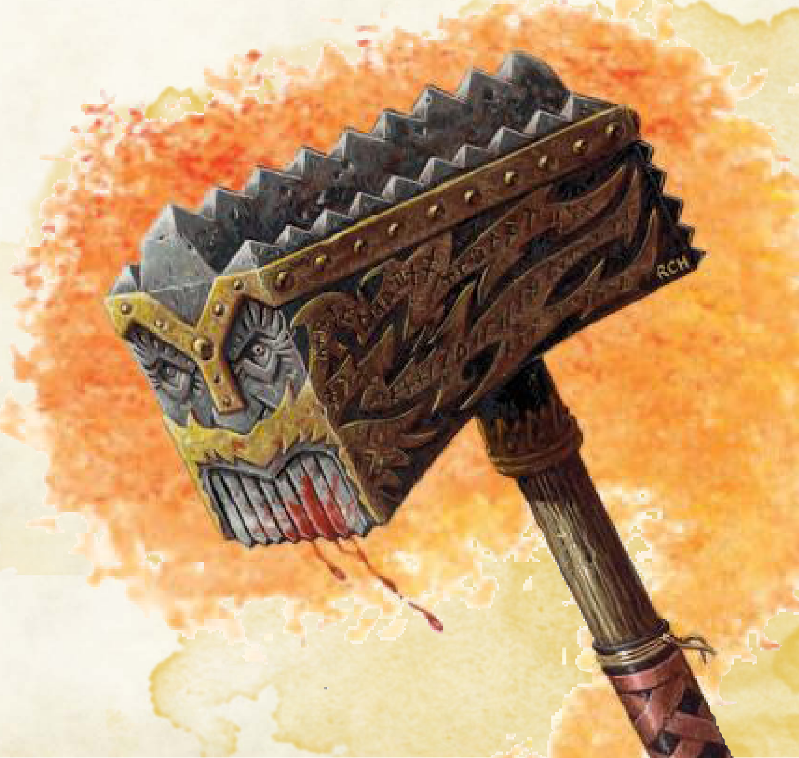
Once a well known sellsword, Branix was a founding member of the Iron Band mercenary troupe. At one time, he and his four companions commanded nearly 200 mercenaries and helped turn the tide of many confrontations in the realm.

Branix had several confrontational encounters with Amrita and the rest of the city constabulary before the wizard and mercenary found themselves on the same side of an attempted coup.

A relationship quickly budded from their time together, leading to a marriage that surprised none who knew them. Having fought constantly for most of his life, when the opportunity came to set aside his bloody lifestyle for something more mundane, safe, and comfortable, Branix happily accepted the role he now maintains, at least for a time.

Statistics. Branix has the statistics of an **orc war chief** (MM 246) with the following modifications:

- Branix is a Neutral Good goliath who speaks Common and Giant.
- He does not have the *Aggressive or Gruumsh's Fury* traits, but gains the *Stone's Endurance*, *Powerful Build,* and *Mountain Born* traits of the Goliath race as listed on page 109 in *Volo's Guide to Monsters*.
- Branix wields a +2 maul called *Fury* (see Appendix C). As an action, he can make two attacks with the maul (+8 to hit). It deals 20 (4d6 + 6) bludgeoning damage on a hit. Against orcs, Branix deals an extra 14 (4d6) bludgeoning damage with the weapon.
- Branix has a challenge rating of 6 (2,300 xp).



THE STAFF

Many of the staff ran afoul of the city watch or the Iron Band mercenaries in the past. The world may be a cruel and uncaring place, but several such outsiders have found a new outlook on life thanks to their time working at the tavern and the wisdom offered by their employers.

The Servers. There are three servers that work the common room and see to guests' needs:

Fretta (CG female Tethyrian human **commoner,** MM 345) is a young, shockingly tall, fair-haired woman that welcomes guests when they arrive and takes food and drink orders when able. She has a tattoo of a serpent on the back of her right hand and a heart-stopping wink.

Shavesh Ky (N non-binary moon elf **bandit,** MM 343) serves food and drink to waiting patrons. A reformed kidnapper, Shavesh has quieted in their years at Taste of Fire. Their strawberry colored hair is chopped short and left bedraggled, and their slender hands and arms are tattooed with wide stripes of solid blue and black.

Nerk Turkwinar (LG male rock gnome **cultist**, MM 345) is a round-faced, clamorous whirlwind that buses tables and occasionally hauls bags for guests. Spellcasters with a keen eye who succeed on a DC 14 Intelligence (Arcana) check can surmise that Nerk shows signs of "haste addiction." Amrita knows of the gnome's constant use of the spell, a malicious invention granted by his devotion to Nebelun, the Gnomish god of Trickery, in the form of a pair of red stockings that let Nerk move at an incredible pace but fall unconscious from exhaustion randomly during the day. The staff carry him back to the kitchen when he succumbs and allow him to recover for a time.

THE COOK

One of the biggest draws of Taste of Fire is the polished and spice-packed menu. The most popular dishes, including the rumored *Scald's Curry*, were brought to life by the enigmatic Haster Scald (LE male fire genasi **warlock of the great old one**, VGtM 220).

Haster is a weedy older genasi with reddish-orange skin, red pupiled eyes, and thick brown hair cut into an unbecoming bob with the bangs hacked away at the top of his forehead. His flat, nearly lip-less grin splits his face like a seam, sometimes curling over his inky teeth, stained from a strange tea he brews in secret.

When in his element, he crafts amazingly complex dishes out of nearly any ingredient he is given with the dexterity and precision one would expect to see from the Clockwork Menders of Mechanus.

However, when paraded around or forced to mingle with people, Haster is as likely to crawl under a table with an arm full of sweets as hold a good conversation. Famously, Olion Blithe, a famous travel guide, wrote that Haster "must live with the pressure of peering into an entirely different world, but what secrets he's found there have made him capable of miracles with food."

Though he can still tap into the neigh limitless power of the Elder Evil known as Nihal, the Serpent Star, it has been a decade since he last cast a spell, heard from his patron, or unexpected expelled maggots from his mouth and nose. He still drinks "Gloom Tea" in secret, to hallucinate and bear witness to the Serpent Star's endless dancing in vivid, lasting dreams.

SENESCHAL GRIM

Grim (N male Rashemi human **guard**, MM 347) grew bored in his retirement and joined up with Amrita when she left the constabulary. Grim's early retirement happened to coincide with an axe wound that cleft his right ear and most of his cheek away. The wound healed nicely enough, but left his already dour expression more bone chilling. The tight, scarred flesh of his cheek presses against his teeth when he talks. When speaking to guests, he respectfully covers the wound with his gloved hand, lest they be unnerved.

Grim is a short, stout, well muscled man with dusky brown skin, dark eyes, and thick black hair woven into an ornate braid. A man of very few words, he has found a deep respect and love of his position as a steward.

Grim oversees four attendants (LG male and female human **commoners**, MM 345) who maintain the tavern and tend to unique requests by patrons, such as running errands, medical treatment, repair of garments and equipment, or general cleaning.

Any aspect of daily operation that requires constant attention falls to Grim and his attendants. Anything that would take Amrita or Branix away from their post is instead put in Grim's capable hands.

Rooms and Amenities

Up a well made staircase, the second floor of Taste of Fire has ten rooms for rent. Each room has two heavy wood-framed beds that hold pillowy down-stuffed mattresses. Each bed has three large linen pillows stuffed with spun cotton and goose down as well as several heavy fur blankets.

Each of the rooms has an ashwood plank floor polished to a mirror shine and a wrought iron chandelier that holds a hunk of quartz that burns with a heatless flame. The quartz can be covered by an iron cap that hangs inside the bell-shaped chandelier to darken the room. The central wall is made of perfectly aligned stones, held firm with clean, white mortar. Some find the stones' magically perfected lines unnerving.

Outside of the floor-to-ceiling windows in each room is a small balcony that overlooks the surround. during the day, the windows can be covered by canvas curtains thick enough to block out all but the faintest light.

Cost. The rustic and homey atmosphere and incredibly comfortable accommodations come at a premium, as each night's stay costs a hefty **8gp** per night.

Full Service Establishment

Those who can afford the cost find that the staff, especially Grim and his attendants, will do, fetch, or see to nearly any request a guest has during their stay so long as the request is legal and not morally corrupt.

Such requests could include sending mail, purchasing provisions, acquiring spellcasting components, hiring couriers, commissioning bards or entertainers, soliciting escorts, hosting a party, scheduling meetings with local officials, having items repaired, or requesting spellcasting services.

All costs for such services falls to the patron to cover, but all efforts are made to fetch the lowest possible price from local vendors and the nearest available appointment for any meetings being requested.

Menu

Thanks to trade agreements with local caravans, Taste of Fire never lacks a plethora of spices. Oddly enough, the cook, Haster Scald, spends every single coin he is paid on spices and foodstuff for the tavern's kitchen, sometimes hiring couriers to travel hundreds of miles to gather a peculiar ingredient from a specific farm only under certain circumstances, such as a thunderstorm.

The menu is written one year in advance by Haster, who seems to plot out every meal in his sleep. Seemingly at random, he will scrap the entire menu or prepare a dish utterly inedible and gorge himself on it. In such cases, the rest of the staff make due with their own favorite meals at a severely reduced price.

Breakfast (**6sp**) takes place from the first rooster crow until an hour before midday. Breakfast at Taste of Fire is more hardy and heavy than most offerings: meats, breads, and root vegetables, accompanied by sweet fruits or baked confections.

Lunch (**1gp 1sp**) takes place from the end of breakfast until an hour or two before sundown. Lunch is often more food than diners expect. Huge portions of heavily spiced food. Thick sauces, flat breads, stewed meats, candied nuts, and plenty of other sweat educing spicy offerings.

"Scald's Curry" (**6sp**) is the only dish available on any day at any time to all patrons. A large stone cauldron had to be specially made to Haster's specifications, as the boiling saucy liquid eats solid iron pots away little-by-little.

The curry is nearly black and boils for minutes after being taken from the flames. No one working at Taste of Fire can bear to be in the kitchen even for a moment on the days Haster prepares the chili base for the curry. Haster seems unaffected.

Dinner (**1gp 4sp**) at Taste of Fire is an oddity. The meals are exceptionally small but packed with flavor. The offerings are some of the best to be found in the entire region – but are often served in interesting and practically comical ways: such a soup served in a hollowed out hot rock or a glass dome filled with smoke that hides the appearance of the food until it's removed.

Dessert (**6sp**) is a mixed bag. Some nights dessert is candied chilies and puff pastry stuffed with fruits or a cream sauce that toasted sweet bread is dipped into. Other nights the menu is as eclectic as Haster himself: including a bitter inky Underdark tea served only once a year – which gives visions of the future, the past, or the divine to those that can stomach it.

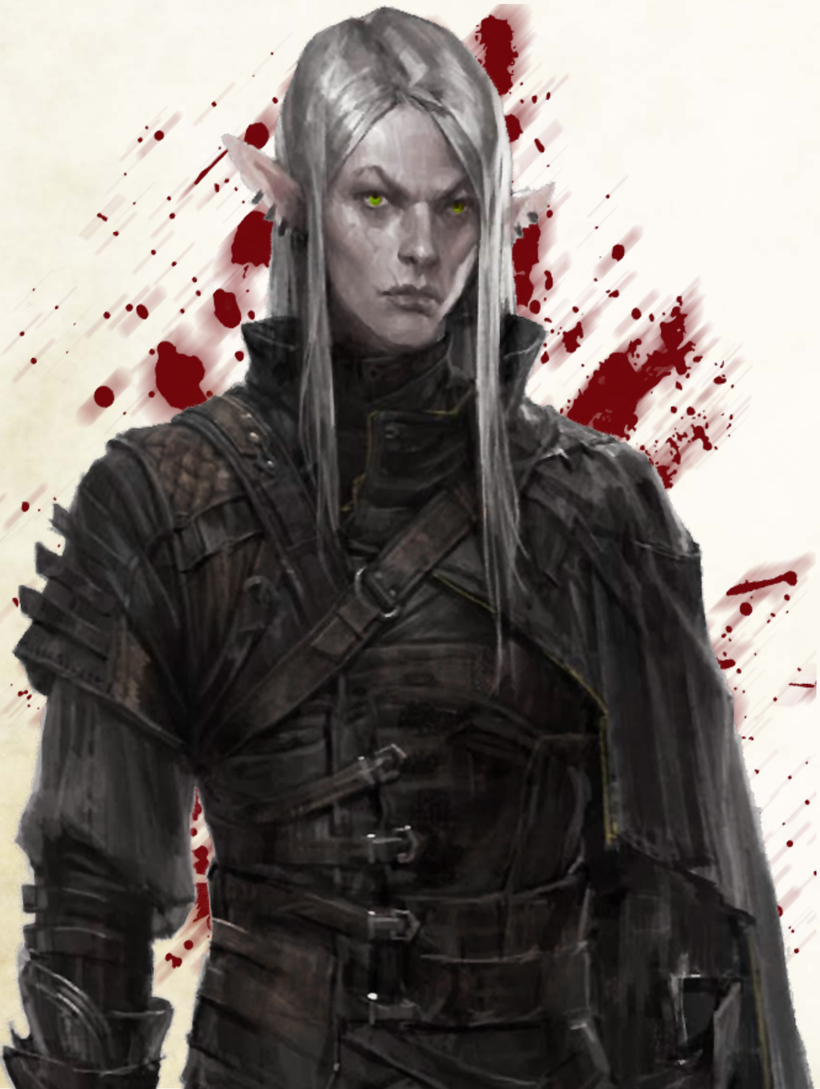
TAVERN SECRETS

There are few secrets kept among the staff and owners of Taste of Fire, but true friends may be brought into the fold and told what weighs heavy on the hearts of the attendants.

QUEST: AN OPEN CONTRACT

Long before Amrita retired from the constabulary, a criminal by the name of Arlis, the Noseless, a half-orc drug peddler, put out a kill contract on Amrita. Arlis died in a botched robbery before he saw the contract completed, but the assassin he hired was never found. A series of unfortunate events, or a curse from Tymora, put the assassin in prison before they could see to the contract, but there's no telling when they will be set free or make their escape.

Should the time come, Ryleth Nylo (LE male shadar-kai elf **shadow dancer**, MToF 225) is a being completely lacking morals and the sense of humanity people expect in civilized races. He has spent the past eight years in a castle cell, biding his time. The guards and criminals alike knew the shadar-kai could have stepped through shadows and escaped at any time, but he instead willingly served out his sentence without a single word of complaint.



Development. Ryleth Nylo will come to town a few days after his release, assuming he can rearm and armor in that time. He will do whatever it takes to get an advantage over his quarry: kidnapping, traps, underhanded deals, lies, and murder should the need arise, utilizing his *ring of x-ray* vision and *Shadow Jump* ability to considerable effect. Consider him a capable and cunning assassin as well as a master tactician in navigating the nearby criminal element.

Ryleth refuses to listen to reason – once paid, he always sees a job to the end, regardless of circumstance, as if driven by some dark force. In all other regards he is oddly polite and understanding of those who stand in his way – an unsettling contrast to his remorseless violence.

Treasure. Ryleth Nylo carries a *ring of x-ray vision.* Learning of his death or permanent imprisonment lifts a great weight from Amrita's shoulders. As repayment, she extends an invitation for anyone involved to stay at Taste of Fire free of charge whenever they wish. In addition, the staff of Taste of Fire amass a gift of 1,844gp worth of gems and coins for the party.

QUEST: BROTHERS IN NEED

Branix shared a huge portion of his life with the Iron Band mercenaries and helped convince dozens of capable warriors to join their ranks. But since his departure, the mercenaries have fallen into disarray. Control of the group has fallen to a immoral, narcissistic general named Cyavi Marrow (CE female **half-black dragon veteran**, MM 180).

Knowing the ruthless dragon-blooded warrior heads his once beloved band of siblings eats away at Branix. If the adventurers befriend Branix, there is a possibility he will confide this information to them, in the hopes they can act on his behalf.

The Roster. The Iron Band is made up of ten contingents. Each contingent has **10 thugs**, **2 scouts,** and an **acolyte**, led by a single **bandit captain**. Contingents usually have horses, mules, wagons, weapons, armor, and can build siege equipment if needed.

The military-like structure has, since Cyavi's ascension to power, been abandoned. Now, all 140 members of the mercenary company are grouped together, traveling across the countryside taking what they must and selling "protection" to towns from their own members when needed: closer to a troupe of cutthroats than a professional mercenary group.

Broodmates. Cyavi's unbreakable grip on the Iron Band mercenaries stems from her several half-dragon siblings, loyal only to her. Garagya "Two Blades," Hivell "The Hammer," and Purtu "Flesh Eater" are all **half-black dragon bandit captains** (MM180 and MM344) that carry a variety of different weapons and have vastly different appearances and mannerisms. At any given time the three siblings are leading various expeditions and furthering the tyrannical reach of Cyavi. At rumor of their deaths or capture, more members of the Iron Band can be convinced to turn against their leader.

Eliminating Cyavi. The party has several options to deal with Cyavi. Brute force is the most daunting of them, considering the Iron Band's sheer number of skill in combat tactics. If attacked, they will ultimately defend themselves from all threats.

Few of the Iron Band have enjoyed their tumultuous lives since the half-dragon mercenary took control. Her position is secured by her broodmates and a hand-full of powerful loyalists that enact her every command.

Roleplaying Cyavi Marrow

Cyavi epitomizes the direct and unbending grandeur of a highborn noble groomed to lead. She is devilishly insightful, capable of judging friends and foes in a single conversation.

One does not wrench control of a powerful Mercenary band by being foolish and rash. Cyavi is surprisingly patient in her march toward power. She reserves trust primarily for her broodmates, whom she sends with meticulously structured orders, which they follow to the letter. Having said that, her temper and judgment are often clouded when dealing with those who oppose- or even question her authority, making each interaction with her a gamble.

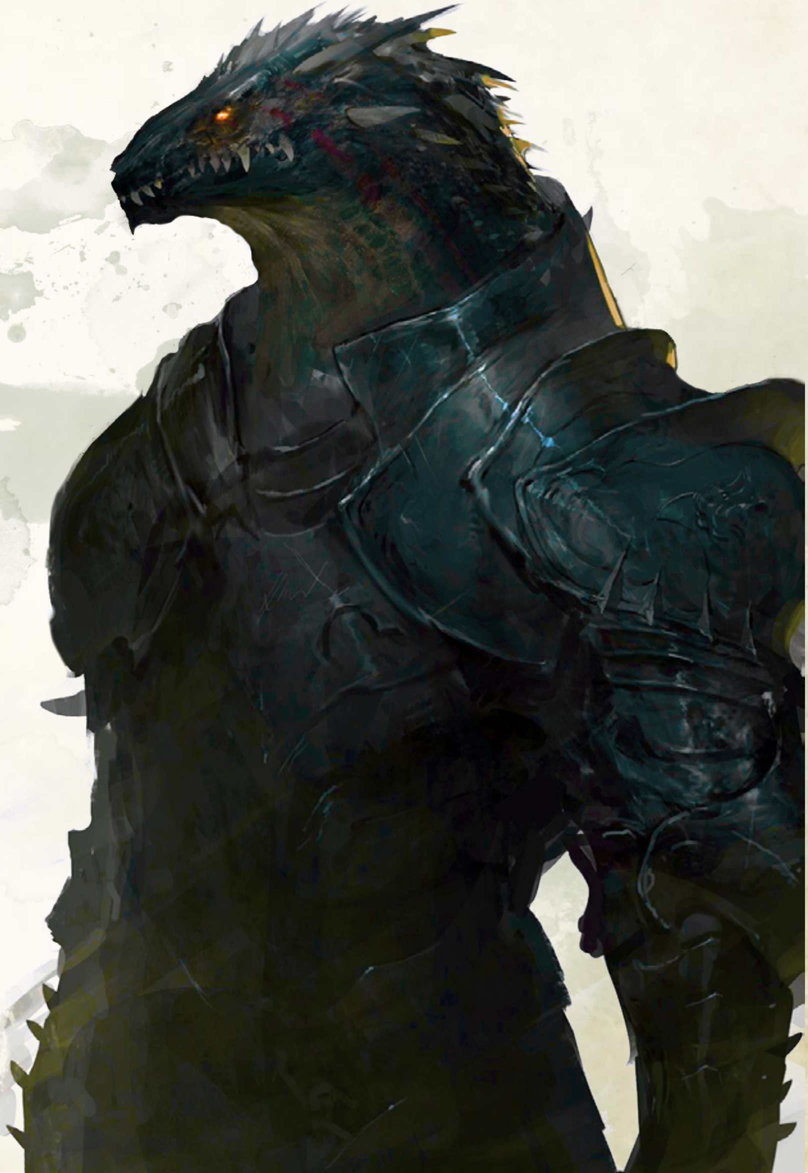
Knight of the Singing Sword. Of the few that openly oppose her, Kyriva Winterborn (CN female half-orc **knight**, MM 347) is the most powerful and the most direct threat to Cyavi's reign. Few fall in line behind the bullish half-orc, but on the occasions Kyriva and Cyavi have clashed publicly, many mercenaries drew steel on each of their behaves.

Kyriva became disillusioned by the mercurial nature of Cyavi long before the half-dragon became leader of the Iron Band. Kyriva blames her own inaction as much as Cyavi's scheming in the ill fate that has befallen once proud group of sellswords, and is patiently waiting for the opportune time to strike.

Kyriva wields a *greatsword of wounding* that sings a seemingly random angelic verse each time it is swung, accompanied by her own guttural grunts of exertion.

Treasure. If the party successfully ousts Cyavi, regardless of their method, Branix and Amrita give them their choice of compensation: his beloved maul *Fury (see Appendix C)* or her trusty *Staff of Frost*.

In addition, the PCs are made honorary members of the Iron Band, pardoned of the actions against the group, and can be called upon once, for free, should the need arise. When called, two contingents of mercenaries will accompany the party on **one military action** of their choice or a **tenday of security** to safeguard a person or place. Such deployments would usually cost 120 gp per day, including days spent traveling.



Breakfast (6sp)			
Tender Stuffed Potatoes Golden steamed potatoes stuffed with basil and blue cheese, served with slices of grilled pear-soaked pork belly.	**Salt-pork Wrapped Curd** A plate of fire charred cheese curd stuffed with wild herbs, ginger, and pepper wrapped in tender strips of salted pork	**Sweet Rosemary Roots** Roasted sweet potatoes and mushrooms tossed in brown butter and cream served over toasted slices of rosemary bread.	**Parsnip Fig Soup** A sweet and earthy soup of parsnips and stewed figs with black lentils and strips of spicy grilled beef.
Lunch (1gp 1sp)			
Glazed Duck with White Beans A fresh wild duck glazed with pomegranate juice and honey mixed with chili oil. Served with white beans stewed in pork broth and herb flatbread.	**Spiced Mutton** A leg of mountain sheep soaked in buttermilk overnight and grilled with ground chilies lemon. Roasted onions, corn, and flatbread served on the side	**Black Chicken** A young hen covered in spices: rosemary, cardamom, cinnamon, red pepper, and more, stuffed with thyme and cubes of soft bread and butter, and roasted over an open fire until charred.	**Blistered Redfish** A scaled redfish stuffed with garlic, lemon, and split chilies, then grilled directly on glowing coals for a blistered, charred skin and soft, delicate meat. Served with red beans stewed in ham broth.
"Scald's Curry" A bowl of boiling hot nearly black pepper sauce served along side wild rice. A blend of twenty-one spices and nine specialty peppers, even the small portions of game hen served covered in the sauce are red, black, and incredibly spicy. The dish is so hot that those who eat it must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or become *poisoned* for 10 hours as the curry practically eats them apart from the inside. On a successful save, the creature gains a point of inspiration and has visions of untold truths yet to be discovered by them.			
Dinner (1gp 4sp)			
White Children A large white sea shell containing chunks of marinated cod and grilled scallop covered in a spicy lime and chili sauce.	**Piddock Run Through** Three skewers of prawns soaked in garlic and ginger, baby corn, pearl onions, and thin slices of mustard glazed beef tongue. The metal skewers are served stabbed vertically into a hunk of wood.	**Red Boatman** A lamb chop rubbed in red pepper powder and fried in bacon fat, served in half of a broiled eggplant covered in sweet spices and carved to look like a lopsided boat.	**Torture in Avernus** Tender strips of spicy goat, onion, pepper, and cabbage served in a blazing hot hollowed-out rock. Covering the opening like cloth, are several thin square flatbreads.
Dessert (6sp)			
Dipped Pastry A bowl of cream flavored with honey and lavender and thickened with whipped egg whites. Served with a dozen thin strips of flaky pastry.	**Raspberry Apple Spice Cake** Raspberries soaked in chili oil and sugar are made into a sauce drizzled over a brown cinnamon and dried apple hand cake	**Troll Fat Berry Tart** A small extremely sweet blackberry tart served with a dollop of a gray airy cream – made with cow's cream and genuine rendered troll fat, giving it an earthy, bitter flavor	**Gloom Tea** Two fried pastries stuffed full of sweet cheese and figs accompany a small porcelain cup of ink-black syrupy tea. Brewed with a fungal concoction from the Underdark, the tea casts a *confusion* spell (DC 10) on the drinker.
Alcohol			
Gralen's Brew *Pale Ale* Brewed in a small farming village to the west, this beer is beloved by locals. The taste of malt gives way to subtle hints of grapefruit, toffee, and butter - surprisingly sweet and refreshing. **Mug** 5cp **Gallon** 1sp 9cp	**Barov Crush** *Red Wine* A masterful blend of smooth texture and intense flavors – leading notes of black fruit with a sharp coppery nip and soft vanilla, this wine has a delicate, lingering finish that is intensely satisfying. Delivered by a bright, colorful wagon from a far-off land, patrons can't get enough of it. **Glass** 1gp **Bottle** 6gp	**Stonebone Whiskey** *Whiskey* A high alcohol rye whiskey brewed by the Stonebone clan of Dwarves. After blending, the whiskey is filtered through a secret blend of coarse minerals to impart mineral notes not found in nature. The whiskey is then put into ancient oak barrels for another maturation. The flavors are intense and powerful with a slight fragrance of honeyed fruit, woodsmoke, and the aroma of fresh rain on concrete. **Shot** 5sp **Bottle** 11gp	**Treacletart White** *White Wine* A recipe originally brewed by a gnomish family from a foreign land, Treacletart White Wine has been well received by the majority of those who've tried it. A blend of seasonal grapes expertly balanced for tropical notes and citrus flavors; experts taste notes of oak, honey, lime, and guava. A crisp and refreshing vintage. **Glass** 1gp **Bottle** 6gp **Barrel** 1,800gp

TASTE OF FIRE

MORNING
6 SP

- TENDER STUFFED POTATOES
- SALT-PORK WRAPPED CURD
- SWEET ROSEMARY ROOTS
- PARSNIP FIG SOUP

MIDDAY
1 GP, 1 SP

- GLAZED DUCK WITH WHITE BEANS
- SPICED MUTTON
- BLACK CHICKEN
- BLISTERED REDFISH

🌶🌶🌶 SCALD'S CURRY 🌶🌶🌶

EVENING
1 GP, 4 SP

- WHITE CHILDREN
- PIDDOCK RUN THROUGH
- RED BOATMAN
- TORTURE IN AVERNUS

SWEETS
6 SP

- DIPPED PASTRY
- RASPBERRY APPLE SPICE CAKE
- TROLL FAT BERRY TART
- GLOOM TEA

SPIRITS
INQUIRE FOR PRICE

- GRALEN'S BREW
- BAROV CRUSH
- STONEBONE WHISKEY
- TREACLETART WHITE

CHAPTER 2: INNS

Unlike taverns, Inns cater to patrons intent on a long stay. Most Inns offer quality of life services not found in Taverns or Taprooms: such as laundry services, long-term stabling, heated baths, courier services, and more. Traditional entertainment such as bards, poets, Jesters, Mummers (masked, costumed dancers and merrymakers at festivals held by the Inn), various acrobats, jugglers and conjurers are common. Entertainment is frequent, amenities are guaranteed, and services are more catered to each individual patron's needs.

Inns excel as a center-point for those intending to spend a tenday or more in a city or town. They are often no longer than a half-day's ride from a large concentration of people or embedded in the heart of a city. Inns range from the bedraggled to the incredibly opulent, from the welcoming and familiar to the awe inspiring and practically alien. Regardless, it's a place to call home – for as long as a traveler's coin holds out.

THE BED HAG

***Atmosphere**: Relaxed*

***Region:** Highland, Icy*

***Lodging**: Good*

Cost

◪ ■ ■ ■ ■

***Food**: Poor (Good)*

***Entertainment**: Good*

Long before it opened for business, The Bed Hag was a massive three-story barn, built as part of a new settlement in the area and meant to be a nexus of trade for local ranchers. The barn was made of heavy cedar and pine planks and winterized with thousands of corn stalks and bales of hay as insulation. The large central loft was as big as a cabin and built to hold all manner of storage. It was constructed to be strong enough to survive the harshest of blizzards or even a rock thrown by a giant.

BACKGROUND

Sadly, it didn't take long for a pair of hags to sweep in, kill nearly all of the workers, and abduct a local woman – whom they made one of their own, before the barn was even completed. The three hags gradually built several additions to the structure, making it nearly 120 feet long, 90 feet wide, and 3 stories tall at certain points. Many attempts to reclaim the barn and stem the brutality of the hags were made but ultimately failed. It wasn't until a group of the region's best hunters enlisted the help of a sell-spell that the barn was finally reclaimed and the hags put to death.

The outside of the barn has been slathered with a thick coat of maroon paint in an effort to hide the sinister scars left by the hag's many nightmarish inventions. A 3-foot long bone hairpin driven into the wood frame holds a flaking painted sign in the shape of a straw pillow above the door.

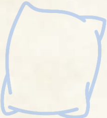
Inside, the building still has the trappings of the inhuman mentality of the hags that once lived there, such as hundreds of uselessly tiny shelves on the huge walls that hold glass bottles. Once laden with vile concoctions, the shelves have been loaded with bottles of colored water, ale, beer, and mead. The common room has a dozen small round tables crowded with stools and mismatched chairs. Small iron birdcages hang from the ceiling which are now home to oil lanterns, and small round windows, no bigger than a dinner plate dot the walls. In the far corner, near the bar, rests an immovable black iron cauldron.

THE INNKEEPER

The current owner, Shaela Windspinner (LG female Illuskan human **commoner**, MM 345) bought the place with considerable monetary assistance from the sell-spell that helped reclaim it. Shaela along with her eight children, two brothers, younger sister, six nieces, four nephews, and a handful of cousins renovated the place over the course of a few years while the surrounding businesses finally began to thrive. As soon as they could manage, the family opened The Bed Hag for business. Primarily a place for local traders and workers who wish to stay for long periods, The Bed Hag has become something of a novelty that helps drive trade for the entire region.

LIDLESS EYE CAULDRON

A half-failed experiment, this black iron cauldron stands atop two iron chicken feet. Inside the cauldron, peering up from the bottom as if living, is a watchful eye.



It shifts around nervously, paying particular attention to what is dropped into the cauldron. On speaking a command word, which Shaela knows, the cauldron fills with greasy yellow smoke and converts whatever is inside into a potion or trinket of varying usefulness.

If a living creature is inside the cauldron when the command word is spoken, it dies and its body is used in the creation of the potion, often to remarkably increased potency. Sacrificing a sentient creature in this manner is an **evil act** and will result in adjustment to a PCs alignment. An Evil creature that uses the cauldron in this manner transforms into a **green hag** (MM 117) under the DM's control over the course of 1d6 hours.

To find what item is made by the cauldron, consult the following table:

Total Value of Offered Items	Item Created
< 1gp	A bent copper flask full of bitter liquid that randomly turns the drinker's teeth dandelion yellow, pure white, charcoal black, or mud brown.
1gp – 10gp	A wax capped thimble full of lavender scented water. Makes the drinker's eyes permanently turn purple.
11gp – 99gp	A crystal vial filled with bubbly red liquid. When consumed, the imbiber can grow, shrink, or alter the color of their hair, including body and facial hair, for 1 hour, after which the change becomes permanent.
100gp – 1,000gp	Roll on **Magic Item Table A** of the *Dungeon Master's Guide* (pg 144)
1,001gp – 4,900gp	Roll on **Magic Item Table B** of the *Dungeon Master's Guide* (pg 144)
> 5,000gp	a **Potion of Longevity** (DMG pg 135) that also increases the imbiber's height by 1d6 inches

Many travelers are too superstitious to fool with the hag-made contraption, but several still take part in a game colloquially called "the cauldron connection." It first began when **Culara Hallow** (see "The Cook") cast an *identify* spell on the cauldron and relayed its properties to Shaela and her family. Immediately, the more flippant and carefree of the bunch took to haplessly using the cauldron as part of a tricky game of memory and creativity meant to mock the hags that lived there.

Cauldron Connection

This game takes place at The Bed Hag, constantly. Utilizing the *lidless eye cauldron* left by the coven that once resided in the inn, the players test their memory and creativeness against one another for a chance at winning a magical prize.

Playing. When the players are in place around the cauldron, the barkeep randomly decides which player goes first, usually through a die roll or a bottle spin. The first player thinks up an ingredient to go into a witch's potion (such as eye of newt or toe of a monkey) and the player to their right repeats the ingredient and adds another. The next player repeats the ingredient list and adds another until a player cannot repeat the list or pauses too long thinking of a new ingredient.

Losers have to put something of theirs in the cauldron and sit down. The winner is the last person near the cauldron who gets to take whatever appears inside for themselves when Shaela activates the cauldron with a secret command word.

THE STAFF

Most of the workers buzzing about inn are Windspinner family: Brelur, Freyth, Nollid, Gran, Ognor, Vum-vun, Ieng, and Darvi (LG male, female, and non-binary Illuskan human **non-combatants** with 8 hit points) are Shaela's children, presented here in order from oldest (Brelur who is seventeen) to youngest (Darvi who is age seven).

The children do a great deal of the work at the inn and seem intent on their roles – working as effectively as many adults. Though they may squabble from time to time, the children are fairly well behaved, though a withering glare from Shaela may be necessary to keep them on task when interesting travelers happen by.

Notably, **Vum-Vun**, who goes by "V.V." is a foul-mouthed wisp of a girl who struggles even to carry a pitcher of ale. Her mother says the little girl "Has a fire in her belly what could melt an iceberg." When interacting with V.V. adventurers may find themselves cut to the quick by her sharp words or, on occasion, smashed over the head with a plate should they mock her diminutive stature. Quick to anger and slow to forgive, she is truly a firecracker of a child.

Sorzajound Rand (CN male fallen aasimar **bandit**, MM 343) is an old family friend and current barman of The Beg Hag. An extraordinarily tanned and handsome man, Jound, as his friends call him, is affable, quick witted, and has a story for nearly every occasion. He has no skill at mixing beverages and generally squashes such suggestions with a click of his tongue and a shake of his head. Once an orphan highwayman, he's left a life of crime far behind him in order to spend time with his chosen family, the Windspinners.

Sorzajound and the young Nollid are often in close proximity of each other, laughing and joking to pass the time. Nollid, likewise, has taken to working on their tan.

The Cook

Called "Cookie" by many, Culara Hallow (CG female Illuskan human **mage**, MM 347) is Shaela's younger identical twin sister. Unlike her matronly backwoods sister, Culara ran away from home and spent her youth traveling with a dancing troupe called The Enchantments. She's boisterous, world traveled, and brightly dressed, often with bright unnaturally colorful hair.

Fate made it that the mercenary who helped Shaela purchase The Bed Hag was a close friend and fellow performer of Cookie's troupe. When Cookie heard of her sister's circumstances, she packed up her things and returned home. Despite her best efforts, Cookie has been met with a mixed reaction from her stubborn sister, though the animosity is slowly fading.

Cookie has very little skill in the kitchen but masks her failed efforts through minor magical spells she uses to flavor and otherwise enhance the food. If asked about her lack of skill, she proclaims "I've gotten better!" She has, in fact, not.

Rooms and Amenities

When the Hags that called this place home renovated for whatever nefarious purposes they envisioned, they sectioned off the enormous open spaces of the barn into small nooks and tight rooms, some no larger than a table.

When the Windspinner family started repurposing the place, they tore down some walls and left others as-is, leaving forty one small rooms for patrons to choose from. Each room is appointed with a relatively soft straw and canvas mattress, a heavy wooden chair, a side table, a chest with a lock and key, and a small water basin for washing. What the rooms lack in floor space, they make up for in price and privacy – as the thick padded oak walls, stuffed with all manor of detritus, make for a very quiet sleeping space.

Cost. A **tenday's stay** in one of the small rooms costs **5sp**, which also pays for hot water, soap, and daily linen changes. Alternatively for **1gp** a tenday, a patron can also have three meals a day served with a mug of ale or mead, making it the cheapest room and board for a hundred miles.

Premium Rooms. The three third-floor rooms, additions added by the Hags to serve as personal chambers, are much larger and made of unnaturally gnarled wood. The large stained glass windows in each of the rooms swings open to small balconies that were once covered in iron bird cages and meat hooks. The hooks were converted to lantern holders and the bird cages replaced with reed wind-chimes that tinkle in the constant breeze.

These premium rooms command a higher price than other offerings in The Bed Hag: **2gp per tenday.** The room can comfortably sleep 3, and for an additional **5sp** per person bunking in the room, three meals a day are included.

Stables

The walled-in stables are tended by five stablehands and can comfortably house up to ten beasts of burden as well as wagons, coaches, and hounds. Feed and tending are **2cp per animal per day**.

Menu

Despite the squalid nature of food and drink at The Bed Hag, the portions are both plentiful and rich in magically altered flavor. As such, the price of a meal at The Bed Hag is beyond affordable, but without Cookie's incredible magical talents, few would call the food anything more than "survivable."

Breakfast (**1cp**) is always a heavy stew and loaf of very acceptable bread, served from sun up to midday.

Dinner (**2cp**) is generally a slab of meat and a vegetable soup or porridge, served from midday until a few hours after sundown.

Dessert (**1cp**) is a treat spoken of for miles: a flavorful dish made of frozen cream that tastes of delicious exotic fruits not found in the icy region.

Characters proficient in Intelligence (Arcana) can attempt a DC 10 ability check to determine that the food on offer has been influenced by magic.

Quest: Echoes of a Hag

If an adventurer befriends Cookie or Jound, they may confide a secret shared between the two of them – they believe Cookie may be losing her mind.

When Cookie first arrived, she scoured the inn, top to bottom, to ensure no malicious hag magic remained. Everything questionable was dispelled or destroyed, save for the Lidless Eye Cauldron. Despite Cookie's best efforts, the cauldron seems neigh impossible to destroy or disenchant.

For months, Cookie has been plagued with visions of evil happenings: strange figures on the periphery of her vision, the feeling of falling, seeing shadows stretch toward the light. More than once, she's mistaken one of the children as a shadowy creatures. She's woken up sick and exhausted – calling upon the local cleric of **Ilmater**, Marsari, to treat her. Marsari, likewise, seems baffled by the sickness, but assures her it is not life threatening.

Flustered, Cookie's spent several tenday confiding her fears to her occasional lover, Jound, who can do little more than try to sooth her frayed nerves. Cookie may have training in the magical arts, but she is no expert on such mental effects and has an intense fear of losing her sensibilities – a fate that has befallen many of her peers.

Marsairi

What Cookie does not know is that the chipper cleric tending her malady is a particularly petty **night hag** (MM 178) named Rotten Greta Grimgums.

When Rotten Greta Grimgums heard that her centuries-long green hag nemeses met their end, she put on the guise of a young woman and visited their old home intending to slowly corrupt the mortals that dwelt there.

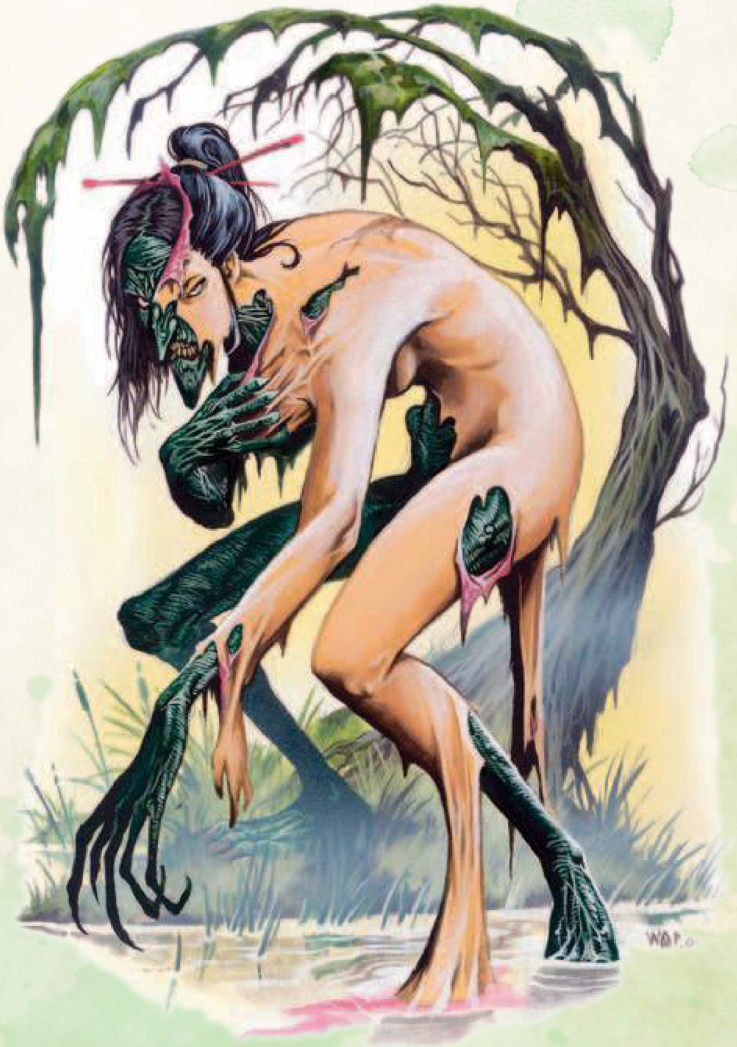
Upon seeing Culara, Greta realized the mage could prove troublesome if not deadly to her plans. Her new plan, which is well underway, is to corrupt the malleable Cookie into unintentionally committing a deplorably evil act. Each night Cookie is alone, Greta visits her, seeping malice and dreadful visions into her nightmares, furthering the visions and corruption of her waking life.

And when Cookie seeks out the kind and doting Marsairi to relieve her physical ailments, Greta applies healing salves and unguents, such that the woman's body does not give out before her mind.

Development. Had Cookie not brought herself to the bed of Jound, the night hag is sure she'd have succumbed already to nightly intrusions. If Greta fears she is running out of time, she will do everything in her power to kill Jound in secret and take his place using her *hat of disguise* (see *treasure*.)

Treasure. Greta's home is a small hovel made to look perfectly acceptable as that of a suffering priest of Ilmater. Underneath the creaky floorboards, however, is a rusted iron strongbox. The chest requires thieves' tools and a successful DC 15 Dexterity check to pick the lock or a DC 25 Strength check to pry open.

Inside there are 2 *potions of gaseous form,* a *Keoghtom's Ointment* with 3 remaining doses, a *decanter of endless water* in the form of a small copper cauldron, and a *hat of disguise* made from of a flayed human face preserved in sticky yellow oil; when worn, the macabre device is held over the wearer's face with a delicate platinum wire that loops around their head and hooks into the severed face's cheeks.



Breakfast (1cp)			
Pumpkin Stew and Wheat Bread A watery stew with hunks of overcooked pumpkin, yam, and boiled almonds. ***Magical Twist***: The stew tastes like a roasted pumpkin cream soup with hints of garlic and thyme.	**Rabbit Stew and Black Bread** Closer to a gravy than a stew, this dark liquid has white beads of flour floating in it along side pale slivers of rabbit and crunchy bits of burned onion. ***Magical Twist***: Rosemary and slightly sweet onion play with the perfectly balanced meaty flavor from the rabbit.	**Bean Stew and Yeast Rolls** A thin brown broth filled with a mixed bag of wild beans. Bitter, in dire need of salt, and mistreated with unpleasant hunks of spare jerky. ***Magical Twist:*** Piping hot and golden, this stew tastes of earthy cardamom and bay leaves. Perfectly seasoned and delicious.	**Cabbage stew and Sourdough Bread** Sliced sour white and green cabbage mixed together with various cheap sausages and bitter mushrooms. ***Magical Twist:*** With the subtle hint of honey and tomato, this meaty and earthy stew is packed with flavors of pepper and bright caraway seeds.
Dinner (2cp)			
Lamb Chunks and Berry Soup Passable hunks of fire cooked well-done lamb and a bowl of bitter mushroom and winter berry soup. ***Magical Twist:*** The soup's flavor is mellow with a fine balance between sweet goji berry, savory mushrooms, and chicken.	**Mutton Steaks and Barley Porridge** Tough sheep steaks put in a clay pot and slow-cooked until extremely tender but left under-seasoned. Served with a thick bowl of stewed barley, hazelnuts, and grain flour. ***Magical Twist***: The porridge is quite incredible and herby but oddly tastes of sweet corn instead of wheat flour.	**Green soup and Goose Sausage** A vibrant green cream soup of spinach, leek, and parsley along side Shaela's beloved smoked goose sausage, which she makes twice a month and preserves in the cellar. ***Magical Twist***: The green soup has flavors of bright ginger, pepper, and an otherworldly green hue.	**Pork Skewers and Nettle Stew** Three egg-sized hunks of chewy overcooked pork and a bowl of bright green nettle soup* with chopped egg yolks. *Nettle soup has a similar taste, when prepared correctly between pesto and spinach soup. ***Magical Twist:*** Despite the soup having a “numbing sensation” it has the refreshing taste of tender young wild vegetation and butter.
Dessert (1cp)			
Frozen Strawberry Cream A bowl of half-frozen whipped cream. ***Magical Twist***: Infused with the flavor of sweet, delicious strawberries and honey and colored bright, otherworldly pink.	**Creamy Gooseberry Sticks** Goat's milk frozen around a smooth stick. ***Magical Twist***: Purple-blue and incredibly sweet, packed with the flavor of bittersweet berries, a hint of maple sap, and cream.	**Blueberry Slush** Crushed ice in cow's milk. ***Magical Twist***: The cream is made sky blue and, along with the slow-melting packed ice, made to taste like sweet, fresh picked blueberries and honeysuckle.	**Frosty Toffee and Peach Cream Pie** Souring, thick auroch milk mixed with egg yolks and rhubarb pulp into a heavy, smooth filling with a crust of crushed toast. ***Magical Twist***: The addition of toasted molasses and sweet peach flavor are infuse this nearly-orange chilled pie.
Alcohol			
Grimbone *Mead* The main export of the Grimbone clan of half-orcs. It has become one of the most consumed alcoholic beverages in the entire region. A hazy straw colored sparkling mead with flavors of wintermint and blackberry. It's a crisp, snappy finish to a fruity, dry experience. **Mug** 3cp **Gallon** 2sp	**Sipp'n Seppa** *Black Grape Wine* An “everyday drinker” kind of wine beloved by traveling bards. It has both fruity and earthy aromas of cherries, currants, thyme, and turned clay. Exceptionally tart when put in the bottle, it's a great wine to cellar and enjoy when it smooths out or to provide the punch you need to keep you awake during long, slow travel. **Glass** 8sp **Bottle** 4gp 8sp	**Meriwin Wheat Ale** *Ale* A well known brand sold from an established chain of breweries called “Meriwin's Finest” this ale is a staple for many. Nearly opaque, this gold colored unfiltered ale carries aromas of citrus, grain, and yeast-like spice. Slightly creamy with a weak carbonation make it best with food. **Mug** 2cp	**White Wolf** *Mead* A recipe stolen from Uthgart tribesmen ages ago, this mead is an every day staple due to its very low alcohol content. A dull straw color, nearly white, it has flavors and aromas of cold coffee, cigar ash, and the subtle taste of honeycomb and peach. A round and pleasant drink that has very little sweetness, it's perfect to fend off the endless cold. **Mug** 4cp **Gallon** 2sp 4cp

The Bed Hag

Breakfaſt

STEWS

Pumpkin

roasted cream soup, garilc, tyme

Rabbit

rosemary, sweet onion

Bean

cardamom spice, bay leaf

Cabbage

honey, peppers, caraway

BREADS

baked fresh daily!

Wheat Black

Yeast Sour

Dinner

Lamb & Berry Soup

exotic goji berries, mushrooms, lamb

Mutton with Barley Porridge

sweet porridge and herb rubbed steaks

Green Soup & Goose Sausage

spinache, leek, parsely, pepper, ginger

Pork Skewers with Nettle Soup

buttered young vegetables, spicy pork

DESSERT

Strawberry Cream

Creamu Gooseberry Ice Sticks

Blueberry Slush

Frosty Toffee and Peach Cream Pie

Rooms

7 copper pieces per night or **5 silver pieces per tenday**

1 gold piece per tenday with food and drink

Premium rooms for rent, **2gp per tenday**

Stables

2cp per animal per day with food and water

Breakfast ~ 1 copper piece

Dinner ~ 2 copper pieces

Dessert ~ 1 copper piece

Yeah she uses magic. It's okay.

- SW

White Canopy Garden

***Atmosphere**: Serene*
***Lodging**: Great*
***Food**: Great (Fresh)*
***Entertainment**: Poor*

***Region**: Plains, Dry*

Cost
●●●○○

Near a pristine lake, surrounded by marvelous gardens, stands a huge crescent moon shaped Inn made of pale limestone. The grounds surrounding the heavy building are thick with vegetation despite the relative lack of it in the near-by dusty countryside. One can find all manner of fragrant flowers, viny plants, and fenced in herb gardens on the estate.

The swinging sign in front of the Inn shows a brightly painted white tree outlined with reflective silvery thread.

The well appointed and exceptionally maintained floors, tables, and chairs are all made of rich, fragrant, polished eucalyptus wood trimmed in bright steel. Every room has at least one floor-to-ceiling window of white stained glass, filling the room with a soft white-gray light.

Background

White Canopy Garden was once called “The White Whim” before its unusual transformation into an oasis. A modest dowry given to the owners after their marriage was spent in its entirety to build the large limestone structure and furnish it.

When its doors were first opened, The White Whim was little more than a decorated slab of well constructed limestone on a grassy hill near a muddy lagoon. Several tenday after its opening, a druid stayed at the inn for two nights and a day. When the druid departed, tiny white trees began to sprout around the murky pond, heralding a luscious overgrowth of beautiful vegetation.

Owners

Katet dan Sera (LG female Tethyrian human **noble,** MM 348) is the fourth-born daughter of local minor nobleman. She is a very skinny woman with hard features and short-chopped yellow hair. When she turned 15, she was to be wed to a local hero as part of a deal the champion requested of Katet's family.

Jarres D'lane (NG non-binary protector aasimar **champion,** VgtM 212) was a storied fighter for coin. They battled in arenas, mercenary bands, traveling caravans, even served as a noble's bodyguard for a time. Jarres earned the nickname “Switch” for their ability to change clothing, tactics, and style at will. Stories hold that no person alive has seen the same Jarres fight twice.

After stopping an assassin from taking the life of Costa dan Sera, the storied general and head of the Sera minor household, Jarres was offered anything in the general's power to give as a reward. Jarres wanted two things: for the life of the assassin to be spared, entrusted to him, and to marry one of Lord Sera's noble daughters.

When the marriage was arranged, Katet was inconsolable, distraught, and despondent. Jarres, upon learning of her sorrow, went to her in secret with a single message: “No one can force you to love, my friend!”

The marriage was postponed until the time, if ever, Katet desired it. Six years later, having traveled, adventured together, and shared such splendors as life could bring, Katet reconsidered the offer of matrimony. The two were married that winter, and they've been inseparable ever since.

An Oasis

The once muddy lake called “The Drink” by locals, is now crystal clear and sparkles like a pool of shining gemstones. Surrounding the lake are a dozen white trees: pale from their roots to their snow-white leaves.

Likewise, from the sparse grass surrounding the building, hundreds of plants have sprang from the soil. They quickly overran the entire estate, crawling up the white limestone walls, growing over one another until the grounds were strangled in vegetation, at which point White Canopy Garden found its name.

Any character with proficiency in the Intelligence (Nature) skill can easily discern that the lake and the plot of land on which White Canopy Garden is built has been enhanced and maintained by magic.

STAFF

The staff at White Canopy Garden are all paid retainers, not family or close friends, promoting an air of professional respect in day-to-day operations. Despite the distance kept between employer and employee, there is no one working at White Canopy Garden who doesn't hold Katet and Jarres in high esteem.

BARMAN & BARMAID

Seated behind the low eucalyptus and ashwood bar is a young ginger haired girl named Tareena (CG female half elf **commoner**, MM 345) along with her bustling, energetic father Maygul Farseer (CN male half elf **commoner**, MM 345).

Tareena, just shy of her 17th birthday, has lived with palsy in her lower extremities and poor coordination for all of her life. Local priests who have seen to the girl believe it to be a condition that's been with her since before birth. The uncontrollable spasms and malformed muscles in her legs have left her chair-bound.

She spends a great deal of her time experimenting with mixed drinks and pouring mugs of ale and beer. Tareena has made a name for herself through her quick wit and jovial nature. Once she's set to laughing, few things can stop her mad giggles.

Maygul, like his daughter, has a seemingly perpetual smile on his face, though no one claim his wit to be anything but dull. He is lithe and olive-skinned and sports salt and pepper shoulder-length black hair.

SERVERS

Diners are tended to by three out of six available servers at all times. The servers are professional, polite, and well mannered, with unique tastes in who they serve. Below is a list of each server and their personal interests in terms of guests that would titillate them. All of the servers are **commoners** (MM 345).

- Anbera Brazzik is a wide faced female hill dwarf with raven black hair. She has a wild streak and takes an affectionate interest in other dwarves (male, female, or non-binary).
- Cy Aloro is a half-elf teenage boy with an angry pink birthmark on his long slender neck. His dream of becoming a paladin makes him exceptionally interested in Clerics and Paladins who happen by the Inn. He'd happily become an apprentice, should the offer come his way.
- Merla Marigold is a female lightfoot halfling that wears bright, colorful dresses. She speaks often of her pet otter, Marlo. Adventurers with extravagant pets suit her fancy and gain her undivided attention.
- Bendoo is a female half-orc of striking beauty and stature. Almost seven feet tall, she moves with the surprising grace of a dancer. She has a soft spot for bards and entertainers and enjoys hearing tales of their adventures as well as seeing them perform, often pleading for singers to serenade her
- Karash Argan is an elderly male human with snow white skin and slate gray hair. He happily works in his late years to stay active and enjoy the company of travelers, not for the coin. He takes a keen interest in nobility and is well read on even minor noble houses. More than a few lords and ladies' secrets are kept in his steel trap of a mind.
- Aodh Bife is a young and proud male human who dresses in black and white clothing. His black hair, likewise, has streaks of white running through it. Aodh was born with no voice, but has no difficulty communicating non-verbally with guests. He takes a specific interest in patrons who, like himself, grew up a criminal on the city streets.

CARETAKER

The beloved and well traveled caretaker of White Canopy Garden is Dedyat Rai (NG female Mulan human **assassin,** MM 343). The amber-skinned woman has piercing hazel eyes shrouded in smokey gold makeup. Her smoothly shaved head is adorned on one side with a thin, delicate tattoo of an everwatchful eye, and her clean square teeth shine brilliantly behind her gold painted lips.

Dedyat was born to a family of travelers. She's bore witness to cities so grand they numb the senses, vast plains that stretch to the horizon, deserts of swirling black sand, and claims to have spent a fortnight in a realm made entirely of darkness and ice.

Her family, descendant from long-forgotten royalty, traveled the world to enact their chosen trade: murder. So skilled were they in their art that they never once failed to conclude a contract, even when the target dwelt across the circle of the world. That is, until Jarres D'lane thwarted Dedyat's own mission to kill the head of the Sera family.

Her life as a killer is behind her. She now sees that peace and order are kept in the small oasis she calls home. She is not a prisoner; Jarres gave her freedom years ago. The truth is, she enjoys the quiet, the serenity of White Canopy Garden, and through their travels together, has found an honest love in both Jarres and Katet, who she would happily kill for.

Masseur and Acupuncturist

Sharees Katsu (LN female half-elf **apprentice wizard**, VGtM 209) is in her early forties. Slight of build and emerald eyed, Sharees plies her trade as an acupuncturist to patrons at the inn, including Jarres D'lane, who suffers from recurring headaches and migraines. Her services pay for her room and board. Often times she can be found studying in her room, practicing her budding magical skill.

Her brother, Katomo Katsu (LN male half-elf **acolyte** of Ilmater, MM 342) also resides in White Canopy Garden. He's heavy set with a well muscled body, dark green eyes, and a tattoo of thin strands of red thread around his wrists. While at work, the firm muscles of his jaw flex and move in concentrated effort. He's made a name for himself as a traveling masseur, though he returns to White Canopy Garden every night. Unlike his sister, Katomo accepts no payment for his services; he views them as acts of faith to his god, Ilmater. Sharees, however, is happy to accept coin on his behalf.

Chef

Katet dan Sera, the owner of White Canopy Garden, is also its head chef and gardener. During her travels abroad, she learned a great many unique skills and talents, the primary of which is in cooking.

After spending two years posing as a kitchen maid in the palace of the wealthy Pasha Camor, Katet found herself as the “kurshan balis ascai” (the leader of cooks). Shortly after attaining the title, the poisoner after the Pasha's life was found out and captured, after which Katet, Jarres, and Dedyat bid farewell to the Pasha and returned home.

When the opportunity came to spend her dowry, Katet didn't waste a breath before begging construction of her own “palace.” Now she oversees all food and drink preparation in White Canopy garden, and commands well-earned respect from the cooks that work with her.

She focuses her attention on fresh, clean, respectfully prepared dishes packed with herbs and fragrant fruit. The style of dining that even wealthy Pashas applaud.

Rooms and Amenities

There are ten rooms for rent at White Canopy Garden. Each room is open and quite sizable, furnished with three beds, a sturdy oak trunk, wide dresser, a door-sized steel mirror, and several oil lamps. Each room has one wall with a massive central window that faces the crystal clear pond and white trees the inn is built around. On spring nights, the fireflies and glowing moths native to the region illuminate the pond as brightly as a dozen torches.

Cost. Rooms cost **4 gp** per night. Fresh rose water, soap, towels, and candles are brought nightly. Included with the room are a number of offered services:

Personal Care. A patron may request a massage or acupuncture from one of the practitioners on retainer at White Canopy Garden. Partaking in such treatment gives Player Characters a point of inspiration and a feeling of deep, restful relaxation.

Couriers. Guests can request local courier services for delivering letters and packages anywhere in the country. Such couriers are trusted bondsman, can travel up to 30 miles a day, and personally ensure delivery of packages. Such services cost 2gp per day of travel.

Private Gardens. Parties can request private viewings of the gardens day or night, depending on availability. Generally, private viewings last for no more than an hours, unless there is a dearth of guests.

STABLES

Adjacent to the inn is a large airy stable lined with chicken coups. Huge oak timbers support the 15-foot tall roof and heavy planked walls. The stables can tend to 20 horses at a time as well as repair wagons, carts, and modest coaches. Brella Wolm (LG female stout halfling **tribal warrior**, MM 350) and her family sleep on the second floor of the stables and tend to the animals below year-round. Despite their humble status, they are treated as honored sages and doted upon heavily by patrons of White Canopy Garden for their marvelous treatment and knowledge of animals.

There are also roomy wooden and iron cages for a dozen hounds or medium-sized traveling animals. The houndmaster Pyert Wolm (LG male stout halfling **scout,** MM 349) sports a waxed grey mustache and has the stamina of the undead despite his round pot belly. He offers training courses for hounds starting at **20gp per animal**. Rumor has it he trained a baby hell hound to hunt fire snakes for 132 gold pieces. He never shies at a challenge and treats dogs and people alike with seemingly bottomless respect.

Training

Pyert can train an animal only once. He specializes in dogs and hounds, but at the DM's discretion can attempt to train other animals. Creatures with a challenge rating of 1 or higher cost 44 gold pieces per CR of the animal, up to a maximum of 220gp for a CR 5 creature.

Training in this manner takes 1 tenday plus an additional tenday per CR of the creature being trained. If a character aids in training, the training time is reduced by a number of days equal to the character's Wisdom modifier.

Benefit. After completing its training, the animal gains proficiency in two skills of your choice or an ability score of your choice increases by 1 (to a maximum of 18). In addition, the trained creature gains a +5 bonus on Wisdom (Survival) checks to track and advantage on attack rolls against one of the following types of creatures: *aberrations, beasts, celestials, constructs, dragons, elementals, fey, fiends, giants, monstrosities, oozes, plants, undead,* or a single type of *humanoid.*

Menu

White Canopy Garden commands no small amount of respect from visitors for their incredibly vibrant menu. Mirroring the banquet hall of a rich Pasha, the meals are full of fragrant herbs, fresh fruit, and small amounts of local game. Spices that many avoid due to cost are used in abundance in the preparation of several dishes, such as pepper, clove, cardamom, and saffron.

Breakfast (2sp) often consists of various eggs served along side fresh cut fruits and baked pastries. Several types of sweet and savory sauces accompany breakfast as well as a cup of an inky brown-black beverage known as **kaeth**, which is made from roasted and ground beans and poured from a thin, round bottomed copper pot heated using blisteringly hot sand.

Dinner (1gp) presents different varieties of local flora, many of which sprout from the gardens surrounding the inn. Stewed, mashed, steamed, or raw – they are paired with many different spiced sauces, fish, and small game such as rabbit or quail.

Occasionally the inn will purchase whole cows or, on even rarer occasion, prepare horse, donkey, or mule meat. Though some who hold the animals in high regard may balk at the thought, the Wolm family has taken great care in teaching the staff, including Katet, the respect of not allowing the noble animals to be wasted in the rare event they must be put down to prevent long-term suffering.

Dinner is served with warm or chilled hibiscus tea from the several varieties that grow around the inn.

Dessert (1sp) is almost always an arrangement of sweet creams, fruit, and vibrant colored edible flowers. Many claim the dessert to be among the most romantic aspects of visiting White Canopy Garden.

Special Event

The proprietors of White Canopy Garden have lived a storied and exciting life. Now that they have, in essence, retired, they keep themselves out of trouble. The Staff also are common folk who live relatively peaceful and productive lives. Some aspect of their time at White Canopy Garden instills a serenity to them leaving little room for secret agendas.

A Barovian Gem

Unknown to anyone, the vibrant plant life surrounding the inn is the byproduct of an emerald gemstone hidden inside the stone floor of one of the rooms.

Shortly after the White Whim opened its doors, a traveler arrived. The man had been badly wounded in a wolf attack. They had little color despite a raging fever and were convinced some of the staff were spies of someone he called “the dread lord.” After recovering for a few days, the druid offered all the wealth he had, a few strange electrum coins, nowhere near what was owed. Instead, the druid offered to enrich the land, temporarily, with magic – an effort to entice more weary travelers to the already quaint, if bare, location.

The druid cast his *plant growth* spell, causing an explosion of growth for a half-mile surrounding the inn that he claimed would last 1 year. After that, he left, happy to be hale and hardy again. Unbeknownst to the proprietors, in the druid's fevered paranoia he saw fit to hide two stolen valuables inside the sandstone floor of his room: a pouch containing dozens of crystal shards and an emerald gemstone the size of a pinecone.

Characters who specialize in magic may notice the subtle magical alteration of the floor. The small cavity housing the items can be excavated through mundane or magical means.

An *identify* spell cast on the crystal shards reveals them to be a the shards of a sentient magical blade. Should the blade be restored with a *wish* spell or other very powerful magic, and affixed to a pommel, it acts as a +2 *sword of sharpness.* Should the crystal blade be reunited with its platinum hilt, the *Sunsword* (**Curse of Strahd***,* 223), they function as a +3 *Holy Avenger* with the Sentience and Personality traits of the Sunsword.

The green gemstone, should an *identify* spell be cast on it, radiates magic that causes plants to grow. The “seed,” if buried in soil, gives rise to healthy grapevines which produce sweet, plump fruits and strong, leafy herbs in even the harshest conditions. Should the gem be removed from the area, the *plant growth* spell fades over the course of 10 days, and the foliage surrounding White Canopy Garden dies. Shortly after, the crystal clear water of the lake becomes murky and filled with silt and mud, leaving only the scrubby grass native to the region to surround the inn.

Breakfast (2sp, includes kaeth)			
Boneset	**Windflower**	**Mazus**	**Geum**
Poached chicken eggs with buttermilk biscuits, sage butter, and honey-glazed white peaches. Served with peppercorn milk gravy or fresh sausages.	A soft boiled duck egg served with three slices of toasted black bread, braised spiced apple, and pepper-oil sauce.	Two lightly fried sweet cakes with fresh blueberries and pomegranate glazed ham. Served with a sweet praline syrup.	Sweet oat porridge with cinnamon and candied cherries. Served with your choice of horse meat: roasted peppercorn tenderloin or fennel smoked sausage.
Dinner (1gp)			
Hosta	**Lantana**	**Tithonia**	**Senna**
A plate of cabbage and chard pan fried in duck fat, fresh pickled onions, sliced candied beets, and a walnut-lemon dressing.	A bowl of hearty carrot and leek soup served with grilled quail pieces, grilled eggplant, and a creamy herb dressing.	A large plate of roasted green sprouts and mashed squash with garlic. Served with a loaf of fresh potato bread and parsley butter.	A pastry covered pie stuffed with mushrooms, scallions, butternut squash, and tender strips of beef, mutton, or mule.
Dessert (1sp)			
Begonia	**Clover**	**Fuchsia**	**Angelonia**
An arrangement of cold whipped cream, lemon curd, praline crumble, and fresh Tuberous begonias for a sour-citrus taste.	Candied raspberries stuffed with white and red clover leaves and a dusting of cardamom and cinnamon. Served with a sweet white clover tea.	Toasted ginger meringue drizzled in sweet apricot syrup served along side candied almonds, fresh hazelnuts, and fuchsia blooms and berries.	Hazelnut flour wafers topped with a blueberry cream custard and sour apples boiled in pear brandy, dusted with cinnamon.
Alcohol			
Pom'a'zing *Cocktail*	**Raspberry Runner** *Cocktail*	**T'viat** *Berry Brandy*	**White Mire Wine** *White Wine*
This cocktail is made from the juice of fresh pomegranates, white wine, dark cane sugar, and lemon zest. Named by a patron, the beverage is often laughed at but deceptively good. ***Glass*** 3sp	Poured in a tall glass with ice, this cocktail blends raspberry pulp, elderflower brandy, and vanilla into a tart, fragrant beverage that pairs well with desserts and fresh salads. ***Glass*** 3sp	Something of a novelty, this brandy comprised of both blue and black berries. While overly potent and unenjoyable during distillation, after 1 full year of air exposure, the brandy becomes a crisp, black beverage with distinct blueberry notes and an earthy aroma. ***Glass*** *1gp* ***Bottle*** *18gp*	A white wine that uses the “sweet mire” grape. The flavor of passionfruit and apricot blend with armoas of honey, baked pears, and clove to make for a remarkably warm and inviting sweet wine perfect for fruit and vegetable heavy dishes. **Glass** 1gp 5sp **Bottle** 12gp

WHITE CANOPY GARDEN

Boneset

POACHED CHICKEN EGGS WITH BUTTERMILK BISCUITS, SAGE BUTTER, AND HONEY-GLAZED WHITE PEACHES. SERVED WITH PEPPERCORN MILK GRAVY OR FRESH SAUSAGES.

Windflower

A SOFT-BOILED DUCK EGG SWERVED WITH THREE SLICES OF TOASTED BLACK BREAD, BRAISED SPICED APPLE, AND PEPPER-OIL SAUCE.

Mazus

TWO LIGHTLY FRIED SWEET CAKES WITH FRESH BLUEBERRIES AND POMEGRANATE GLAZED HAM. SERVED WITH A SWEET PRALINE SYRUP.

Geum

SWEET OAT PORRIDGE WITH CINNAMON AND CANDIED CHERRIES. SERVED WITH YOUR CHOICE OF HORSE MEAT: ROASTED PEPPERCORN TENDERLOIN OR FENNEL SMOKED SAUSAGE.

Hosta

A PLATE OF CABBAGE AND CHARD PAN FRIED IN DUCK FAT, FRESH PICKLED ONIONS, SLICED CANDIED BEETS, AND A WALNUT-LEMON DRESSING.

Lantana

A BOWL OF HEARTY CARROT AND LEEK SOUP SERVED WITH GRILLED QUAIL PIECES, GRILLED EGGPLANT, AND A CREAMY HERB DRESSING.

Tithonia

A LARGE PLATE OF ROASTED GREEN SPROUTS AND MASHED SQUASH WITH GARLIC. SERVED WITH A LOAF OF FRESH POTATO BREAD AND PARSLEY BUTTER.

Senna

A PASTRY COVERED PIE STUFFED WITH MUSHROOMS, SCALLIONS, BUTTERNUT SQUASH, AND TENDER STRIPS OF BEEF, MUTTON, OR MULE.

Begonia

AN ARRANGEMENT OF COLD WHIPPED CREAM, LEMON CURD, PRALINE CRUMBLE, AND FRESH TUBEROUS BEGONIAS FOR A SOUR-CITRUS TAST.

Clover

CANDIED RASPBERRIES STUFFED WITH WHITE AND RED CLOVER LEAVES AND A DUSTING OF CARDAMOM AND CINNAMON. SERVED WITH A SWEET WHITE CLOVER TEA.

Fuchsia

TOASTED GINGER MERINGUE DRIZZLED IN SWEET APRICOT SYRUP SERVED ALONGSIDE CANDIED ALMONDS, FRESH HAZELNUTS, AND FUCHSIA BLOOMS AND BERRIES.

Angelonia

CRISPY HAZELNUT FLOUR WAFERS TOPPED WITH A BLUEBERRY CREAM CUSTARD AND SOUR APPLES BOILED IN PEAR BRANDY, DUSTED WITH CINNAMON.

Pom'a'zing

THIS COCKTAIL IS MADE FROM THE JUICE OF FRESH POMEGRANATES, WHITE WINE, DARK CANE SUGAR, AND LEMON ZEST. NAMED BY A PATRON, THE BEVERAGE IS OFTEN LAUGHED AT BUT DECEPTIVELY GOOD.

Raspberry Runner

POURED IN A TALL GLASS WITH ICE, THIS COCKTAIL BLENDS RASPBERRY PULP, ELDERFLOWER BRANDY, AND VANILLA INTO A TART, FRAGRANT BEVERAGE THAT PAIRS WELL WITH DESSERTS AND FRESH SALADS.

T'viat

THIS BRANDY IS COMPRISED OF BLUE AND BLACK BERRIES. WHILE OVERLY POTENT AND UNEJOYABLE DURING DISTILLATION, AFTER 1 FULL YEAR OF EXPOSURE, THE BRANDY BECOMES A CRISP BLACK BEVERAGE WITH DISTINCT BLUEBERRY NOTES AND AN EARTHY AROMA.

White Mire Wine

A WHITE WINE THAT USES THE "SWEET MIRE" GRAPE. THE FLAVOR OF PASSIONFRUIT AND APRICOT BLEND WITH AROMAS OF HONEY, BAKED PEARS, AND CLOVE TO MAKE FOR A REMARKABLY WARM AND INVITING SWEET WINE PERFECT FOR FRUIT AND VEGETABLE HEAVY DISHES.

LANTERNLIGHT

***Atmosphere**: Grandiose*

***Location:** Any City*

***Lodging**: Grand (Opulent)*

***Food**: Great*

***Entertainment**: Good*

Cost

Lanternlight, often confused for a stronghold from a distance, is a six-story tall inn of large, smooth stone blocks. The wrought-iron fence surrounding the complex is eight feet high with rails as big as a person's wrist. Four city watchmen guard the entrance night and day, each carrying signal horns and well-worn halberds.

The huge building can be spotted from a fair distance during the day and glows like a smoldering ember at night, casting a warm glow from the dozens of stained glass windows facing the city. After sundown each night, the inn releases fifty square paper lanterns from the roof, catching the attention of travelers for miles.

BACKGROUND

Over sixty years, Lanternlight has stood as an icon for the common people, though few could ever afford even a single night at the lavish establishment.

The inn is owned and operated by five caretakers and their families. Each of the caretakers has an equal share in the profits collected by the inn as well as an equal voice in any decisions made. When a caretaker passes away, a new one is selected at random from the city's working class. A ferryman, a dock worker, a shipwright, a butcher, a baker, a maid, or a street urchin – everyone not of noble birth has an equal chance at becoming the next caretaker.

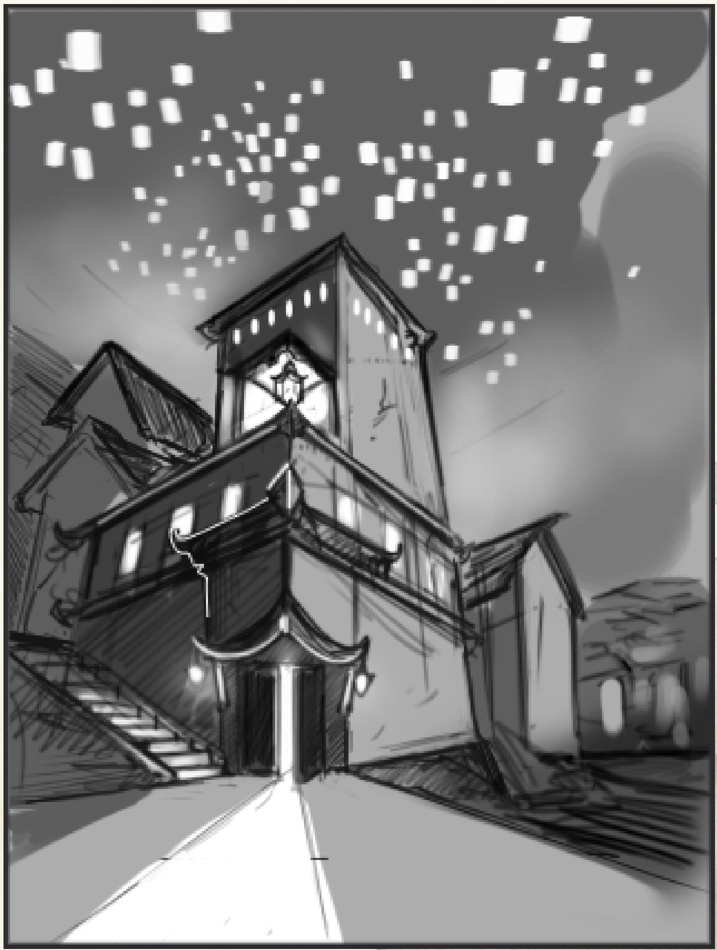
Each man, woman, and child who works at Lanternlight has come from modest walks of life but pour everything they have into continuing the legacy the inn is famous for. From the ostentatious front doors to the stitching of the towels at the bath – every detail is to be made as close to perfect as possible. No aspect of Lanternlight is dismissed as unimportant.

The **outside** of the building is a smooth, boxy, near featureless wall of stone, iron, and glass, but on the inside, an entirely new world greets patrons. An iron and casting a flickering warm glow on polished marble tile, rich oak staircases, and tasteful, vibrant expressionist paintings. No fewer than five servants dressed in snow white uniforms wait to greet new customers and see to their every need from the moment their names or aliases are recorded in the inn's gilded ledger.

A tall ceramic basin filled with warm water and suffused with rose petals and vanilla beans awaits guests on their way to dinner. It offers a warm, fragrant aroma for hand and face washing; a nearby attendant waits to offer soft cotton towels to patrons for drying.

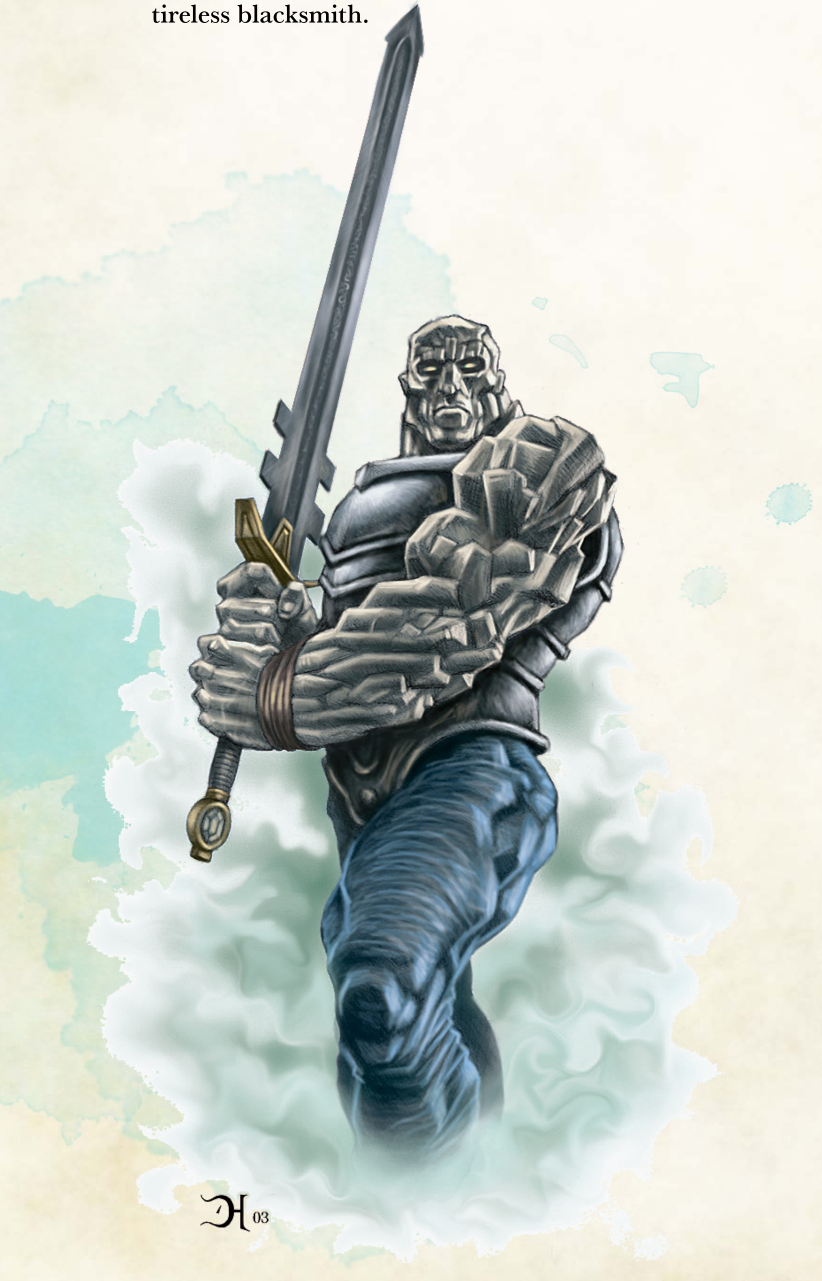
The massive **dining hall** doubles as a ballroom with long tables of dark, waxed wood, surrounded by three dozen heavy wooden chairs adorned with plush linen pillows. The black bar along the far wall can seat only a handful of guests, but three skinny barmen snake their way from table to table taking orders and serving beverages at a maddeningly quick pace.

Across from the dining hall, underneath the central staircase, is a lavish doorway of pale carved maple that leads down to **private baths**. Three large heated pools are carved directly into the natural stone floor. Columns



of polished marble stand at all four corners of each bath stretching up to the ten-foot high ceiling. On one end of each pool, stone fountains of curious creatures such as pixies and satyrs spout hot water into the baths. Folding wooden privacy panels stand at one end of the room and can be pulled along iron tracks to surround each of the baths. Brass braziers sit beneath small shuttered windows near the the ceiling of the room. Each brazier burns a smokeless oil that smells faintly of olives and cloves.

Even the **stables**, secure behind the iron fence, are lavish and well appointed, framed by huge oak timbers holding a clay tiled roof twenty feet overhead. Dozens of bales of hay stored in the upper loft and warmed by the tiles fill the grounds with the scent of earthy, dry grass. Ten massive stalls, each large enough for two horses to fit side-by-side inside, house all manner of creatures, watched over by four stablehands, a stable master, and a tireless blacksmith.



Caretakers

There are always **five caretakers** at Lanternlight: five individuals who oversee and vote on all decisions, renovations, and alterations to the inn. Each of the caretakers work as hard or harder the the rest of the staff, sometimes in less-than appealing positions. The role of caretaker is appointed for 50 years, after which a new person is selected at random from among the city's workers and commoners.

Brutus Clay (LG non-binary earth genasi **champion**, VGtM 212) is the head of security. Though quite short, they are well muscled, barrel chested, and possess an immense physical strength that's undeniable. Their skin is ashen gray and angular, appearing as hewn stone. Few can gaze into their white quartz-like eyes for long, but those who do see vibrant flickers all the colors of a rainbow. Though they try to wear white clothing, as is custom in Lanternlight, it quickly stains the dark-gray color of rock from the perpetual dust that flakes from Brutus' body. They have been in charge of security at Lanternlight for 48 years and are desperate to find a suitable replacement for the job when their time as Caretaker is over.

Lucas Fairhart (NG male stout halfling **thug**, MM 350) is a stone cutter and sculptor. He often covers his bald pate with a dust-covered cloth cap, and beneath his bushy mustache is a wide, chipper smile. Lucas is responsible for maintaining and improving many of the sculptures and marble accents throughout the inn. His three children accompany him, lugging around his various tools.

Talia Dan Helten (LG female wood elf **scout**, MM 349) is a cook. They spend most of their time shopping and haggling with merchants far and wide. Talia's family lineage stretches back far beyond Lanternlight's construction, but her people have been involved in its inner workings for years, handling lumber contracts, hunting, foraging, and many other tasks in the nearby wilderness. She was always enamored with the spectacle of the inn and has relished the opportunity to be honored as one of its select caretakers.

Desdemona Viras (NG non-binary/ambivalent half-elf **cult fanatic**, MM 345) acts as the inn's stable master. Their dark brown hair and spindly, angular features give their otherworldly presence a dark and sinister quality. Small trinkets, bones, and jewelry dangle from leather cords tied around their thin neck. Perpetually dabbling in hag-like magical practices has left them bemused in flights of fancy others would call macabre, but never does their attention wane from the animals housed in the stables. Those who manage to eavesdrop may hear their soft sing-song voice whispering gently or singing lullabies to the animals at night.

Barry Ackerley (LG male Chondothan human **bandit**, MM 343). Barry, a thick-necked, blond haired, tawny-skinned farmer's son, spent a chunk of his life as a highwayman, robbing from those little more wealthy than his own family. When adventurers happened by and put his friends to the sword, he had a chance to rethink his life and returned home to herd goats with his father. Less than a year later, to his amazement, he was offered a position as caretaker at Lanternlight. Now he tends the grounds and pebble gardens outside of the inn and, on winter days, offers towels and robes to guests in the hot baths. What he could not accomplish through violence and thievery, he's managed to accomplish through sheer luck. Barry is nothing if not humbled by fate and the workings of the gods.

SKY LANTERNS

Each night, the sky blazes with light as the caretakers release 50 paper lanterns into the air, blown on the breeze for miles like the embers of a wildfire.

Underneath the small tallow candle in each lantern is a thin disk made of a mithral-tin alloy. The disk is etched with a series of letters and numbers as well as instructions written in common and elvish: anyone who returns the disk to Lanternlight may have their choice of food or drink for free.

Only once in the history of the tradition did an enterprising group of brigands attempt to steal the disks from travelers making their way to Lanternlight. They were set upon by the famed warrior, Brutus Clay, and dozens of their mercenaries, supported by nearly a hundred local soldiery and guards. Everyone involved in the robberies was killed in battle or locked in stockades along the road to Lanternlight, left to the mercy of the common folk they had robbed. None have since thought the enterprise worth the risk.

Likewise, nobility seldom collect and use the coins, as many regard it to be beneath people of wealth and stature. As such, the lanterns are seen as a gift to a lucky few commoners who can experience a taste of luxury for an evening. Very rarely, the staff will insist that a truly disheveled traveler make use of the exceptional baths.

STAFF

Most of the staff working at the inn are family members or close friends of the caretakers. No fewer than two dozen staff members busy themselves inside and out of the building, but many are too preoccupied to be bothered with every guest who comes through the doors. Only a few employees make it a point to meet and greet every traveler who steps through the gates.

CHEF

Brimbra Thornheels (LN female stout halfling **commoner**, MM 345), the cousin of Lucas Fairhart, runs the kitchen at Lanternlight. Trained to be a cook for a duchess' household, her skills are beyond question. While average in height, Brimbra, is exceptionally proud of her round features and sizable belly. Her hefty size may fool those unfamiliar with her into thinking her lethargic or lazy, but there are few who can keep up with Brimbra in the kitchen. Apt to laugh and exchange sharp remarks with her friends, she keeps a wonderfully energetic and happy crew.

BARMAN

Towering over the black bar, surrounded by dozens of bottles, jugs, and decanters of various alcohol stands a copper-scaled dragonborn wearing a leather apron and white tunic with the sleeves rolled up to thier elbow. Vakaris (LG male copper dragonborn **thug**, MM 350) may be an intimidating presence, but puts patrons at ease with nods of respect and welcoming body language. Vakaris, who has a large scar across his neck, is unable to speak, though he can vocalize a wide variety of communicative noises and can communicate through sign language. His wife is the liaison to guests and caretakers, Tyranny.

LIAISON

The primary overseer of the staff and guests in the inn is Tyranny (N female tiefling **commoner**, MM 345). Her reddish skin, full figure, and silky black hair and nails lend her quite a bit of attention. Unlike some of her kin, Tyranny has petite, rounded, nubbin horns atop her head, mostly hidden by her lush hair. Always stern to staff and polite to guests, she has made a name for herself as a trusted worker, despite her early years as a cutpurse and scoundrel. Her husband Vakaris has helped her mellow through their years together. Her close friend Barry Ackerley gave her a means to earn an honest living here at Lanternlight, a debt she does not feel is repayed.

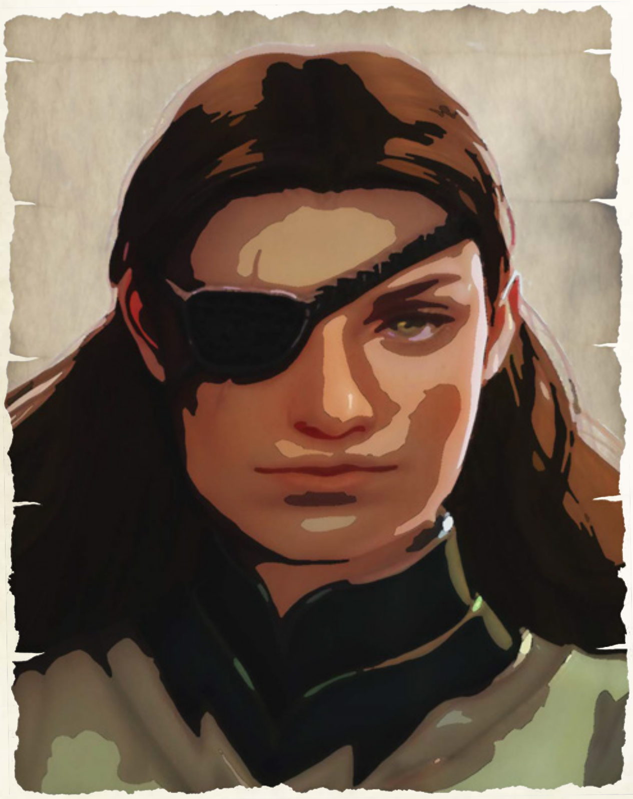
Tyranny is the **only employee** at Lanternlight capable of making executive decisions on behalf of the caretakers in regards to a guest's demands or needs.

ENTERTAINER

Gretta Wildhammer (CG female gold dwarf **bard,** VGtM 211) is quite tall by dwarven standards, nearly five feet in height. Her untamed hair is pulled back into a tight ponytail when she takes the stage each night, but occasionally she unfurls her voluminous mane as the night progresses. A wide, angry scar runs down the right side of her face, passing below a black leather patch where her eye once was.

As an entertainer, she is an expert at the dwarvish harp and a talented singer, often regaling guests with haunting dwarvish melodies as well as popular songs passed from bard to bard. A peculiar short sword with a platinum hilt adorns her hip at all times, even when it causes unpleasant clanks of metal on metal while positioning her harp to play.

Happy to share in laughs and drafts of fine dwarven ale with any who welcome her, it is not uncommon for Gretta to become so inebriated, quarrelsome, and boisterous that she is carted off to her room on the third floor and put to bed; an task which only occasionally ends in violence.



SUITES AND AMENITIES

There are twenty rooms at Lanternlight available for rent. Each suite costs a staggering **30 gold pieces per day**, which covers not only the room fee but access to all amenities and services offered by the inn. Additional charges may be accrued if services go beyond manageable expectations, but such fees are quickly settled before patrons depart and often in their favor.

Patrons may specify particular rooms they are interested in, such as East-facing or on the lowest floor, but each suite is identical save for one, the King's Suite which commands an exorbitant fee of **110 gold pieces per day** but is more than double the size of other suites, accommodating up to **4 guests**.

Rooms have marble tiled floors and stone walls tastefully covered in a moody gray or navy paint. Vibrant white drapes hang from the ceiling on either side of a massive stained glass double door that leads out onto a recessed balcony overlooking the city. Lush, comfortable rugs adorn both the bedroom and the lounge area in each suite.

Furniture is made of exquisite varnished wood with silver or white-gold accents. Each suite contains a large wardrobe supplied with several luxurious robes, slippers, and velvet-covered hangers for expensive gowns. Suites also come with a large upholstered trunk, and a wide desk with several locking drawers. The desk has a leather work pad and an ample supply of stationary, ink, and other writing tools.

Several tables populate the room, each with various local beverages, fruits, fresh cut flowers, and artistic adornments. A fresh sheet of parchment with the local weather report and a listing of local events waits for guests on a table near a silver pitcher filled with clean drinking water. Ivory and bone sconces light the room and burn an odorless oil – an invention of the wood elves that hunt and forage for the inn regularly.

The bedroom area has a single bed as large as a carriage with soft upholstery on the rails and headboard, as well as a cloth canopy and curtains suspended from the high ceilings overhead. On request, two additional soft yet substantially smaller beds can be brought to each suite. Plush silk and cotton pillows are spread across the soft wool-stuffed mattress. Across the room, facing the foot of the bed is a white brick fireplace that is often fed fragrant apple wood or cedar, with other woods available upon request.

The lounge area of each suite has no fewer than three couches and two chairs of varying heights and softness as well as a large table carved out of dark granite at the congregation's center.

In the adjoining study, an upholstered couch sits across from two high-backed chairs that flank a bookcase filled to capacity with various volumes of poetry, fiction, and historical literature. Other books are available upon request, covering an exceptionally wide array of topics.

A huge steel floor safe in this room also provides additional security for private items a guest may wish to store.

Housekeeper

Each room, not guest, is assigned a single employee devoted to ensuring the room remain comfortable and clean at all times. The housekeeper replaces all flowers, fruit, and treats daily as well as replaces the wash basin and replenishes the soap, towels, and robes. They also ensure all furniture is kept in pristine working order.

Personal Butler

Along with the lavish suite comes a wide array of personal staff, chief among them a personal butler that sees to every need a guest, may have. They settle guests into their rooms, listing amenities on offer while unpacking and storing their belongings in the furnishings of the room. They also re-pack guest's belongings on the day they check out of Lanternlight, ensuring all clothing and property is cleaned and accounted for. The butler also delegates all other tasks requested during a guest's stay.

Common tasks a personal butler ensures are done daily include: laundry services, shoe, saddle, and equipment polishing and maintenance, mending services for clothes and equipment, making reservations, coordinating arrangements for events or travel, preparing sessions of private fitness or relaxation, organizing intimate lunches or dinners, commissioning local travel guides or shopping assistants, seeing to the well being of pets or children, even so far as ensuring the guests' suite has a more suitable fragrance to their particular tastes or requests. The number of tasks a butler will see to on a guest's behalf are near limitless.

The following butlers, all **commoners** (MM 345) , are more than happy to see to a traveler's every needs:

- Brom Laughinstail is a short male human in his early 30s. He has green eyes and short blond hair. He speaks very slowly and deliberately, with eye contact that makes many feel as though their every thought is of grave importance.
- Guinevere Dunewind is a 26 year old female human. She has long brown hair and brown eyes with deep mahogany skin. She speaks with a perpetual half smile on her pleasant, youthful face.
- Energ Crom is a massive non-binary Firbolg. They have long curly gray-brown hair and electric blue eyes. Their skin is slightly green in hue but mostly white. They speak softly and end most sentences aimed at staff or guests with “my friend.”
- Alwel Norro is a female wood elf with soft green eyes. Her black hair is braided tight against her skull on one side and hangs loosely down her shoulder on the other. She speaks very little, but bows deeply at the waist to guests, flourishing her white gloved hands.

Unlimited Dining and Room Service

The kitchen and dining facilities are open to any guests at all hours. Any food or beverage requested can be acquired and served within a tenday, should a guest require vittles from distant countries. Otherwise, dining requests can often be seen to with a day's notice.

Guests may also request any food or drink be delivered to their suite. Beverages are delivered on sturdy steel trays or nestled inside polished brass buckets filled with ice. Meals are brought to the suites on rolling carts that act as dining tables able to be adjusted in height to accommodate diminutive or large guests.

Pet Accommodations

Small traveling pets unfit for the stables are greeted with a new toy, a gourmet treat healthy for the particular breed of animal, and a luxurious collar of silk, leather, or spun mithral. Each sports a silver lantern dangling from the clasp.

Such pets can be tended to in the rented suite or in a separate room by a personal pet sitter at the owner's preference. Accommodations can be made for animals up to 200 pounds, including meals, baths, grooming, bedding, and massage.

There is a nonrefundable **10gp cleaning fee** or a **20gp fee** for monstrous pets such as hell hounds or blink dogs which require specialized care.

Child Care Services

Children brought to the inn are treated as well as adults. Young adult concierges can help look after and entertain children of any age. Very young children are provided a custom map and guide for exploring the grounds as well as deliveries of gourmet treats such as chocolate or spiced honeycomb to ease the stress of travel. Children and teens are often gifted a small bag of personal items by the staff, including a comb, brush, sweet scented soap, various snacks, and a small wool blanket with the image of a lantern embroidered on it.

Wellness Care

Personal Trainer. Upon request, a specialized staff member can help in daily training or sparring, be it weights or with practice steels. Many military veterans ply their experience in ensuring guests can keep sharp in body and mind during long stays in the luxurious accommodations. Undergoing training gives creatures advantage on ability checks and saving throws that rely on Strength or Dexterity for the remainder of the day.

- Sir Armen Cale is a 48 year old half-orc **veteran** (MM 350) that spent the best part of his life in the infantry. He's skilled with all simple and martial weapons as well as the application of armor. His gruff appearance is supplanted by his personable demeanor, but during his extensive training regiments, many would sooner call him 'devil' as 'friend.'

Massage. Should the long road or fierce training tax a guest, a number of local massage experts can be called upon to work with guests in their room, in the baths, or in the quiet, relaxing pebble gardens surrounding Lanternlight. Undergoing massage gives creatures advantage on saving throws against any ongoing physical ailments and reduces their current exhaustion level by 1.

Fey Mud Treatment. Local wood elves harvest and deliver a thick, black, nutrient-dense river mud collected in the Feywild. Only two such deliveries are made per year and the cost is astounding.

For **350gp** a guest may partake in an hour-long bathing ritual that restores and revitalizes damaged skin, such as scars left by magic, burns, or old flesh wounds. The bath also removes harmful toxins from the body and leaves hair soft and without frizz for more than a month.

Priest. Yva, a female rock gnome **priest** (MM 348) of Lathander lives at the inn. On request she can provide discreet healing services to wounded or troubled guests. Yva is held in high regard by all she renders services to for her complete lack of judgment and absolute discretion, be she treating a fever or an axe wound.

Each morning at dawn, she leads an hour-long prayer in the pebble garden on the eastern-most garden surrounding Lanternlight.

Menu

The kitchen at Lanternlight houses hundreds of premium ingredients preserved in walk-in ice closets. Daily deliveries of fresh meat, cheese, vegetables, and wines ensure a constant stream of delicious options for the well-trained cooks, under the watchful eye of Brimbra Thornheels, to create a wide variety of amazing dishes that cater to individual guests. Special accommodations can be made with the cooks to import food from anywhere on the globe for a singularly memorable dining experience.

Brimbra's training is such that meals often consist of several courses of delicate, flavorful food pared with wine. Servers will often report on the progress of the meal to Brimbra, who takes great care that each guest gets their fill.

Should a guest clean their plate and not look satisfied, Brimbra will send out another course, and another, and another until the guest seems satisfied. A story told over drinks with the staff tells of a time Brimbra served twenty-one courses to the Goliath bodyguard of a traveling noble. The meal took five hours to complete and no dish repeated a main ingredient.

Quests

There are very few secrets in Lanternlight. So many have come together to accomplish something grand that secrets often end in the excising of the one who kept it, should it ever come to light. There is, however, no shortage of things to do at the inn.

Should the enterprising sort happen upon Lanternlight they could find themselves swept up in a near limitless list of complications and tasks that could command their attention for rewards or even in exchange for services or accommodations. With over thirty staff and room for sixty wealthy guests, the following is only a small portion of the work to be found at Lanternlight.

QUEST: THE STOLEN SISTER

Rumor has it that Vakaris, the dragonborn, was dragged back into Lanternlight a few tenday ago after reading a letter. Since then, Tyranny, his wife, has been in search of stalwart adventurers for a task – but none have taken her up on the offer.

A Family Matter. Tyranny, should she trust anyone in the party, admits that her husband got news of a looming threat that befell his younger sister K'leez. Vakaris was exiled from his clan for killing the Matron of their longstanding rivals, Clan Dadian'moozi. At the time, Vakaris accepted it stoically, assuming it was the end of the matter. Now, word has reached him that his sister is being forced to marry Laklai Dandian'moozi on her next nameday celebration.

Bitter End. A marriage is nothing to fear, but Vakaris grew up with the vicious and predatory Laklai, and knew rumors of several of his lovers that were killed under suspicious circumstances. Vakaris has no doubt in his mind that should the marriage take place, his parents and his sibling would be in danger forever.

Unable to visit his sister or his ancestral home again, Vakaris would give anything to have her brought to him, that he may speak to her once more without putting his clan in danger. He asks that the party fetch his sister by any means necessary and bring her to him. Should they succeed, Vakaris swears a life debt to the party. Tyranny, on the other hand, offers a *rod of absorption* and a sack full of twenty gemstones worth 30 gp each, should they forgive her husband's life debt.

A Sister in Waiting. K'leez has been sent to travel with an herbalist named Arrava (LG female copper dragonborn **enchanter**, VGtM 219) until the day she's to be wed.

The herbalist does not hold her prisoner, but would not openly trust an outsider, especially if Vakaris' name is used in the elder dragonborn's presence. If threatened, the herbalist commands her **3 copper dragonborn veterans** (MM 350) to subdue the would-be kidnappers.

K'leez, on the other hand, has been waiting years for her brother to return for her. Each day she watches the horizon, hoping to see the glint of his scales. Should anyone mention her brother, by name, she will trust them implicitly and do everything she can to leave with them. She fears Laklai, has seen his fury once already, and would "sooner wed a hag." If taken to Vakaris, she begs to stay and live out the rest of their days together.

QUEST: THE MISSING TICKER TIM

Lucas Fairhart may have a job for proven adventurers. Long ago, his family was given a gift that has been passed down for generations, a short clockwork swordsman made of gold-plated steel he called "Ticker Tim." At some point, the figurine vanished from his chambers inside Lanternlight, and he has struggled to track it down. No one but Lucas knows that if the tiny crystal in the clockwork swordsman is replaced, it will reactivate and, inevitably, hurt someone, a prospect he cannot live with.

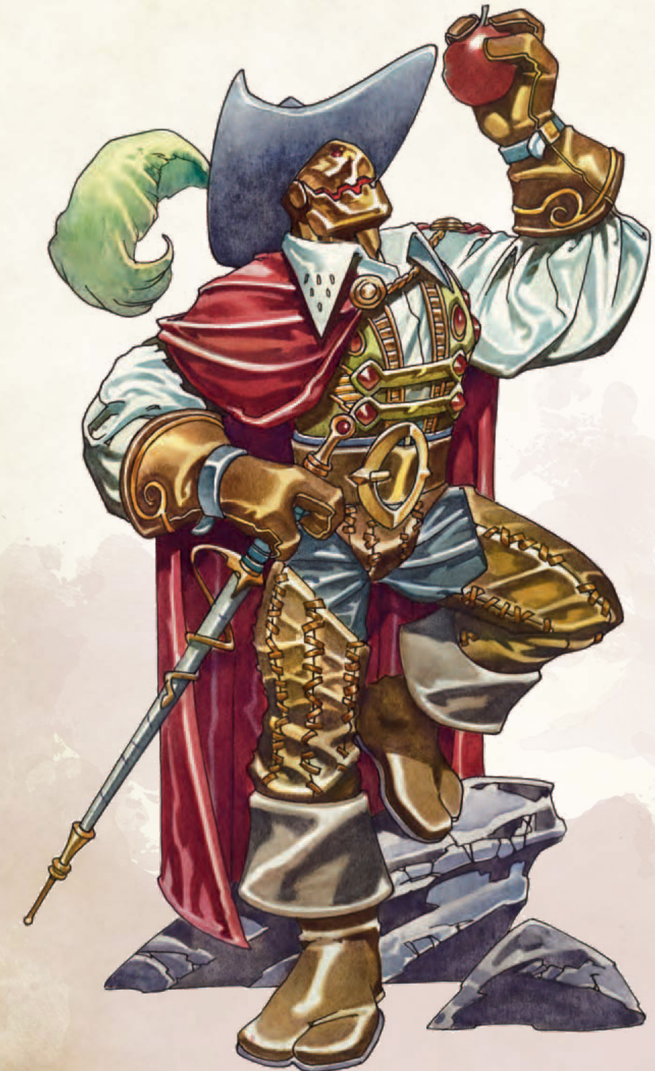
Should the adventurers find the clockwork swordsman, Lucas promises to pay them 200 gold pieces. If they accept the amount without haggling him above 400 gold pieces, he also gives them *3 potions of healing* and a *pole of collapsing* (XGtE 138) for being such honorable and helpful people.

A Moment of Life. Ticker Tim, unbeknownst to Lucas, was never deactivated. It could still see everything around it, but didn't have the power to move. Ticker Tim has limited sentience and can think, gesture, and understand the people around it, but cannot remember anything for longer than 10 minutes. During a pretty severe thunderstorm, Ticker Tim finally managed to move, accidentally tumbled off of the shelf he called home, and fell into a crate of laundry. He did not manage to crawl out of the crate before the storm passed and he became immobile again.

It was Lucas himself who carried Ticker Tim out of his bedroom and placed him, and the crate, in the laundry room. Some time later, a young half-elven washwoman by the name of Sella found the curious trinket and took it home as a gift to her ailing father, a retired jeweler named Hett Ambrish.

Curiosity Restored. Hett Ambrish believes he only began to feel ill when he ran out of things to do. Since the curious clockwork figurine was given to him, his sole purpose has been to restore the delicate thing top working order. He's cleaned off years of dust and grime, fixed little nicks and scratches on its gilt plating, and even made it a new, unbroken miniature longsword he filed, polished, and sharpened out of an old kitchen knife. When he saw that the almond-sized quartz crystal had previously been cracked, he set to work finding a replacement and sanding it down to size.

Development. Before the party arrives, Hett has already fitted the 12-inch tall figuring with a new crystal. When the party comes to Hett's home, they can hear the sound of battle coming from inside. Three Gnome **spies** (MM 349) and a female gnome **master thief** (VGtM 216) have broken into the house, knocked Hett unconscious, stuffed Ticker Tim into a wooden box, and started to pilfer anything of value from the retired jeweler. Ticker Tim valiantly defended Hett, dealing **6 points of damage to each of the gnomes**. If the party intervenes and the fighting is going poorly, the leader smashes an *elemental gem* and releases a **fire elemental** (MM 125) to deal with party while the thieves make their escape.



Awkaned. Ticker Tim, once restored, is a construct that is capable of conveying even complex language to Gnomes through wild-looking gestures. The clockwork man, fully repaired, could fetch an incredible sum of coin to the right buyer, but he wishes to forge ahead in life of adventure. Its short memory robs it of its ability to function as a human or gnome would, instead it is driven on by the next command, often happy to wander and fight aimlessly.

Reward. Should Ticker Tim be returned, Lucas happily pays the reward he promised, but upon seeing the functioning construct, insists the party take it along with them. “It seems so much more **alive** now.”

Ticker Tim

Tiny construct, neutral

Armor Class 16
Hit Points 20 (7d4 + 3)
Speed 25 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
4 (-3)	22 (+6)	13 (+1)	3 (-4)	14 (+2)	1 (-5)

Skills Perception +6, Stealth +7
Damage Immunities poison; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing damage form nonmagical attacks that aren't adamantine
Senses darkvision 60ft., passive perception 16
Languages understands Gnomish but can't speak
Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Evasion. If Ticker Tim is subjected to an effect that allows him to make a Dexterity saving throw or take only half damage, it instead takes no damage if it succeeds on the saving throw and only half damage of it fails.

***False* Appearance.** While Ticker Tim remains motionless, it is indistinguishable from a metal statue

Actions

Multiattack. Ticker Tim makes three Miniature Sword attacks.

Miniature Sword. *Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 8 (ld4 + 6) slashing damage.*

Breakfast

The exhaustive selection includes fresh fruit, hardy Dwarven and Halfling smoked cheeses, grilled salmon and trout, a wide variety of hot dishes, including poached eggs and ham over toasted muffins, soft boiled eggs encased in sweet and spicy minced sausage, toasted lobster and egg scramble. Fresh garden salads with shaved truffles, fresh honeycomb, and cold pressed oils are on offer seasonally. Fresh baked bread, spiced cakes, and fruit-stuffed pastries are all baked in-house each morning under the watchful eyes of master bakers.

Dinner – Four Courses Served with Paired Wine or Beer

I

Heron Akyalin
Cherry glazed grilled heron, roasted chili and peach chutney, wrapped in a tender almond-flour flatbread

Seared Boar Dumpling
Spicy Black Vinegar, wild boar tenderloin, garlic, cilantro, shaved ghost pepper

Heirloom Squash and Pumpkin Soup
Cardamom Cream, Savory salted pumpkin seed granola

II

Soft Gnomish Omelet
White field mushrooms, Ostenbeck Spiced Cheese, Roasted fingerling potatoes, tender young spinach

Blackened Grilled Salmon Salad
Fermented red chili paste, green chilies, hoghead Salmon Fillet, imported gray rice

Seared Ostrich Filet over Spiced Ripplebark and Farro
Smokey roasted Ripplebark mushrooms, Chestnuts, Parsnip Puree, Fried Sage Leaves

III

Braised Short Ribs with Baked Bone Marrow
Roasted carrots and squash flavored with bergamot

Bacon-wrapped Rabbit Loin with Fire Lichen
Thinly sliced imported Underdark Fire Lichen, juniper berry, cress broth infused with ginger

Rye-crusted Sea Bass with Yellowneck Clams and Purple Potatoes
Black rye breadcrumbs, lemon butter, roasted garlic

IV

Roasted Lamb Loin with Winter Beans
Sweet white beans, smoked okra, rosemary white peppercorn sauce

Pastry wrapped prawns with black beans and cress
Flaky almond pastry, white shell Sword Prawns, pork belly, cress and ginger green sauce

Sauteed Sweetbreads with Sweet Onion Pie and Caramelized Figs
Veal sweetbreads, spicy black garlic sauce, smoked flake salt

Dessert

Elderberry and Fig Dumplings Tender sweet pastry, sweet cream, Lemon zest	**Apple Crumble** Apple sorbet, candied apple slices, currants and dark rum sauce	**Sweet Soapberry and Ginger Stuffed Butter Cake** Hazelnut cream paste, Impatiens flowers	**Caramel Stack-Cake** Coco, Jasmine, hazelnut, apricot caramel

Alcohol

Howlin's Classic *White Wine* Fermented in the trunks of tall Barrelstalk mushrooms, this ghostly-white Svirfneblin wine has a cult-like following. A surprisingly fresh, fragrant, frizzante wine with vibrant, flavors and aromas of moss, stone fruit, oranges, and honey. The wine is concentrated and flavorful, but not overly rich or heavy; sweet, yet balanced. **Glass** 9sp **Bottle** 5gp	**Brimblesweet** *White Wine* The Brimblesweet halflings have been making this Lovely, crisp, tropical, and citrus fruit flavored wine for ages. The flavors are enhanced by oak barrel fermentation, adding nuances of oak and vanilla to the smooth and lengthy finish. **Glass** 6sp **Bottle** 4gp	**Toppled Ogre** *Dark Stout* A dwarven beer with little alcohol content but a strong, explosive flavor. Barrel aged and bolstered with fire-roasted hardshell nuts. Dark black, very thick, with a tan head, it packs aromas of vanilla, praline, and hazelnuts. Flavors of caramel and dark stonefruit are pleasant, with no alochol burn. **Bottle** 2sp	**1014 DR Augla Nigwin** *Gnomish Red Wine* Considered by many to be "perfection" this wine has complex, expansive, and vibrant aromatics and a velvety full-body texture that compliments the building remarkably sweet tannin running through the bottle. Subtle flavors of currants, cherries, smokey incense, warm spices, and leather notes unearth themselves from this remarkable gnomish vintage. The rare "Sunlit Rain" will not disappoint. **Glass** 79gp **Bottle** 480gp **Barrel** 144,000gp

LANTERNLIGHT

LANTERNLIGHT

BREAKFAST

Available at All Times.

- *Fresh seasonal fruits*
- *Plate of Dwarven & Halfling smoked cheeses*
- *Grilled salmon and trout*
- *Poached eggs and ham over toasted muffins*
- *Soft-boiled eggs encased in sweet and spicy minced sausage*
- *Toasted lobster and egg scramble*
- *Fresh seasonal garden salads, including shaved truffles, fresh honeycomb, and cold-pressed oils*
- *Fresh baked bread*
- *Spiced cakes*
- *Fruit-stuffed pastries*

DESSERT

Elderberry and Fig Dumplings. *Tender sweet pastry, sweet cream, lemon zest*

Apple Crumble. *Apple sorbet, candied apple slices, currants and dark rum sauce*

Sweet Soapberry & Ginger Stuffed Butter Cake. *Hazelnut cream paste, Impatiens flowers*

Caramel Stack-Cake. *Coco, jasmine, hazelnut, apricot caramel*

ALCOHOL

Howlin's Classic. *White Wine.*
• *Glass* – 9 SP. • *Bottle* – 5 GP.

Brimblesweet. *White Wine.*
• *Glass* – 6 SP. • *Bottle* – 4 GP.

Toppled Ogre. *Dark Stout.*
• *Bottle* – 2 SP.

1014 DR Augla Nigwin. *Gnomish Red Wine.*
• *Glass* – 79 GP. • *Bottle* – 480 GP.
• *Barrel* – 144,000 GP.

DINNER

Four Courses.
Paired with Wine or Beer

I

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Seared Boar Dumpling. *Spicy Black Vinegar, wild boar tenderloin, garlic, cilantro, shaved ghost pepper*

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IV

Roasted Lamb Loin with Winter Beans. *Sweet white beans, smoked okra, rosemary white peppercorn sauce*

Pastry Wrapped Prawns with Black Beans & Cress. *Flaky almond pastry, white shell Sword Prawns, pork belly, cress and ginger green sauce*

Sauteed Sweetbreads with Sweet Onion Pie & Carmelized Figs. *Veal sweetbreads, spicy black garlic sauce, smoked flake salt*

CHAPTER 3: TAPROOMS

TAPROOMS ARE NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE TO CONFUSE for taverns or inns, if only by their complete disinterest in offering lodgings to patrons. The majority of time, energy, and funds available to the business are poured into maintaining a robust and dynamic selection of alcohol and occasionally offering enjoyable entertainment. Most other things are ignored.

SLOW PONIES

***Atmosphere**: Illegal, Shady*

***Drink**: Good*

***Food**: Poor*

***Entertainment**: Poor*

***Region**: Small City*

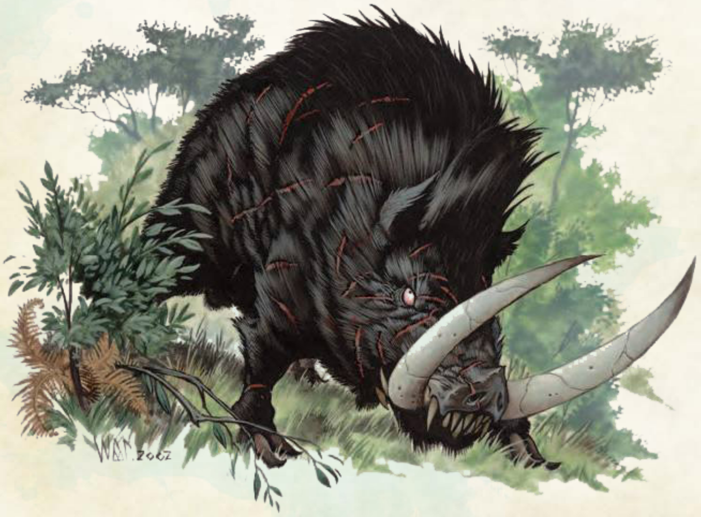
Cost

●●○○○

A heavy wooden statue of a yellow-painted pony is positioned at the intersection outside of Slow Ponies. The diminutive building may turn some guests away, but local travelers and tradesmen frequent the thatch-roofed stone taproom daily.

The building is undeniably short, built at a halfling or gnome's scale, though dwarves can linger comfortably once they squeeze their way through the doorways. Most humanoids have to stoop down to not scrape their heads along the rafters or bash their faces into the hanging lamps. The furnishings within are sized to accomodate Medium or larger humanoids just fine, however.

Along one wall, well worn casks large enough to fit a horse inside line the wall, floor to ceiling. On the opposite wall, a concrete bar juts from the wall, wide enough for fifteen people to sit shoulder to shoulder. Three huge shelves loom over it crowded with mead, liquor, and crates of various goods and snacks.



Small round tables lie unevenly spaced in the center potion of the taproom, with a wide variety of chairs scattered throughout. The dark corners of the room are almost always occupied by several hunched, cloaked, or cowled figures whispering to one another of various sinister and mundane topics.

BACKGROUND

Unknown to many, local brigands, spies, mercenaries, and less-than reputable folks ply their various trades inside the taproom, which is open from dusk until dawn. Small *thieves can't* symbols litter the nearby community, all identifying Slow Ponies as a safe space.

Locals shrug their weary shoulders at inquires about the reputation of the place, choosing to say “Don't bet on Slow Ponies” as a catch-all phrase.

The owner, Berto, was once a master spy for a corrupt duchess in his younger years. When forced to make the choice of dying for his master or vanishing into obscurity, he chose the latter.

That is not to say that Berto is not prosperous in his new role as barkeep. He takes a ten percent cut of any coin exchanges handled inside his establishment for “security and protection.” In actuality, those who deny his portion usually find themselves drowned in a gutter, lending to the idea that security might be a necessary investment.

OWNER & BARKEEP

Berto Hamhands, is a lightfoot halfling of considerable bulk with a wide, square face and a shaved head. His imposing looks match his uncaring disposition, but he is renowned for never asking unwanted questions. He often claims that he could afford to purchase Slow Ponies, stock good liquor on all the shelves, and take over the near-by Honeymaker's Farm when he “finally stopped betting on those gods-be-damned slow ponies.”

Before his chosen exile, Berto was mauled by a lycanthropic creature known as a Wereboar. When the change beset him, unexpectedly, many of his covers were blown and an operation was foiled. He's since acquired an enchanted amulet to ward off unwanted shapechanges.

During the day, Berto returns to the small farm and spends time with his family. The quaint farmhouse exterior obscures the lavish decorations inside – polished mahogany trunks, bookshelves filled with rare collectibles, plush and comfortable furniture, and delicate artwork that seems an ill fit for the rural setting. When not tending to the massive bee hives outdoors, Berto spends a great deal of his time writing and sending letters to his multitude of contacts across the country.

Statistics. Berto has the statistics of a **Wereboar** (MM 209) with the following modifications:

- Berto's alignment is neutral.
- He has the *Lucky* halfling trait (PHB 28)
- Berto wields a +1 *Crushing* morningstar. As an action, he can make two attacks with the morningstar (+5 to hit). It deals 8 (1d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage on a hit. On a critical hit, the weapon deals an additional 10 (3d6) bludgeoning damage and knocks a medium or small creature prone.
- Berto has a challenge rating of 5 (1,800 xp)

Thieves Prosper

Each of the six employees and Berto himself have been spies, thieves, or brigands at one point in their lives. As such, they are most open and welcoming to Bards, Rogues, and those known to butt-up against the law. Such travelers will have a hard time finding anywhere better for gathering information and finding disreputable work.

Should a party member speak or signal in **thieves can't** to a member of the staff, they will be passed a note suggesting they visit the cellar. The doorway of which is located behind the bar, past the ever watchful Berto, who does not shy away from breaking the hands or feet of would-be trespassers.

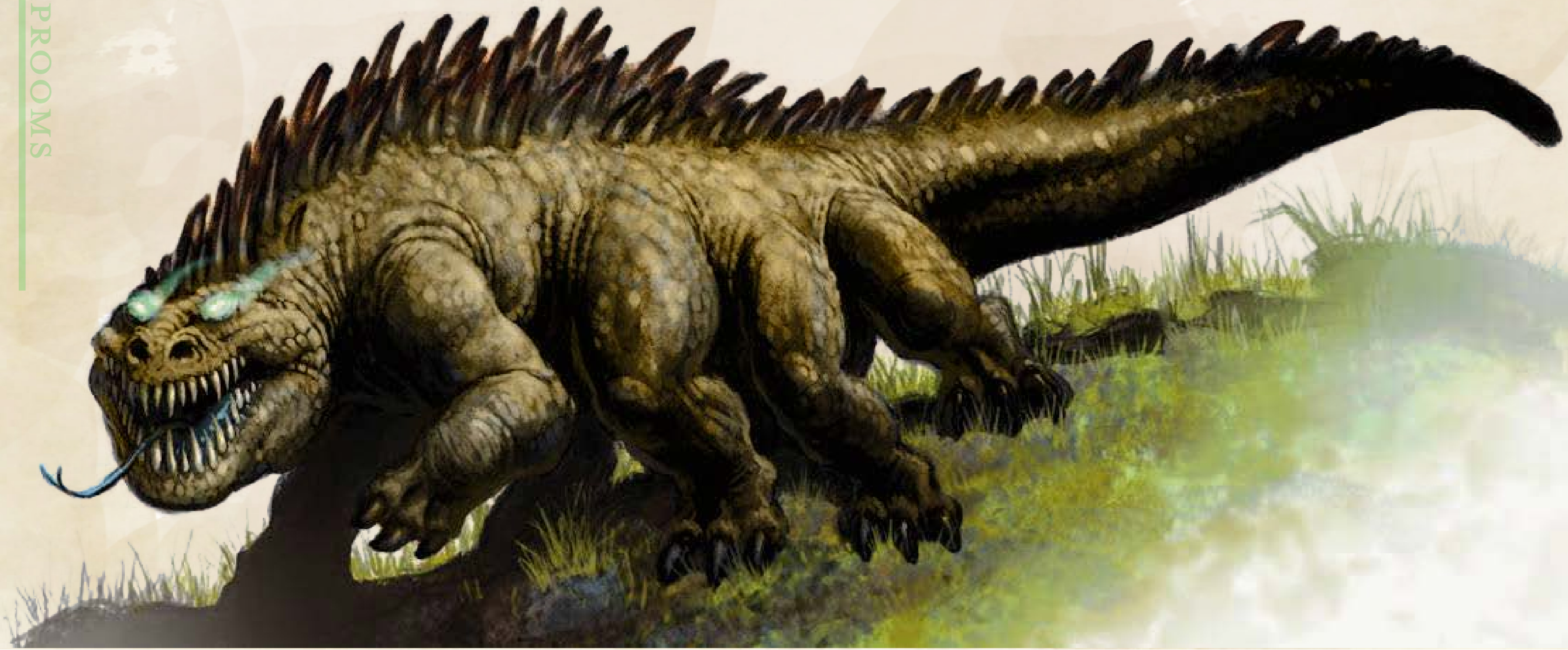
The Nexus. Known to local thieves and cutthroats as "The Nexus," the cellar beneath Slow Ponies leads to an underground circular room that is forty feet across. Eight tunnels lead from the Nexus in each of the cardinal directions and stretch on for miles, leading to over two-dozen escape hatches in the nearby city, clearings, and forest.

The Nexus itself has provisions, gear, equipment, and boxes of clothes and unique supplies for those with a mind for dirty work. These provisions are watched over by a peculiar elderly owl-like woman named **Irika** (LE female aarakokra **spy,** MM 349) and **Grendel**, her rust-colored pet **basilisk** (MM 24).

Irika and Grendel. Half blind and far older than most of her race, Irika lives exclusively inside the tunnels where she "collects whispers," bits of information left by those who've came and went over the years. What she collects of worth, she gives to Berto who sells it for a modest profit. Half of the coin made from selling whispers goes to her family, care of an anonymous, untraceable benefactor.

Irika's eight legged, three hundred pound basilisk companion patrols the tunnels at her side. It has been trained to avoid its master's eye, but has turned many would-be double-crossers and thieves into incredibly life-like stone statues, many of which now hold boxes, clothing, or act as improvised support structures for the cramped tunnels.

Grendel has a fondness for poultry and will stand on its back-most legs and whine for such a treat.



STAFF

The people hired on at Slow Ponies often come from lowborn crime-filled walks of life. Their loyalty is respected and commendable, but most of them do not fully trust one another and in turn keep one another in check.

SERVER

Yanna Brimblethums (CN female lightfoot halfling **spy**, MM 349) is a rosy-cheeked and incredibly respectful young girl. Her left hand was cut off by an overzealous merchant several years ago for stealing, but Yanna wears a suitable wooden prosthetic. She bustles around the common room delivering drinks and snacks to guests, never failing to greet newcomers with a wide, honest smile.

Unbeknownst to her, Berto is in the process of saving coin to have a ***regenerate* spell** cast on the young halfling and already has 440gp of the estimated 550gp the spell will cost to have performed. Should the party be capable of casting the spell, he pays them instead.

WOODSMAN

Guile (NE male tiefling **archer**, VgTM 210) acts as the resident woodsman and chaperon. His diminutive stature and bull-like horns make him an uncommon sight even among other tieflings. He paints detailed maze-like designs in gold paint on his gray horns each morning. When not collecting edible plants and leaving missives and messages for local brigands in the woods, he's in the taproom playing darts and escorting drunken guests to their homes. Few in the city do not know Guile at least by reputation.

MIXOLOGIST

Jakkom Helmspinner (N non-binary Damaran human **swashbuckler,** VGtM 217) is a charming tawny-skinned person in their early thirties. They're missing their right leg at mid-thigh and use padded wooden crutches to get around, surprisingly spry.

Despite their look, skills with a saber, and name, they have never once been on a boat of any kind. Jakkom was once an auctioneer and lost the leg when hobbled by a crossbow bolt by their, then, allies while stealing a magical bowl from the auction house. When not mixing drinks and greeting guests, they are playing a lap-guitar to amuse guests or throwing a wooden ball for the local dogs who visit the rear of the shop on occasion.

ASSISTANT BREWER

Tess "Viper" Thomisan (CG female half-elf **martial arts adept,** VGtM 216) has a split tongue, silver piercings along the bridge of her delicate nose, and a fearsome reputation as being a vicious killer, poisoner, and raging lunatic – all of which are lies. Tess's name was spread far and wide by her idiotic brother, Oliver, years before his untimely death. She has used the name and her skills in martial arts to garner respect among mercenaries and brigands, as well as keep would-be aggressors at bay. In truth, she is a lonely, caring, and incredibly sad woman.

Tess spent a decade training and working at a monastery, sheltered and protected by the peaceful monks there. Her twin brother, on the other hand, rejected the monks' teachings and chose to run away, learning to rob, sing, and lie instead. The time eventually came when Tess left the monastery to protect her troubled brother, who later died over a game of dice. When not assembling or disassembling barrels, treating batches of house-made liquor, or playing darts, Tess walks the city, alone, humming her brothers' songs. She can also be found practicing her fighting skills with Berto on rare occasion.

ROOMS AND AMENITIES

Slow Ponies has no rooms for rent, though on occasion Berto has allowed people to sleep the day away in the tunnels beneath the taproom, given Irika's willingness to suffer them.

The dusky corners of the quiet room are often highly prized for shady deals and underhanded exchanges. No member of the town guard comes to Slow Ponies, and many understand it to be a place welcoming of all sorts of business. Many with an eye for crime know it to be a great place for cutthroats and rogues to converse in safety, as even rival gangs dare not test Berto's sufferance.

LOANERY

Many in the city also venture to Slow Ponies when they need coin in a hurry. Any of the staff, save for Yanna, can offer loans as large as 1,000 gp to patrons who give a few drops of blood and sign their name in a set of ledgers kept underground.

Loans given by Slow Ponies come with a 10% interest rate accrued at the time of the lone and every tenday thereafter. Each loan is to be paid back no later than two months after it is given.

If one fails to pay back the loan in full at the end of the two month period, Berto sends word to one of his contacts, a **diviner** (VGtM 213) named Warner Cyss, who tracks down the debtor and, along with **3 veterans** (MM 350) recover the funds, one way or another. Warner may go so far as to enlist the help of local mercenaries and sellspells should it be required.

Menu

Slow Ponies only offers basic snacks such as pine nuts, venison jerky, hard-baked bread, or a bowl of canned fruit to each table, usually after several drink orders. Outside food is allowed inside, so long as it is not disruptive.

Instead, Slow Ponies focuses on having a wide variety of affordable and good-quality alcoholic beverages. Primarily, they serve ale, beer, and mead, but on occasion they will offer special wines or liquors as they become available.

Quests and Jobs

Many requests come to the Slow Ponies for items and tasks, should able bodied individuals be looking for work. The following is a quick list of local jobs that adventurers and mercenaries could see to in a single day as well as the price offered for the item or job. These are meant to be starting places, not comprehensive quests:

- A local store owner has had the deed to their property stolen by a rival businessman and will pay 300 gold pieces to see it returned, no questions asked.
- Should a fire-loving traveler want a purse of 220 gold pieces, the Cutters, a local gang of cutpurses, would gladly pay up to see the brothel, Hakken House, set ablaze.
- Gyurenda Stye, a wealthy landowner, bribed officials to put a working girl to death over plying her trade to the Stye family heir. If the crone meets the same fate, an anonymous benefactor could make the one responsible 2,000 gold coins richer.
- The captain of the city watch, Lucious Fliche, has a false eye. Someone, strangely enough, wants it. They're offering 400 gold.
- Colonel Amara Ryker is coming to town with her company of soldiers in a few days. Chances are she'll meet with her lover during that time. Find out who it is and where they meet, and the information could be worth 30 platinum coins and a young draft horse with saddle..

The Viper's Venom

Tess Thomisan is a remarkably troubled woman. She wishes for little more than to leave the city, return to her monastery, finish her training, and regain a measure of peace. But until her brother's killer is brought to justice, she cannot leave; the thought would eat away at her.

In the year she's been at Slow Ponies, she has attempted to enlist Berto's help in finding the killer, to which the halfling has agreed.

Suspiciously, Berto has already uncovered the killer's identity, but has not shared it with Tess, sure the confrontation would kill her. If the party befriends Berto and Tess or proves themselves capable of handling such a job, Berto finally reveals the truth and offers to pay each person who assists Tessa 250 gp worth of rare art and gemstones.

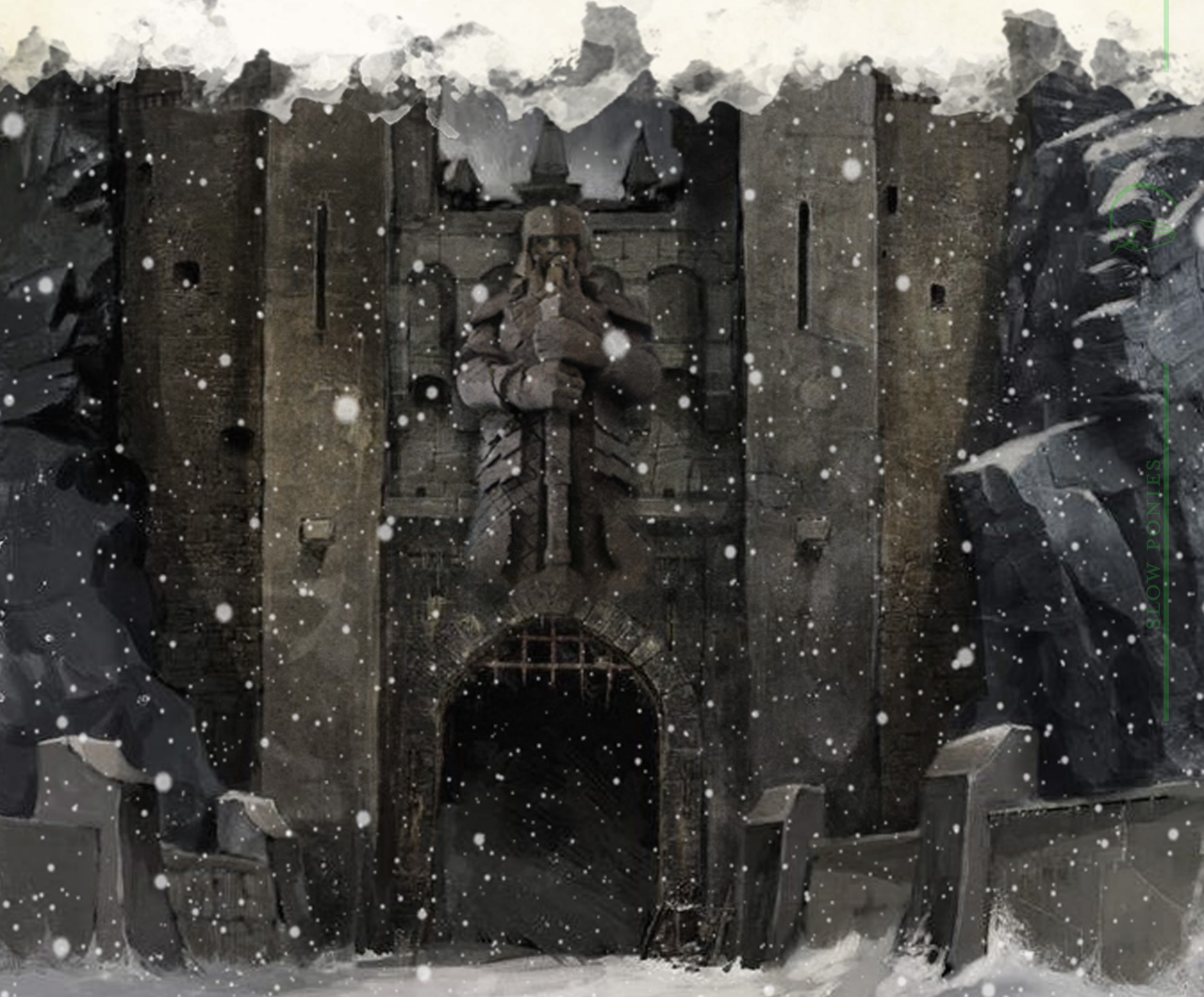
The Stonebones. A clan of dwarves once called the mountains north of the city “home.” Since then, they have been led astray by the newest head of their clan, Pyke Stonebones (LE male gold dwarf **champion,** VGtM 219) and his siblings Brist (LE male gold dwarf **gladiator,** MM 346) and Rikki (CE female gold dwarf **master thief,** VGtM 216).

Rikki came to town a year ago with a small band of dwarven **bandits** and caused all sorts of trouble. When one of the dwarves cheated at dice, a fight broke out in the gambling den near the center of town. Rikki killed three people and put the tavern to the torch. One of those killed in the melee was Oliver, Tess' brother. He managed flee the burning tavern, but died of a wound to his stomach shortly after. No one came forward as witnesses to the killings for fear of the Stonebones, and rightly so.

Galecrest Craig. The base of operations of the Stonebone clan, Galecrest is a small fortification built into the natural rock of the nearby mountains. Pyke, Brist, and Rikki lord over **9 dwarf bandits** (MM 343), **2 dwarf bandit captains** (MM 343), and **1 dwarf veteran** (MM 350). The rest of the Stonebone Clan has either been captured, killed, or fled since the siblings took over. Past the stone doorway, the halls of Galecrest lead to a handful of sleeping rooms, a large dining hall, and a treasure room stuffed with 1,450 gp worth of various copper, silver, electrum, and gold coins, as well as 2 bars of smelted platinum worth 500gp each, and hundreds of pilfered art items and gemstones worth a total of 3,400gp. Inside the room is an ancient looking **stone golem** (MM 170) that attacks anyone not of clan Stonebone on sight.

Development. If a fight breaks out in Galecrest Craig, Pyke and Brist will fight along side their sister until things seem dire. The brothers would sooner hand over their hot headed sister as doom what remains of the Stonebone clan to destruction, especially if it could save their treasure or their own skins.

Rikki, if captured, offers to lead the party to a buried treasure in the hills north of Galecrest Craig if they promise to let her go, or perhaps turn her over to the authorities. The treasure, 1,000 gp worh of rubies and diamond dust and a *horn of blasting* is actually buried in the honeycombed cave Rikki leads them to, but she neglects to inform them that the cave is home to a nest of **3 gricks** and a **grick alpha** (MM 173), which she hopes will aid in killing the party, even if it leads to her own death.



FOOD (5cp)

Nuts	**Frog Skewers**	**Acorn Soup**	**Venison Jerky**
A bowl of assorted seasonal nuts such as pine nuts, walnuts, and acorns	whole frogs grilled on wooden sticks	A watery bowl of acron and onion soup	Smokey strips of cured venison trimmings

MEAD

Dorwin Brewery **Herb Mead**	***White Wolf*** **Mead**	***Grimbone*** **Mead**	**Danger** *Mead*
A sharp, sour honey wine fermented with wild yeast, crabapple, lemon balm, rose, and hibiscus for a bright fragrant appeal.	A recipe stolen from Uthgart tribesmen ages ago, this mead is an every day staple due to its very low alcohol content. A dull straw color, nearly white, it has flavors and aromas of cold coffee, cigar ash, and the subtle taste of honeycomb and peach. A round and pleasant drink that has very little sweetness.	The main export of the Grimbone clan of half-orcs. It has become one of the most consumed alcoholic beverages in the entire region. A hazy straw colored sparkling mead with flavors of wintermint and blackberry. It's a crisp, snappy finish to a fruity, dry experience.	Made of clover honey and sweetened on the back-end with juniper berries, this mead is left to age in air tight glass jugs for months to mellow. Unlike many other complex meads, *Danger* tastes of clean, fragrant honey with a subtle bite of sour-sweet berries with no sign of its potent alchol content, making it dangerously easy to drink.
Mug 7cp **Pitcher** 1gp	**Mug** 4cp **Gallon** 2sp 4cp	**Mug** 3cp **Gallon** 2sp	**Mug** 1sp **Jug** 1g 2sp

BEER AND ALE

Black Spot Ginger Beer *Ginger Beer*	***Gralen's Brew*** **Pale Ale**	**Pyrakiito** *Pale Lager*	***Sofwin Ale***
This beer has a spark and bubbliness to it brought by the fresh and crisp ginger used in its con struction. It has subtle flavors of coriander, cardamom, and lemon.	Brewed in a small farming village to the west, this beer is beloved by locals. The taste of malt gives way to subtle hints of grapefruit, toffee, and butter - surprisingly sweet and refreshing.	The process for making this halfling beer has been unchanged for nearly 200 years. It's golden color and aromas of hops and bitter malt make it a firm everyday beer.	This weak ale is made by a small family a few days ride south of The Shouting Sail. The ale leans into the sweetness of the grain and is shipped in patched whiskey barrels, making it easy to drink but with a much stronger aroma than expected.
Mug 4cp **Gallon** 2sp	**Mug** 5cp **Gallon** 1sp 9cp	**Mug** 3cp **Gallon** 1sp 2cp	**Mug 4cp Gallon 2sp**

WINE AND SPIRITS

Calburn's Fierce *Rum*	**Stonebone Whiskey** *Whiskey*	**Shirawin's White** *White Wine*	**Shirawin's Red** *Red Wine*
The most standard, workhorse of spirits, this sugarcane rum is brewed by a clan of Dwarves that ship the stuff around the world in stupendous quantities. Very sweet and strong enough to peel paint, the crew of The Shouting Sail have always drown hefty portions of citrus (mostly limes) in it to help stave off scurvy and mouth rot.	A high alcohol rye whiskey brewed by the Stonebone clan of Dwarves. After blending, the whiskey is filtered through a secret blend of coarse minerals to impart mineral notes unfound in nature. The whiskey is then put into ancient oak barrels for another maturation. The flavors are intense and powerful with a slight fragrance of honeyed fruit, woodsmoke, and the aroma of fresh rain on concrete.	This cheap wine is sold in repurposed oak barrels. Drinkers can expect to enjoy the hot taste of young wine that does its job. If a barrel is left to mellow for several months, it gains a much smoother more pleasant flavor, should the barrel not leak.	This cheap wine is sold in repurposed burbon barrels, often patched with sawdust and tar for shipping. Drinkers will find the red a more forgiving flavor than its white counterpart, but still fairly harsh. The brewery mixes cherries with the final product to give it a bright red color and a fruity taste, despite the vinegar-like burn.
Shot 1sp **Mug** 6sp **Pin** 2gp	**Shot** 5sp **Bottle** 11gp	**Pitcher** 1sp **Barrel** 16gp	**Pitcher** 1sp **Barrel** 16gp

The Lone Sun

***Atmosphere**: Smoky*

***Lodging**: Good (Adjacent)*

***Drink**: Grand*

***Food**: Poor*

***Entertainment**: Good*

***Region**: Tundra, Sandy*

Cost

●●●○○

An oddity, The Lone Sun was built around a twenty-foot spire of quartz jutting from the ground. A second, smaller establishment called "Sunset Station" sits a stone's throw from The Lone Sun. Sunset Station, an overpriced inn, often has a white a cow standing on the soil-covered roof snacking on small plants.

The Lone Sun is made of large hand-molded clay bricks painted light gray. Hanging from a square frame outside the front door is a stained glass sun covered in a layer of dust. Mounds of blown sand crowd the doors and windows and dry plants hug the walls.

The taproom is circular, built around the clear quartz spire that's made to pierce through both the floor and ceiling. When sunlight touches the crystal it sheds an amazingly soft, warm glow that illuminates and heats the room around it for hours. The serving counter is built tightly wrapped around the spire of quartz, where a few dozen select bottles of alcohol stand on offer.

The room is frequently choked with a thick layer of second hand smoke from a wide variety of pipe weeds and tobaccos on offer.

Background

Twelve years ago, **Winter** (N female half-elf **warlock of the archfey**, VGtM 219) along with four of her half-drow family, fought and killed an Eladrin warlord by the name of Velhaster.

A brutal and xenophobic megalomaniac, Velhaster's blood-filled campaign was brought to an end when Winter's family ventured behind enemy lines and sprang a trap that led to the death of the warlord at the cost of two of their number.

The army splintered without Velhaster's guidance and quickly disbanded. The warlord was unceremoniously thrown into a mass grave full of his slain enemies.

A tenday later, as Winter and her companions scouted the area, they were set upon by non-other than Velhaster – returned to the mortal world as a minion of darkness, an incredibly powerful undead called a **death knight**.

Velhaster proved far too powerful for the companions. Only by striking a deal with a manipulative Archfey did Winter have the power to trap the undead warrior within a crystal spire. Winter, the lone survivor of her party, was made by her new patron to guard the spire with her life. She has remained in its presence every day since.

Decades after her guardianship began, The Lone Sun was built brick by brick around the crystal spire with the help of Winter's new husband. It stands now as an unassuming tomb to ensure Velhaster never escapes unnoticed.

Owner

Winter is a gray-skinned half-drow of moderate height and weight like her stocky mother. She has chalk-white hair and lilac colored eyes. She took the name "Winter" for herself when she denounced her drow heritage and embraced her mothers' human roots. Since she has sworn to serve her Archfey patron, her skin has become unnaturally smooth and soft, and her pointed ears have become far more prominent and longer than any other elf's. On the new moon, Winter's shadow shifts and moves as if dancing on its own.

Ronan Shera (LN male half-orc **gladiator**, MM 346) stumbled upon Winter's encampment the day before his seventeenth birthday. Already a battle-hardened warrior and entertainer, Ronan took a keen interest in Winter, especially her unusual destiny and half-blooded heritage. He stands a foot taller than Winter, has mottled grayish-green skin, a wide, sloping forehead, and two flat lower tusks that jut past his upper lip. His wide, honest smile and deep, soothing voice put most at ease despite his brutish appearance.

Specialties

The Lone Sun has several uncommon aspects that make it a unique experience for most travelers.

Prickle Brandy. Ronan sells a house-made liquor he makes from fermented prickly pears and foxtail shrub nectar, both of which grow locally.

Sunset Station. When the couple opened their home for travelers to rest and drink, the idea of opening rooms for rent was flatly refused. A frequent visitor and entrepreneur named Fallian Spellspinner built a small inn within walking distance. The Inn has 6 rooms for rent for 15gp per night. The rooms and amenities are entirely unexceptional, making the price seem extortionary.

The Spire. The enormous shard of quartz keeps The Lone Sun both illuminated and comfortably warm in the chilly, dry nights.

Dunk the Dragon. A very popular game played in the Taproom, Dunk the Dragon pits players against one another in a game of skill and luck using their preferred beverage and a gold coin.

STAFF

As far-flung as The Lone Sun is from most civilization, patrons and staff alike are often peculiar compared to what one may find in towns or cities. Many people linger for months or a few years before moving on to other, bigger things. As such, none of the staff have been at The Lone Sun for very long.

Dunk the Dragon

Two teams of players take turns flicking a coin into a mug across the table. The winner gets all the gold, the loser gets the bill.

Drinking Game. Creatures can safely imbibe a number of drinks equal to their Constitution Modifier (minimum 1). For each drink after, they take a cumulative -1 to attack rolls and ability checks. A creature passes out when they imbibe a number of drinks equal to their Constitution Score.

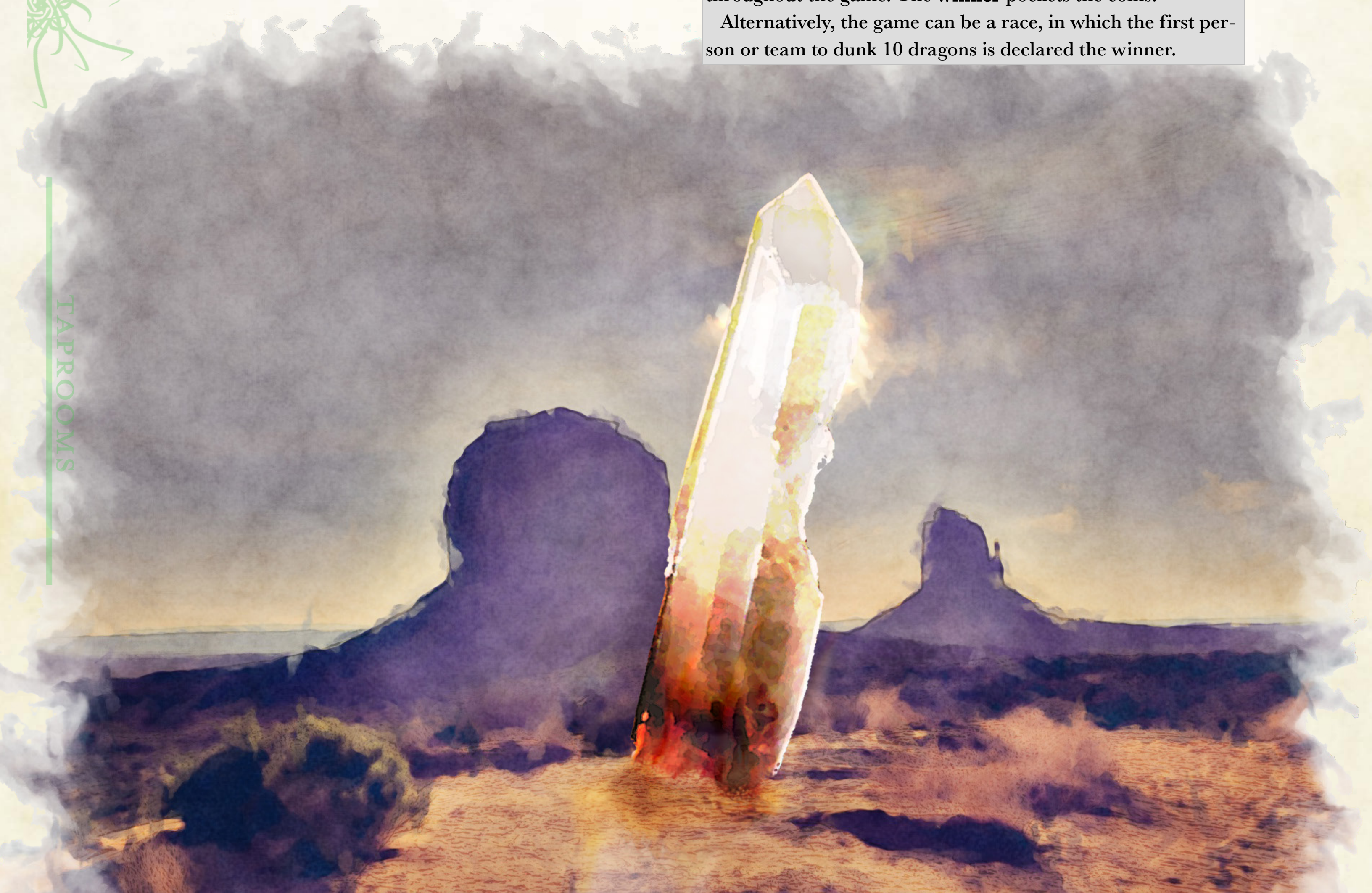
Playing. Each player takes turns flicking a coin end-over-end across the table, attempting to have it drop into a waiting empty mug.

Make a ranged attack roll with the coin as an improvised weapon; the mug has AC 10. On a hit, the coin falls into the mug. On a miss, the coin lands on the table and your entire team must drink.

If the coin falls into the empty mug, flip a coin to determine if it landed on heads or tails. If the coin lands heads-up, your opponent or their entire team drinks. If the coin lands tails-up, everyone, including you, must drink. The coin is then removed from the mug and placed on the table along with every other coin as prize money for the winner.

Winning. The first person (or the first person on a team) to pass out **loses** and must pay for all of the drinks imbibed throughout the game. The **winner** pockets the coins.

Alternatively, the game can be a race, in which the first person or team to dunk 10 dragons is declared the winner.



Cook

Since there is a noticeable dearth of victual options at The Lone Sun, Podon Vormyin Xalbin (LN male rock gnome **commoner**, MM 345) handles all food preparation.

Podon is nearly 150 years old with short, curly, almond colored hair and olive green eyes. His sharp, pointy chin is hidden beneath a puffy, extravagant, lemon-yellow beard.

Not classically trained at all, Podon simply has a love of snacks and a natural desire to be a good host. His true loves are pipeweed and rabbit jerky, both of which he spends a great deal of his time trying to perfect.

Bar Mistress

Only during exceptionally busy times do Winter or Ronan have to step behind the bar. The "bar mistress" Alix Serpentwind (LG female protector aasimar **spy**, MM 349) moves with the quiet grace of a dancer as she mixes, pours, and serves drinks to waiting guests.

Alix stands a hand over five feet tall, has smooth waxy-white skin, a pleasant face, and a strong jaw. Holding a conversation with Alix proves quite difficult as she is prone to skipping from subject to subject very quickly. Many travelers tip Alix well in an effort to entice her to buy new clothes. Instead, she chooses to wear moth eaten hand-me-downs that have served her for two decades. In her seventy years of life, she's never once paid for clothing.

Companions

A pair of escorts have been plying their trade at The Lone Sun for several months. Josselyn Dustmane (CG female Tethyrian human **acolyte** of Lliira, MM 342) is a short, wide-faced woman with a moderate, soft build. She wears ruby red lipstick and expertly painted eye makeup. Josselyn offers her companionship to those she feels will be kind and respectable, and is select in who she approaches. Other than physical intimacy, she offers to pour drinks, give massages, entertain with stories or songs, and help travelers bathe for the price of **12gp** for the night. She has a permanent room at the neighboring Sunset Station, which she brings clients to.

Swift Luck (CN male Tabaxi **bard**, VGtM 211) plies his trade alongside his childhood friend, Josselyn. Swift is lithe and limber, standing at an even five feet tall. His fur is cream colored with tiny dots of black around his eyes and on his hands and feet, reminiscent of ink droplets. Swift is less selective than Josselyn and attempts to woo any and all passers by with uplifting and heartfelt music. An accomplished singer and fiddler, he lives comfortably on public performances. His private performances cost **3gp per hour** for "all sorts of lovely things." Including dancing lessons, barbering, comforting, and intimate exchanges. Swift has a very small room adjacent to Josselyn's in Sunset Station.

When not with company, the two play games and share stories, often falling asleep together at a table or in their rooms at Sunset Station.

Rooms and Amenities

The only rooms for three-days' travel are next door at the Sunset Station Inn. Rooms there are simple, ill furnished, and cold at night. Rooms are adorned with little more than a bed and a chest for storing clothing or gear. A single window, barely large enough to crawl through, adorns one wall. An oil lamp adorns another. Some rooms have a hide rug, but not all.

At The Lone Sun, a lot of effort was put into ensuring a comfortable atmosphere with sturdy, polished chairs and wide, well-made tables. Though no rooms are on offer, many patrons choose to sleep off their nightly drinks in one of the chairs or slouched onto a table. Patrons that are dozing are only asked to leave if they've not spent any gold.

Creatures who sleep within 100 feet of the quartz spire must make a DC 12 Wisdom saving throw or be plagued by nightmares of blood, war, death, and darkness - an echo of Valhaster's bloodlust.

Pipeweed and Tobacco

As one of both Ronan's and Podon's truest loves, smoking is very commonplace in The Lone Sun. Many of the windows sport small window boxes used exclusively for glowing select types of tobacco and other smoking plants.

The small basement is also filled to the brim with various plants. They do well from the warm, constant glow of the quartz pillar that filters light into the underground room. Some of the plants present in the basement are from lands half-way across the globe, cultivated by Ronan and Winter and put on offer to those with the coin.

Pipeweed. Any fragrant plant whose leaves or roots are pleasant to smoke can be referred to as Pipeweed. Certain blends may cause many different reactions depending on the humanoid that consumes it – some cause lethargy, others cause hunger, and some even cause hallucinations. Those with a passion for Pipeweed blend several variations together to create a more refined and enjoyable smoke, but they often have harsh unpleasant flavors.

Tobacco. Tobacco plants can be added to Pipeweed blends, but are often sold on their own. The flavor of tobacco is far superior and much more enjoyable than that of pipeweed and commands a much higher price. Often, tobaccos have no mind altering effects and can be enjoyed more regularly.

Cost. The various blends and strains of dried plants command a variety of prices ranging from **1gp to 30gp**. Each pouch contains enough material for 18 uses. Additionally, Ronan carves pipes out of wood to pass the time, and will sell the serviceable contraptions for **3gp** each.

Pipeweed Blends

Southpinch Leaf: At an unremarkable **1gp** per pouch, this blend of pipeweed is bitter and extremely harsh, but has a calming, relaxing effect that lasts for several hours.

Stonelight Bliss: A pouch of this pipeweed-tobacco blend costs **6gp** per pouch. It's a smooth slightly cedar-scented mix that's easy to smoke and often gives half-orcs fits of giggles.

Mudfield Tithe: Costing **14gp** per pouch, this powdery purplish crushed leaf is best smoked in rolled paper. It tastes slightly of bitter fruit and produces a thick yellow smoke that lingers in the air for several seconds before dissipating.

Seawind Sugarleaf: A premium product, over **22gp** per pouch, this pipeweed tastes of briny oak and sage. Remarkably, when exhaled, the whitish blue smoke falls immediately to the floor and pools for a moment before dissipating. Once smoked, this pipeweed causes the user to experience a light, floating sensation that robs them of most pain and anxiety.

MENU

The only foods on offer at The Lone Sun are simple snack foods and occasionally boiled potatoes or hunks of horse meat. Podon Vormyin Xalbin ensures that three things remain on offer at all times: rabbit jerky, pickled prickly pear, and shoufin nuts. Past that, little attention is given to foodstuffs.

Where food may be lacking, there is a selection of a dozen types of alcohol, ales, and meads on offer, including their famous Prickle Brandy. Combined with the wide assortment of pipeweed and tobacco, few who come to The Lone Sun spend much time lamenting porridge or soup.

QUESTS AND JOBS

There are few travelers who happen upon The Lone Sun and Sunset Station. As such, there are a wide variety of tasks that Winter and Ronan would pay to see done. Such tasks include:

- Delivering a case of Prickle Brandy to a collector in a nearby town for 10gp.
- Tracking down and killing a **Bulette** (MM 34) that has attacked several travelers in recent days. 200gp for the creature's head.
- Tracking down Kester Breach (CE male lightfoot halfling **master thief,** VGtM 218) an ex-employee who stole nearly 1,200gp worth of tobacco and the recipe for Prickle Brandy.
- The taste for Prickle Brandy is growing, and Winter wants to move their brewing to a near-by cave, where it'd be easy to defend and control the temperature. If the party clears out the **15 ankheg** (MM 21) and their eggs, Winter will give them a *headband of intellect* (DMG 173) for their trouble.

VELHASTER'S END

Should the party prove themselves capable and strong, Winter and Ronan may see fit to ask for their help in the most harrowing task they could ever undertake: destroying Velhaster for good.

Winter relays all of the information present in the **Background** section and asks the party to uncover a method to destroy the evil **death knight** (MM 47) once and for all.

To Kill Death. Stopping a Death Knights is no easy task. Velhaster's imprisonment inside the quartz spire was so taxing on Winter that she has dared not to beseech her patron for powerful spells again, lest the magic trapping the undead warlord fail.

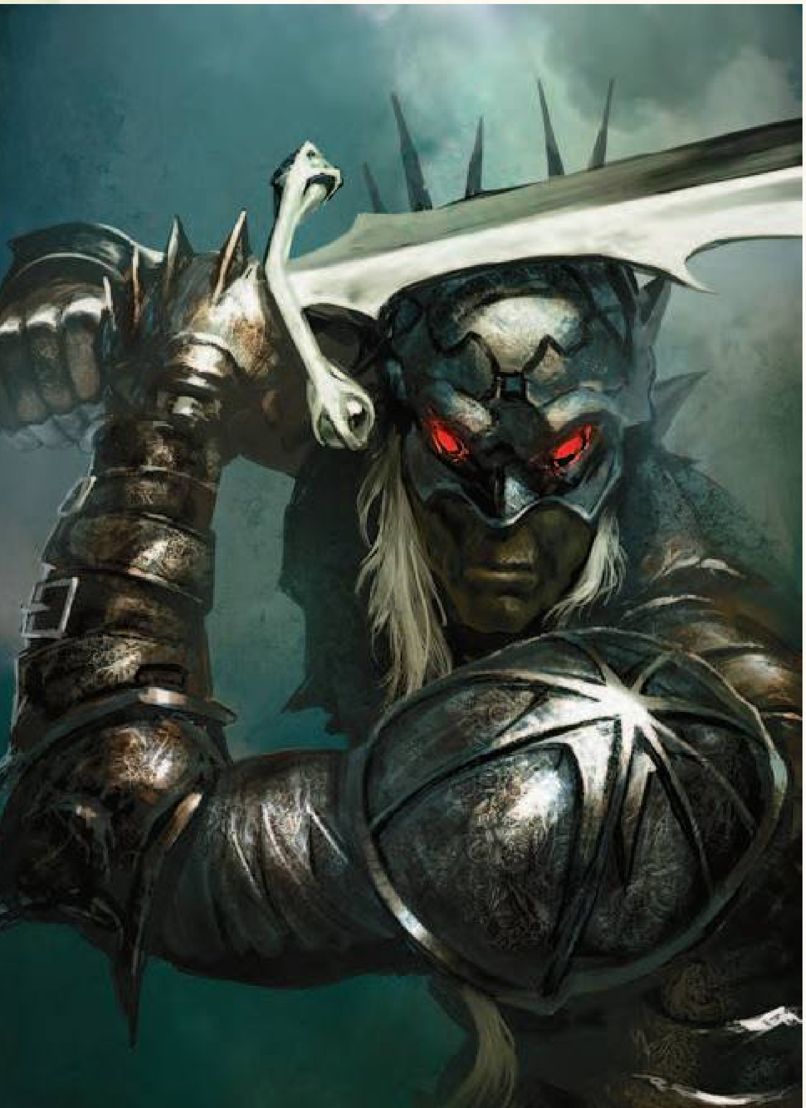
There are a number of ways the party could go about defeating Velhaster for good, each of which can be gleamed through **Intelligence** (**History**) checks and research involving the winter eladrin's tumultuous life.

When Velhaster's childhood friend and lover, Tylvaris, was kidnapped by a powerful dwarven archwizard, he sought the help of an archfey named **Glysarra, The Beast Maker**. In exchange for her aid in freeing Tylvaris, Glysarra demanded Velhaster's hand in marriage.

At the marriage ceremony, Tylvaris, with Velhaster's aid, poisoned the archfey, disfiguring and nearly killing her. When Velhaster refused to surrender Tylvaris to the Beast Maker, it sparked a war that waged for decades.

When the warlord found Tylvaris consorting with a human lover, Velhaster slew them both and fled to the material plane, dooming his people to slaughter. There, he led a grief-fueled campaign of blood and violence that razed dozens of human settlements in the name of Tylvaris, an attempt to hide his evil deeds. Eventually, Velhaster was assassinated by a group of half-drow, only to rise again as a death knight.

Simply killing the Death Knight will only cause him to be restored a few days later, with even more hatred filling his soul. Both Winter and Ronan have learned enough about the Death Knight to know such attempts would be futile.



A few possible methods for destroying Velhaster are:

- Convincing the tormented warrior to surrender himself to Glysarra.
- Taking his ancestral sword to the Summer Queen and persuading her to destroy it.
- Restore and allow his lover, Tylvaris, to confront and forgive the wayward nobleman.
- Purifying his family's ancestral castle in the Feywild with divine magic. Currently it is overrun with wraiths, ghosts, and other undead.

Should your party devise a more direct or indirect method of deposing with Velhaster, help them see the plan to fruition.

Velhaster. Trapped inside the quartz spire, the undead warrior waits for the day he is set free. He no longer desires to kill those who imprisoned him. He instead yearns for the day he can return to the Feywild and cleanse it of all non-elven interlopers. He believes their presence in the Feywild somehow corrupts the natural order of that beautiful place. In his twisted mind, none of his torment would've come to pass without them.

Velhaster

Lawful evil death knight (male)

Skills Perception +9, Stealth +6 (disadvantage)
Senses darkvision 120ft., passive Perception 19
Languages Abyssal, Elvish, Common

Roleplaying Information

Velhaster is a cunning tactician and skilled in nearly every aspect of war. In life his anger and shame lead him on campaigns of destruction, but in his unlife, his xenophobic perceptions are made even more divisive. He feels that his life was wasted battling in the prime material plane.

Ideal. "Those without fey blood have no business in the Feywild. All they do is corrupt."

Bond. "I'll protect creatures of the Feywild, even if I must subjugate them to do so."

Flaw. "I will never trust a human or dwarf again. Ever."

FOOD (7cp)

Spicy Rabbit Jerky	**Pickled Prickly Pear**	**Shoufin Nuts**	**Nutbread with Chili**
Several pieces of pepper-cured rabbit strips. Usually sold with boiled potatoes or corn.	Chunks of purple-fleshed cactus fruit in a brine of peppers, onions, and cardamom.	These nuts have the shape and color of a chicken egg. The wrinkly, fleshy meat inside is earthy and peppery.	A dense, nearly black, bread made from Shoufin and walnuts, smeared with a spicy green chili paste.

WINE AND MEAD

Danger	**White Mire Wine**	**Black Blood Mead**	***Sipp'n Seppa***
Mead	*White Wine*	*Mead*	**Black Grape Wine**
Made of clover honey and sweetened on the back-end with juniper berries, this mead is left to age in air tight glass jugs for months to mellow. Unlike many other complex meads, *Danger* tastes of clean, fragrant honey with a subtle bite of sour-sweet berries and shows no sign of its potent alcohol content, making it dangerously easy to drink.	A white wine that uses the "sweet mire" grape. The flavor of passion-fruit and apricot blend with aromas of honey, baked pears, and clove to make for a remarkably warm and inviting sweet wine perfect for fruit and vegetable heavy dishes.	A traditional Luskan brew, this mead has hibiscus, currants, and hops which gives it an enjoyable floral aroma and soft citrus flavor. The warm spices and dry, hoppy finish make it very comforting. The blood red color and syrupy consistency make it even more popular.	An "everyday drinker" kind of wine beloved by traveling bards. It has both fruity and earthy aromas of cherries, currants, thyme, and turned clay. Exceptionally tart when put in the bottle, it's a great wine to cellar and enjoy when it smooths out or to provide the punch you need to keep you awake during long, slow travel.
Mug 1sp **Jug** 1g 2sp	**Glass** 1gp 5sp **Bottle** 12gp	**Mug** 2sp **Jug** 2gp 5sp	**Glass** 8sp **Bottle** 4gp 8sp

BEER AND ALE

Vynter	**Albinama's Machinist**	**Blister**	**Unicorn Dandy**
Breakfast Beer	*Wheat Beer*	*Pale Ale*	*Pale Ale*
A smooth pale beer brewed for a light, sweet flavor. Shipped in barrels with roasted coco beans for a robust earthy note.	This beer pours canary yellow but maintains its crisp feel on the palate. Punchy aromas of apricots and peach work with a pleasantly bitter bite. A light spicy finish punctuates this artificer's unique, exceptional brew.	Served in a black glass bottle, corked and waxed, this cloudy brew pours honeycomb gold and has aromas of tropical fruit: mango, grapefruit, and ripe pinapple. A soft semi-sweet hoppy finish makes this an exceptional beer.	A surprisingly fruity beer, this draft has flavors of peach, pineapple, and lime. Combined with the aroma of melon and figs, it has a refreshing brightness not found in many beers. Its pink-yellow color is off putting for some.
Mug 6cp **Gallon** 2sp 3cp	**Mug** 8cp **Gallon** 3gp 2sp	**Bottle** 8cp	**Mug** 7cp **Gallon** 3gp

LIQUOR

Prickle Brandy	**Goldbrew Wurn**	**June Nipper's "L"**	**Cat's Eye**
Fruit Brandy	*Potato Spirits*	*Sweet Barrel Gin*	*Cream Whiskey*
A spirit made from the fruit of the Anauroch Cactus. The flavor is a singular blend of sap candy and watermelon with a hint of clove. A refreshing and easy-to-drink potent alcohol, it's jokingly referred to as "Brain Buster Brandy." Over a ton of cactus fruit is used in each batch.	Distilled up to six times, this is one of the purest drinking spirits in the world. It has a clean, crisp mouth feel and a silky smooth finish that leaves drinkers wanting more. Wurn (or "water") has extremely high alcohol content and practically no taste.	Each small apothecary-style single-serving bottle of this fermented juniper berry alcohol contains a unique blend of lemon, cherry wood, and rose flavors with a smooth finish.	A sweet dessert-like liqueur, *Cat's Eye* blends strong dwarvish whiskey, fresh auroch cream, subtle spices, and a single drop of blood from an ice mephit, as a preservative. Served over ice or mixed with other drinks, it's an all purpose tool for any barkeep.
Glass 3sp **Bottle** 4gp	**Shot** 6sp **Bottle** 13gp	**Bottle** 2gp	**Shot** 3sp **Bottle** 6gp

Black Branch Brewery

***Atmosphere**: Artisanal*

***Drink**: Grand*

***Food**: Poor*

***Entertainment**: Great*

***Location**: Downtown Industrial*

Cost

■■■■■

Built in the remains of an old foundry, Black Branch Brewery brews and serves a wide selection of Elvish liqours, exotic wines, and northern meads.

Where parts of the ancient stone building collapsed long ago, rich well-tended wood walls and ceilings are seamlessly built to repair the structure. A sign in the shape of a black tree stands aside the road, the only marker given for travelers beyond the Brewery's incredible reputation.

The interior is dim and ripe with the aroma of woodsmoke and fermenting beverages in the early stages of development. All of the six pale maple tables and the stools at thebar are within eyesight of several workers tirelessly preparing barrels of the brewery's house-made vintages – extremely expensive hand crafted beverages that draw collectors and gastronomes for miles.

Background

The old stone foundry, collapsed long ago from the wrath of an unusually powerful storm that swept through the region, was bought by a pair of elven lovers for a song.

Likewise, when the two sun elves approached the floundering Rockbelly Farmstead offering a sizable chest of gold, they secured enough land to grow the rare blue-black "Luinëmorn" grapes they required. The Rockbelly family of halflings agreed to stay on and cultivate the grapes themselves in exchange for funding.

Repairs and refurnishing of the foundry took one year, after which the sun elves began brewing their own high quality recipes for an exotic Elvish Blue Wine. The next year, they sold 3 of the young casks for 1 gp per barrel to the most notable merchants in the city.

Word of the incredible quality and unique flavor of Black Branch's Luinëmorn Wine spread like wildfire. Merchants and epicureans hounded the brewery daily, demanding more of the highly sought-after wine.

The following year, Black Branch Brewery sold 5 casks at auction. Each barrel sold for more than 4,000 gold pieces, making it the most expensive wine to be brewed in the entire region. The incredible price furthered the notoriety and reverence of the Black Branch name.

As the years passed, the Rockbelly Farmstead grew to nearly 200 acres, the brewery hired on a dozen workers, and sales were opened for more readily available beverages such as Blue Cloud brandy, Snow-Shod Mulberry Mead, and White Leaf Whiskey. The annual auction of Luinëmorn Wine still draws hundreds of collectors and merchants willing to spend a prince's ransom for one of the 5 casks.

Owners

The two master brewers and owners of Black Branch Brewery are the elven lovers, both of which are ex-adventurers. Having made their fortunes already, they chose to pursue and perfect their love of wine with the massive reserve of coin they acquired over the years.

Genqen (LN male sun elf **weretiger**, MM 210) is a moderately built elf with amber colored hair and angular features. He was purposefully afflicted with lycanthropy years before his retirement in order to save his life from a debilitating disease contracted in the bowls of the Abyss. His transformations are infrequent and always in the privacy of the deep forest.

Once a skilled swordsman, he made a point to hang *Scathe*, his ***sword of wounding***, out of reach in the back room of the Black Branch Brewery. The sword has a pommel of pure jet and a blade of chipped, rusted iron that can neither be sharpened nor broken. He never wishes to wield the sword again, but also refuses to part with it under most circumstances.

Deijal (LG male sun elf **martial arts adept**, VGtM 216) could pass for Genqen's brother under different circumstances. He, too, has angular features and the same soulful, round eyes. His black eyebrows and shaved head do much to differentiate him from his companion. Covering his entire back is a colorful tattoo of a Kraken that writhes its way across his upper arms, to the top of his long neck, contrasting markedly with his tan skin.

Both Genqen and Deijal have spent a lot of effort courting the best brewers in the region to work along side them, that they can perfect their combined craft. Little thought is paid by either of the elves to race, class, or manner – only ability and knowledge of the brew.

Staff

Many of the staff were hand picked for their enthusiasm for brewing. The few hired assistants likewise, show a keen interest in the craft, though they may lack the knowledge or skill. The vetting process often includes a background clearance by a private investigator hired by Genqen and Deijal. There are no loose ends at Black Branch Brewery, no staff that isn't entirely invested in its continued growth and operation. The few that have tried to sew discord or backbite were shown the door, made to never return. The staff, because of such rigorous vetting, are quite close and involved in each others' lives both at work and at home.

Barmatron

Hasselva Caskforger (LG female hill dwarf **priest** of Moridin, MM 348) tends to the well stocked bar. Her wide, square head sports a large top-knot of gray-brown hair, which she adorns with silver and white gold clasps. The pointer and middle fingers of her left hand are missing at the first knuckle, which she keeps shrouded in a bespoke dove-leather glove.

Most of her nights are spent overseeing the manufacture of the brewery's premiere barrels and large storage casks. She is also responsible for the timely import and export of liquor. Both jobs require a great deal of responsibility, but do not command a great deal of her time. The barmatron happens to be paid more than everyone else in the entire establishment and is given complete autonomy to ensure how her jobs are accomplished.

A stoic and stalwart person, she does not suffer much tomfoolery before calling for security.

Security

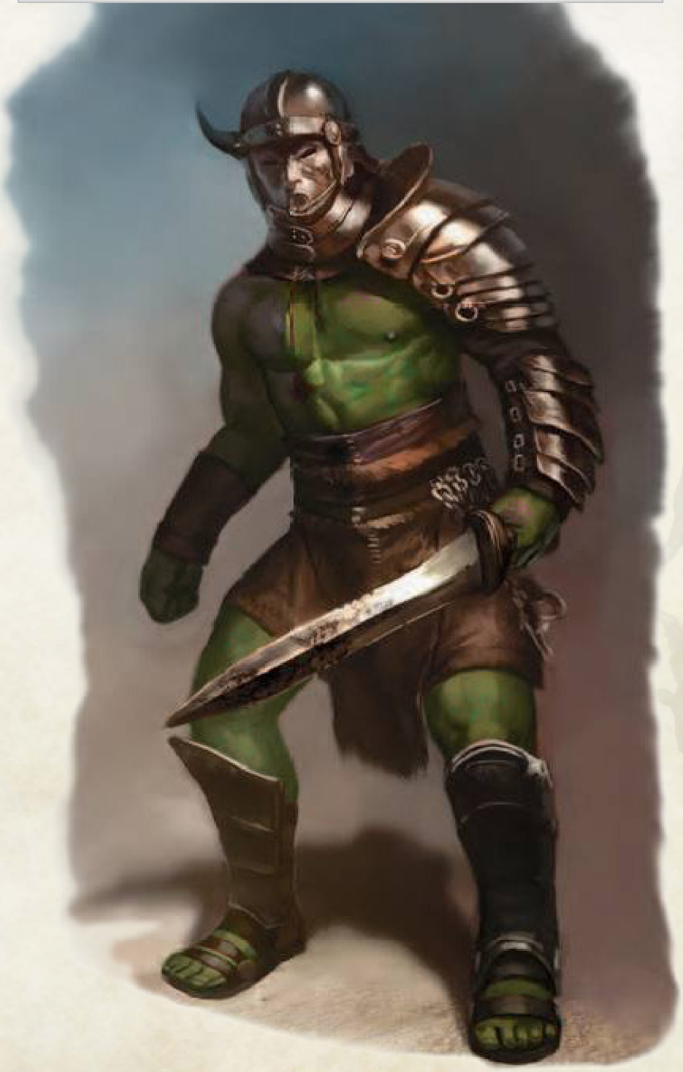
It is impossible to miss the huge half-orc that sits at the end of the long bar, his eye fixed toward the door. **Rolg** (CN male half-orc) is nearly seven feet tall with a head the size and relative shape of a milk bucket. The heavy oak stool underneath him groans and creaks when the half-orc scratches his stubbly chin or patchy head of short hair. Most of the skin on his heavy face and head sport the scars of scorch marks from being punished with boiling oil as a small child.

Rolg spends his days and nights sitting in the same spot at the end of the bar, nibbling on food and sipping on ale all day, sleeping only an hour or two each day. An ex fighter for coin, Rolg is a frighteningly powerful warrior and quickly quashes any argument, no matter the reasoning or excuse, with brutal efficiency. He's been known to hurl troublemakers from the building through the door, window, or on one occasion, the wall.

Hasselva, when asked about Rolg, says little more than: “I'd sooner fight a gods-be-damn ROCKSLIDE as that one.” Despite his aptitude for violence, Rolg rarely speaks, and when he does, it is often childishly shy and simple. He is paid a sizable salary for his work, but spends it all on food and drink, even sleeping at the bar most nights, with Genqen's forbearance.

Rolg has the statistics of a **gladiator** (MM 346), except that he has an intelligence of 6, doesn't carry a shield (AC 14), has a Strenght of 20 (+5), and he wields his heavy oaken bar stool as a *great club.*

Great Club. *Melee Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5ft., one creature. *Hit:* 14 (2d8+5) bludgeoning damage.



Brewing Staff

Black Branch Brewery employs eight male and female Damaran human **commoners** (MM 345), three female sun elf **scouts** (MM 349), and four retired male and female dwarven **guards** (MM 347) to act as brewers and assistants. The staff do not work armed or armored, but can be made ready with a half hour's notice.

Each member of the staff has been vetted, treated with respect, and paid well for their services. There are no members of the staff that would risk their reputation and standing with Genqen and Deijal for anything short of their lives. On many occasions, spies and brigands seeking to pose as or leverage blackmail against employees were captured and brought to justice by Genqen, furthering the staff's fierce loyalty.

Amenities

Along with a small selection of food and a wide array of alcoholic beverages, Black Branch Brewery hosts a great many popular musicians, poets, and entertainment troupes. On any given day, there is bound to be an entertainer plying their trade inside the massive building. An entry fee of 150gp is leveraged by the Brewer to ensure that only those artists exceptional in their trade attempt a performance at Black Branch Brewery.

To determine the entertainment for the night, choose an option from or roll on the following table:

1d10	Entertainment	1d10	Entertainment
1	Bard	5	Poet
2	Juggler	6	Concert
3	Troupe of Musicians	7	Dancers
4	Awakened Dog	8	Wrestlers
9	Soloist	10	Impressionist

Should the night's performance be met with applause and enthusiasm, the performers are invited to have a glass of Blue Cloud brandy (worth 4 gp), and are returned their entry fee with an invitation for a repeat performance at a later date. Whatever tips they are given by patrons are theirs to keep.

Menu

Other than snack foods and the occasional dessert, the menu of Black Branch Brewery is devoted to a wide array of select beverages meant to satiate any newcomers: meads from the far north, wines from the temperate hills, potato spirits from the harsh tundra, and more.

Many come for the house-brewed wine, brandy, and mead, the cheapest draft of which is 4 gold. The brewery's massive success has made it accessible primarily to the extremely wealthy.

Quests

The people who frequent the Black Branch Brewery are generally high-brow aristocrats, adventurers, and city officials. Such members of society often view adventurers as a commodity. Since cost is very little object, they expect that with enough coin their problems can be resolved. As such, the following quests and any others you'd like to inject can be as narrow and easy or as wide branching and difficult to complete as you'd like or what fits for your campaign.

Quick Quest Rewards

An easy way to determine an appopriate quest reward is to consult the *Dungeon Master's Guide* individual treasure tables on page 136.

For each **day of work** the quest will take, **each PC** should earn an appropriate amount of gold as listed on the chart. The more difficult the quest, the higher the Challenge. You can use your best judgment to determine the Challenge level **or** simply substitute the Challenge number for the PCs average level if you are unsure.

By example, a group of 6 adventurers tackling a “Challenge 5” quest to infiltrate and recover a manor home full of heavily armed brigands should take about 3 days to accomplish, meaning the quest giver would offer, at most, **3,060 gp** (or 180pp, 1,260gp) for their trouble, netting each adventurer **510gp** for the quest!

Venomous

Once Hasselva Caskforger is assured that the party is worth trusting, she confides a trouble that has been weighing heavy on mind her for several days. A guard captain within the city, **Rittle Amberly**, has frequented the brewery every day for the past tenday, perusing the stock, paying special attention to the stored barrels, before leaving without sip, sup, or purchase.

A tenday ago, Hasselva was kept late by a leaking barrel full of Luinëmorn Wine on reserve for **Countess T'vara Ashmane** (LG female half-elf **noble,** MM 348). The local noble lady comes to the brewery once a year to collect the single barrel of wine her majordomo wins for her at auction. She takes great pleasure in being seen publicly collecting the wine and taking it back to her palatial manor, a show of her wealth and prosperity.

While fixing the leak, Hasselva licked some of the expensive brew from one of her fingers, as wasting it would be a crime, only to find her tongue and mouth numb and prickling an hour later. Quietly, Hasselva had a priest come to the brewery and investigate. The priest confirmed it had been poisoned and used his divine magic to purify the wine. The poison used was an odorless, colorless, tasteless **Torpor poison** that, at the very least, would not mar the expensive vintage.

Countess Ashmane has sent word of her imminent arrival, and Hasselva wants to get to the bottom of this mystery once and for all before the Countess arrives. Should the party catch the poisoner and safeguard the Countess and her wine, Hasselva is willing to pay them **250 gp** out of her own pocket.

Captain, oh-Captain. Unbeknownst to anyone, Captain Rittle Amberly was killed by a **doppelganger** (MM 82) assassin who has taken his place. The doppelganger, **Ozziswis**, was commissioned by Countess Ashmane's own adopted son, Lugrin (CE male half-elf **noble**, MM 348) who also supplied the expensive Torpor poison. The contract given to the Doppelganger was simply to poison the Countess' wine and ensure that the barrel found its way to her cellar. Once she was found dead, he was to also fan the fires of outrage about the brewery and, if opportunity presented itself, arrest the owners.

Ozziswis successfully took the captain's place, has already poisoned the wine, and is now impatiently waiting for the Countess to arrive, which should have happened days ago. In Ozziswis' paranoid mind, every day that he remains is another day he could be exposed, captured, or killed.

The Jealous Son. Lugrin Ashmane was a spoiled brat as a child and is now a pompous parasite in his early 20s. When he discovered that his mother's flights of fancy for expensive wine were eroding his inheritance, he became bitter and resentful. Every objection made to his mother was met with threats of disinheritance all together.

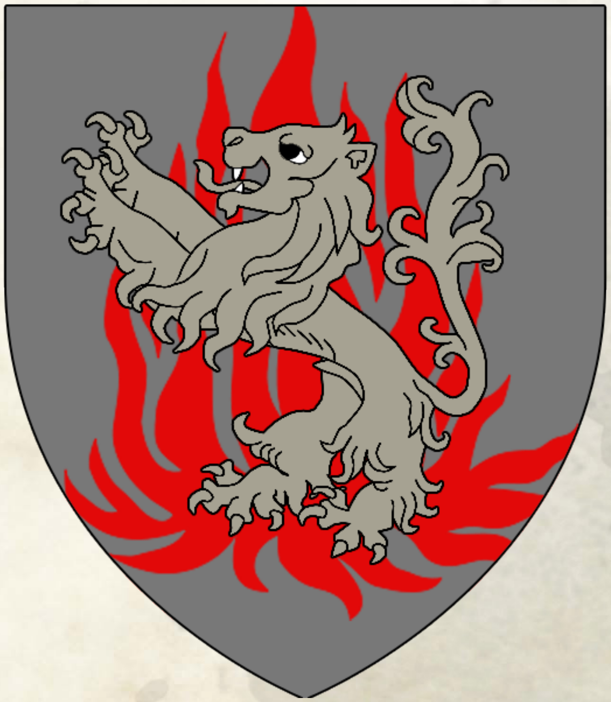
His plan, born of countless nights of scheming, is to make the Countess look as though she died in the bath, the only place she drinks the ludicrously expensive Luinëmorn wine. Framing the Black Branch Brewery, who he holds responsible for his darkening future, would tarnish their reputation and possibly ruin them.

Lugrin spends his days and nights in **Ashfall Manor** where he is waited to day and night. The staff are all vehemently loyal to his mother and only tolerate his constant needs and complaints out of loyalty to the Ashmane family name.

Treasure. Lugrin is a coward. If he feels the encroaching threat of capture, he will most certainly blame everything on the Doppelganger, Ozziswis, or attempt to bribe the party with his modest savings, some **8,700** gold pieces. He also wears a *Ring of Warmth* he would part with if it meant staying out of prison or worse, avoiding disinheritance.

Countess Ashmane, if she is told of her adopted son's betrayal, disowns him and offers him to the Black Branch Brewery's owners to do with as they see fit. To repay the party for their services, she becomes their Patron. The party is to continue their noble services, to which she extends to them a **monthly line of credit** in the amount of **1,500 gold pieces** for the remainder of her life or until word reaches her that the party has become criminals or enemies of the state. She gives them a notarized writ and an Platinum-plated badge of House Ashmane, a lion on a field of gray fire worth **400 gp**.

If the party overspends or abuses her Patronage, Countess Ashmane can pay any number of collectors to legally collect a portion of her contributions from the party.



Creature of the North Road

The import and export of fine spirits takes a considerable effort and manpower; doubly so for the rare vintages brought through the Black Branch Brewery. When a deadly creature begins attacking the shipments, desperation calls that action be taken.

Deijal is a bit desperate to get help securing the next shipment headed north. Since the previous shipment was attacked and destroyed by something lurking in the woods, he has had trouble finding adequate replacements on short notice. He entreats the party to help safeguard the newest shipment in exchange for **500 gp** each. He knows and will happily recount the following details:

- The last shipment headed North was destroyed by a huge creature. It seemed more focused on the destruction of the wagon and its contents than anything else, though only one sellsword and the horses lost their lives.
- From what he was told by the survivors, the creature was very large, nearly 9 feet long, with hide as hard as armor, six small yellow eyes, and an unnaturally wide mouth of dagger-length teeth.
- When Deijal rode north to salvage what he could, he noticed that a barrel of White Leaf Whiskey was missing from the wagon. Six of the barrels were smashed, and two others were, mercifully, spared.
- The forests are relatively inhospitable, but creatures of that size and ferocity are unheard of in the region. Though Trolls and Yeti are not an uncommon sight; they prevent many from hunting for the beast responsible for several thousand gold worth of damages.
- The journey to the Loxendell Tradepost takes 4-5 days, depending on weather. The attack occurred just before the half-way point.

Should the party agree to protect the next wagon shipment, Deijal convinces **6 sellswords** (LG male and female half-orc and human **guards**, MM 347) to join the expedition.

Should the party require more services, he can put them in contact with Olive Burnbright (LG non-binary tiefling **mage**, MM 347). Olive is a short, tan colored tiefling with long braided hair and nubby, short horns just above their ears. Olive sells their services as a spellcaster for **100gp** per day or **900gp** per tenday, paid up-front.

Roleplaying Olive

Not one to haggle or debate, Olive will pass on jobs rather than discuss terms. A calculated and even tempered person, they are most likely to be driven by academic curiosity more than gold. However, despite their young age, they know the value of their time and will never work for free or for "exposure."

They do, however, have a morbid sense of humor and often joke that should they be murdered on the job, their employer is more than welcome to recover their gold. In secret, Olive desperately wants to unlock the secrets of longevity, that they can match the near-ageless elves in terms of understanding of the arcane.

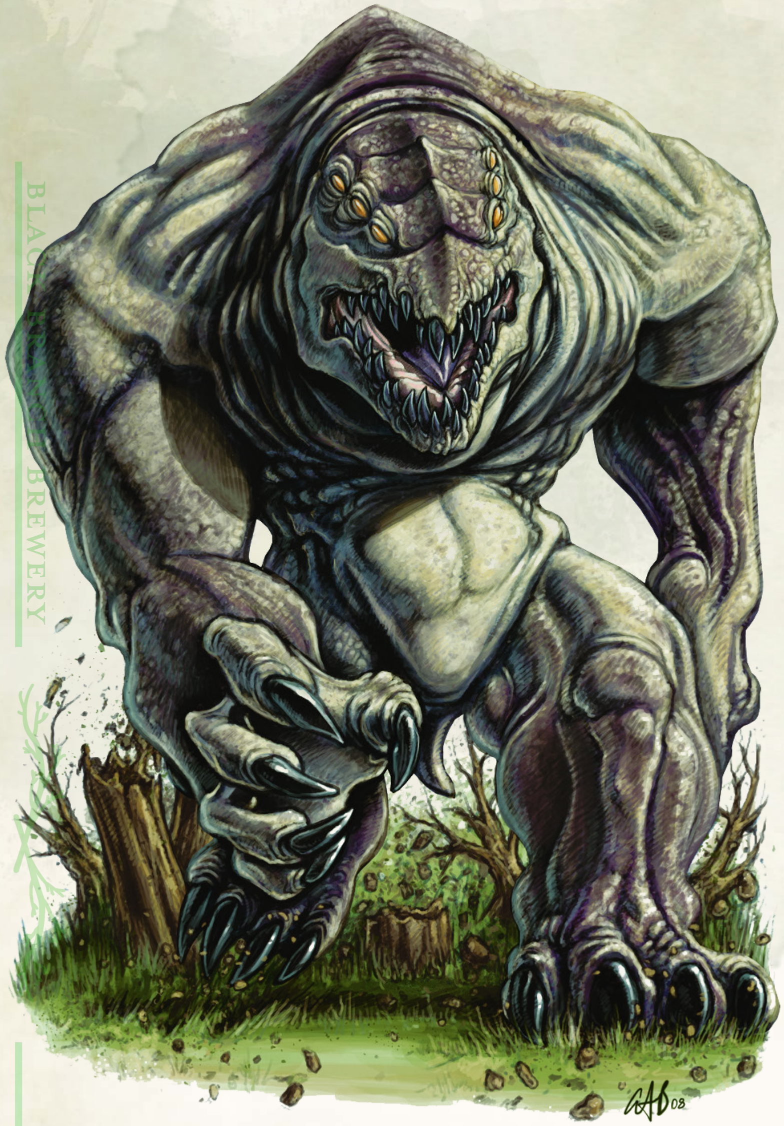
Preparations. When the party is ready, a wagon and pair of horses are made ready with eight casks of expensive spirits, meads, and wines. The wagon is also stocked with supplies for five days of travel. Word is sent ahead to the Loxendell Tradepost to have more provisions ready for them on arrival for the return journey.

Trained **riding horses** (MM 336) can be rented for **2gp each per day**, including bit, bridle, tack, and saddle. Should anything happen tot he horses, the party will be expected to pay for them in full.

The Journey. The road heading north is isolated by a dense mass of foliage on either side. The road is old but travels fairly well, the smooth cobblestones, covered in a layer of dirt and trampled debris, makes for a comfortably smooth journey. The guards hired for the journey are agreeable and entice the party to regale them with stories of their adventures, happy to share ale and warm fires on the cool nights .

The Attack. On the third day, just beyond the half-way point, the wagon crosses paths with a **Gray Render** (MToF 209) lying in wait among the trees. Characters with a **Passive Perception of 12 or higher** spot the creature and are not surprised when it attacks. Such characters also spot a peculiar red sash tied into a bow around the creature's huge, heavily muscled neck.

The Gray Render is set on destroying the wagon and grabbing a small cask of drink. It cares very little for the adventuring party nor the guards but retaliate agasint anything that injures it. Should the Gray Render be brought below **94 hit points**, it flees into the forest, making no effort to hide its path through the vegetation.



Should the Gray Render be killed, the sash around its neck smells heavily of lilac and smoke, but few other clues present themselves on the creature.

If it happens to escape, it flattens a trail of underbrush straight toward a small cottage located a mile away from the road, nestled in a dell among huge pine trees.

Furella's Cottage. The cottage at the end of the path has a peculiar hole ripped out of the eastern-most wall, covered in an oil cloth nailed to the wood. Thick smoke boils out of the cottage night and day and bundles of flowers lie packed neatly outside the door, some wilted and withered, others fresh picked.

Furella "Gust" Dantill (CG female air genasi **scout**, MM 349) has lived in her small cottage for eighty-five years. Seventy-nine of her years in this dell were spent with her beloved husband, an elvish hunter named Aundaris Dantill - now deceased. Well past her 100th nameday, Furella is content to live out what remains of her life half-drunk and away from people. She's content with the life that she's led and is determined to not seeing it ruined by anything or anyone.

Two years ago, while picking flowers for Aundaris' grave, she stumbled upon the young Gray Render and assumed it would attack her on the spot. When the pony-sized monster started slowly turning in circles, scraping its massive claws into the ground, and yowling a watery, gurgled cry that turned into a sing-song warble, she left stupefied. After that, it refused to leave her presence. It followed her home and scraped half the wall away before she chased it off with a rake. Less than an hour later, it returned dragging a bear behind it, which it nudged into her door with its massive head.

Since she couldn't kill the creature and was having trouble feeding herself anyway, she let it stay. When it wouldn't stop crying for her all night and day, pushing its leathery tongue under the edge of the door in an attempt to reach her, she even finished knocking open the ruined wall to let it partially inside. She named the monster **Digger**, and has been with it ever since.

An Elder's Plea. Gust does not wish to see the Gray Render killed or imprisoned. It has protected her from Trolls, brought her food, and helped her fell trees in the winter months. It seems loyal, if unguided. She has been away from the world for too long, she realizes, and knew better than to not question where it found the cask of whiskey, but some part of her didn't want to know if Digger had hurt someone or not.

Treasure. Should the party leave Digger in her care, she welcomes them to her bow, *Brittle Bite* (see *Appendix C*), a weapon she can no longer draw and has little use for.

If the party demands or forces her to part with Digger, she curses them, blaming them for the ruination of the last years of her life, and spits their names into the forest floor for the rest of her days.

Food

Mintnut Cheese

Spreadable goat cheese flavored with fresh mint. Served with oat wafers.

Chicken Handwrap

Strips of stewed chicken, onions, and fresh herbs wrapped in a thin, crispy pastry.

Gamal's Special

Flattened disks of creamy baked cheese served with flatbread and chickpeas.

Barn Bake

Dense brown bread stuffed with peppers, shredded cabbage, and pieces of chicken, lamb, beef, or smoked fish

Wine and Mead

Bauv dan Serasae

White Wine

This medium-yellow wine has complex aromas of cream and ripe apples with the subtle flavor of red berries and toasted bread.

This wine is crafted using a white grape from the war-torn lands of the Sembia.

Glass 1gp

Bottle 9

Barrel 2,700

Vassal

Red Wine

“Vassal” has the aromatic pinch of roasted blue fruits, cherry spice, and sweet oak. Each barrel is branded with a counting number, and only one hundred and five barrels are made each year, leading to an exorbitant price. Considered the competition to

Glass 2gp 3sp

Bottle 13gp 5sp

Barrel 4,050gp

Snow-Shod Mulberry Mead

Mead

A heavy, semi-sweet mead with a lively feel that enhances the lemon zest, white peach, thyme, and mulberry notes. The mead is prepared using an ancient recipe passed down by the barbarian tribes of the far north. The mulberries are harvested only on years where the first frost comes early. Barrels are stored just above freezing, often by using dangerous Brown Mold.

Glass 6gp **Bottle** 52gp

Barrel 15,600

Luinemorn Wine

Red Wine

This wine is so select and rare that its price is never set – generally sold at auction. Each year it ages, it increases in value and flavor.

It offers vibrant aromas of warm raspberry, black cherries, toasted vanilla, with undertones of tobacco and roasted figs. A succulent, juicy wine, it's exceptionally pleasant from start to finish.

Estimate Price

Barrel 28-40,000gp

Beer and Ale

Wind and Wolf

Farmhouse Ale

A light, yellow pour with pearly white foam, aromas of warm yeast and floral notes are welcoming. The crisp brew tastes earthy and herbal with notes of lemon zest and carries the mineral-heavy tinge of water taken from the River Rauvin.

Mug 5cp

Meriwin Sharpwin

Ale

Brewed and sold by a popular chain of breweries called “Meriwin's Finest,” this ale is a premium brew that is surprisingly well crafted.

This ale sports a brilliant golden color with lively foam, with mild yeast flavor and notes of malt and fruit.

Mug 6cp

Moon Mountain Ale

Pale Ale

This ale is clear and light, made from barley, hops, and water pulled from the Unicorn Run river. A simple recipe as old as the Moon Mountain Brewery and a beloved staple for thousands.

Mug 4cp

Skyrend by Black Branch

Imperial Stout

Only 6 barrels of this exceptional stout are made each year, and are highly sought after.

This black beer is aged for 8 months in whiskey barrels before being served. Aromas of chocolate, roasted malt, oak, and vanilla pair with the crisp flavors of smoke, caramel, and a hint of raspberry.

Mug 4gp

Liquor

T'viat

Berry Brandy

Something of a novelty, this brandy comprised of both blue and black berries. While overly potent and unenjoyable during distillation, after 1 full year of air exposure, the brandy becomes a crisp, black beverage with distinct blueberry notes and an earthy aroma.

***Glass** 1gp **Bottle** 18gp*

Goldbrew Wurn

Potato Spirits

Distilled up to six times, this is one of the purest drinking spirits in the world. It has a clean, crisp mouth feel and a silky smooth finish that leaves drinkers wanting more. Wurn (or “water”) has extremely high alcohol content and practically no taste.

Shot 6sp **Bottle** 13gp

Blue Cloud Brandy

Plumb Brandy

Uncorking this bottle offers rich aromas of new leather, stewed plumbs, and turned clay. True to the name, this brandy is an incredible cerulean color.

Extremely soft and gentle, packed with sweet blue plumbs and a gentle pepperiness, it's a refreshing and delicate spirit.

Glass 4gp **Bottle** 17

Barrel 4,335gp

White Leaf Whiskey

Whiskey

Only ten barrels of this incredible whiskey are made each year, and added to the cellars, where it is stored for fourteen years, adjusted daily.

Contrasting with rich aromas of sugared pecans, char, dried red fruit, oak, and the subtle bite of tobacco, this spirit drinks as smoothly as fruit juice.

Shot 1gp **Bottle** 19gp

Barrel 4,921gp

Chapter 4: Creating Your Own

No matter how many of these locations I or any other writers create, you may have need to create one of your own devising for a specific purpose or location. The following is a list of questions to help you better flesh out what you need in your unique location. By no means is it an exhaustive questionnaire, but it will help fuel your inspiration!

- How big is the location?
  (Tiny, house-sized, a mansion, a compound?)
- Do they focus on food, drink, lodging, quests, or entertainment?
- What kind of people **own** the building?
  (Veteran*, a group, a couple, a company, a dragon?)*
- When you walk in the door, what is the first thing you see?
  (A greatsword above the bar, a roaring hearth, neatly ordered tables, a dance floor?)
- What's the first thing you smell when you come inside?
  (Sweat and perfume, fresh baked bread, pipeweed and tobacco, fresh cut lumber?)
- What's the first thing you hear when you come inside?
  (A fight breaking out, applause, a beautiful song, a horrible song, the bark of a dog, meat sizzling on a fire?)
- What manner of people frequent the place?
  (The poor, middle class, soldiers/sailors, guards, the extremely wealthy, spellcasters, cutthroats?)
- How long do you imagine people stay here?
  (A few hours, half a day, overnight, a few days, tenday, longer?)
- How quickly would rumors spread in this place?
  (It's secretive, open, gossipy, full of literal spies?)

By answering the above questions, you will get a general understanding of how the business operates. More important, affluent clientele tend to demand more attentive and clean staff. The seedier the place, the more run-down it may appear. There is an uncomfortable disconnect when describing a massive building with mahogany counters, serving delicate well made food to unwashed cutthroats.

Background

Giving your tavern, inn, or taproom a rich and interesting background can help bring your location to life, but it is not always required. Though many of the locations listed within this volume have extravagant and complicated histories, there is nothing wrong with presenting your party with a location built because the owner enjoys dwarven ale or nightly entertainment.

Should you wish to develop a background for your tavern, consider the following questions while using the rest of the roll tables and prompts in this chapter:

- What would inspire the owner to give this business the name it has?
  (The Pale Plate could be named after the owners' old suit of white plate armor.)
- Did the proprietor always want a tavern, inn, or taproom, or was it thrust upon them ?
  (Doulin won The Bilge Rat in a game of cards.)
- Has there ever been a terrible or notable event at the location, that may influence it today?
  (Unicorn Stan's used to be Stumbl'n Stan's until the day a Unicorn crashed through the window and destroyed much of the furnishings.)
- Does the location function only as a tavern, inn, or taproom, or does it double as a front for another business?
  (The Emerald Shield is an inn of fine comfort, but a select few know the proprietor buys and sells magical adventuring gear from the cellar once a month.)
- How does the establishment protect their employees, customers, and income outside of relying on the city guard?
  (Komal Emberlain has lived at the Bell and Bow inn for six years, and for the first time, last night, did had to disintegrate two troublemakers trying to rob the place.)
- Which culture is expressed the most at the establishment and why?
  (Rylena Waylan's family, human refuges to Citadel Fellbar, fell in love with Dwarven architecture and it shows.)

Name

The name of your Tavern, Inn, or Taproom can tell a lot about the location, but do not feel forced to make the title play an integral part in the place's inner workings. *The Happy Duck* may have just been named after an unnaturally pleasant duck that happened by during construction. People are fickle and get inspiration from a variety of places!

For your own inspiration, roll on the random charts below. Table A determines how the establishment's name will be ordered. Roll on Table B or C in the suggested order to populate your business' name.

Table A

1d8	Order	Example
1	"(B) (C)"	Laughing Boot
2	"The (B) (C)"	The Gold Salt
3	"(B) (C) (type)"	Fair Stump Tavern
4	"The (B) (C) (type)"	The Plump Gnoll Inn
5	"The (C) (type)"	The Goblet Taproom
6	"The (C)"	The Crow
7	"The (C) and (C)"	The Reverie and Devil
8	"The (C) and (C) (type)"	The Clam and Giant Tavern

Building Types

As established in the introduction, there are hundreds of names that can be exchanged for Tavern, Inn, or Taproom. Feel free to use any or all of the following as a *type* in your establishment's name, as well as others you may think of:

Tavern: Club, Lounge, Lodge, Den, Saloon, Pub, Speakeasy, Watering hole, Roadhouse, Honky-tonk, Night Stop

Inn: Hotel, Public House, Hostel, Lodging, Motel, Resort, Auberge, Hospice, Chalet, Cottage, Dormitory, Shelter

Taproom: Tap, Bar, Pub, Saloon, Rathskeller, Beer Hall, Alehouse, Dive, Joint, Cocktail Lounge, Drinkery

Table B contains a variety of adjectives that work well for any type of establishment. Feel free to include your own options such as colors, numbers, or emotions.

(Examples: Black, Two, Pained)

Table B

1d20	Adjective	1d20	Adjective
1	Plump	11	Firey
2	Whispering	12	Gold
3	Khaki	13	Laughing
4	Dumpy	14	Desperate
5	Angry	15	Pleasant
6	Emerald	16	Lonesome
7	Obvious	17	Blue
8	Azure	18	Silver
9	Lavender	19	Violet
10	Loving	20	(Owner's Name)'s

Table C contains a variety of random nouns that fit most locations and types of establishments. Feel free to include other nouns, particularly things from your own game world – almost anything can be inspiration for a business.

(Examples: Dragon, Well, Helm, Moose, Kerfuffle)

Table C

d20	Noun	d20	Noun
1	Tooth	11	Hearth
2	Clam	12	Shield
3	Gnoll	13	Goblet
4	Devil	14	Owlbear
5	Beard	15	Giant
6	Stump	16	Lacuna
7	Fisher	17	Hag
8	Boot	18	Salt
9	Reverie	19	Crow
10	Pony	20	Coddiwomple

OWNER, INKEEPER, TAVERNKEEPER, BARKEEPER

The person or peoples responsible for the upkeep of your establishment are just as important as any other feature. A lovely tavern run by a no-named barkeep feels empty and leaves players wanting.

Consider using previously encountered NPCs where possible, as it can bring an immediate investment from all of your players far beyond what any random table can provide. However, offering new NPCs for your party can be invaluable to their investment in these establishments.

Roll on the following table to determine who runs the business. For names and suggestions of NPC traits, please consult the *Dungeon Master's Guide* (page 89 "Creating Nonplayer Characters") and *Xanathar's Guide to Everything* (page 175 "Character Names").

1d12	Proprietors
1	A single person.
2	A family of three.
3	A family of four.
4	A family of eight or more.
5	An adventuring group, run by hirelings.
6	A young couple of ex-adventurers.
7	A young couple of commoners.
8	An elderly couple of ex-adventurers.
9	An elderly couple of commoners.
10	A disguised shapechanger, such as a doppelganger, dragon, succubus/incubus, lycanthrope, or vampire.
11	A seemingly ever-present and strangely helpful Arcanaloth named Shrirava.
12	The ghost of a long-dead proprietor that refuses to leave but pays very well.

Be sure to give your proprietors plenty of detail, though a full background may not be necessary. Select their race, chosen gender, size, shape, dress, talents, alignment, and at least one mannerism to set them apart from the rabble that frequents the establishment.

CLIENTELE

The clients that frequent an establishment tell a great deal about the location. A law-abiding family may find themselves beset by local ruffians. A modest hole-in-the-wall with nice food may attract wealthy gastronomes. It is important to establish who it is your party is likely to rub elbows with during your stay.

Roll on the following tables to determine the generalized quality of the daily patrons. Let it guide you toward the overall story of the location.

1d8	Wealth
1	*Wretched:* Beggars asking for coin or food.
2	*Squalid:* A few coppers for bread or broth, they look at gold coins with anger and envy.
3	*Poor:* Threadbare clothes, a silver or two, these patrons never splurge on comfort.
4	*Modest:* Dependable, healthy, and clean, these patrons may spend a gold or two on a night out.
5	*Comfortable:* Skilled tradespeople and military officers, these patrons are happy to spend several gold and tip well.
6	*Wealthy:* These patrons live a life of luxury, probably without the social status of nobility. They have several servants and spend several platinum with no concern.
7	*Aristocratic:* A life of extreme comfort. These patrons can spend hundreds of gold on a single meal. They often breed deceit and always have orders and jobs to give to their lessers.
8	*Adventurers: (roll again to determine overall wealth, ignoring this result)* Power, skill, and showmanship run rampant in adventurer-filled establishments, regardless of wealth. Rumor and jobs are plentiful as they seek their fortune in the wilds of the world.

Table F will help you determine the overall alignment of the patrons at your establishment. It is up to you to determine if the clientele's alignment matches or contrasts the proprietor's alignment. Either option presents a wide variety of options to introduce to your establishment!

1d10	Alignment
1	*Lawful Good* – Upstanding, law abiding citizens that follow rules, pay their tabs, and are respectful of others.
2	*Lawful Neutral* – Law abiding yet rowdy citizens that follow rules and pay their tabs but often dispute charges and demand to speak to managers.
3	*Lawful Evil* – These citizens may not break any laws, but they manipulate the rules to serve themselves. Expect them to take advantage of the staff at every opportunity.
4	*Neutral* – Mostly uncaring patrons that are neither problematic nor overly pleasant, they may bark orders and steal small items but cause few problems.
5	*Neutral Good* – Though they sometimes steal or break rules, these patrons are generally pleasant and easy to get along with.
6	*Neutral Evil* – While these patrons may not actively break the rules, they certainly take more than their fair share of attention and supplies.
7	*Chaotic Good* – Some of these patrons may be hiding inside from the law or swindling their fellow patrons, but they give few problems to the staff and are happy to leave a good impression.
8	*Chaotic Neutral* – The trickiest of patrons to oversee, they are unpredictable and sometimes wild, but their general apathy makes them agreeable more often than not.
9	*Chaotic Evil* – These patrons require constant attention lest they walk away with the tables and chairs. They put bugs in half-eaten food and demand refunds, start fist fights, and manipulate the staff constantly.
10	*Feuding* – Two factions are at odds in the establishment because they have fundamentally different views of the world. It's a near-constant problem. *(roll twice on this table, ignoring repeated results, to determine the warring factions)*

FEATURES

Most establishments have an interesting aspect that draws the attention of would-be patrons. One need only look at the massive pit in the middle of the famed tavern, **The Yawning Portal**, to see that some features are more unavoidably present than others.

Roll on one or more of the following tables to determine additional features for your establishment. *(**Author's suggestion**: roll on 3 of the following tables)*

PHYSICAL

Physical features vary widely from place to place. Such things are usually conversation pieces, though sometimes they can be problematic eyesores. Such features can be gimmicks used to draw more patrons, but shouldn't impede services.

1d10	Feature
1	At sundown it's filled with a relaxing alchemical fog powered by pixie dust.
2	It has jars of bio-luminescent fungi in place of torches to prevent it from burning down a third time.
3	The bar is lined with coin-operated self-serve spigots of stout ale: 5cp a mug, 1sp a pitcher.
4	The center of the common area is a stage for an endless stream of Bards, surrounded by small tables and servers in red plaid shirts.
5	Unused caskets are used for the tables or beds.
6	Everything in the bar is extravagantly colored with neon paint or adorned with bright fabric.
7	A tamed **roper** (MM 261) named “Fwip” lives on the ceiling, gently spinning a chandelier.
8	The floor is made of thick glass, showing the dark cavernous cellar underneath patron's feet.
9	A portion of the first floor is renovated for a barber, surgeon, and plague doctor named Moize Harkly to perform their businesses.
10	The building is built inside a hollowed-out stalagmite, hill, or tree, now studded with windows, doors, and balconies.

METAPHYSICAL

Any trait outside of the realm of our human understanding can be classified as metaphysical, including: magical effects, beings from other realities or planes, or spiritual and religious effects such as ghosts or blessings. Such features should **not** be overused, lest they make a location too fantastical and unsuited as a successful business. A tavern that randomly teleports its guests to random locations inside it will not stay open for business long, but it could be salvaged as an interesting quest for your players!

1d10	Feature
1	The top floor is under the effects of the *silence* spell, emanating from a faceless gargoyle on the roof.
2	The entire building and its furnishings are monochromatic, and those who enter it also become monochromatic until they depart.
3	Patrons must rent a 5sp stone before entering the establishment. While not in possession of a stone, the building is swelteringly hot.
4	The window in the bathroom shows the sky as it will be two hours from now, including birds, insects, and weather. No one knows why.
5	An apathetic elven ghost named Virum Jasar haunts the sidewalk outside. They mostly just talk to frequent patrons and sigh in displeasure.
6	At any time **1d4 boggles** (*VGtM 128*) make mischief in the cellar, kitchen, and toilet.
7	No patron has ever gotten full from eating or drunk from drinking on the premises. A curse on the building won't allow it.
8	Two **awakened mice** chat with patrons all night and day. Jet and Jib are inquisitive, muscular, and beloved by the staff.
9	A *magic mouth* spell causes the marble bust of a Bugbear opposite the front door to greet guests.
10	The proprietor's own **shadow** (*MM 269*) disconnects from him, sweeps in, and attempts to kills thieves or troublemakers. The proprietor begs new guests not to cause trouble.

AMENITY

Each location should have a special item or service on offer to entice repeat visits. They may come in a wide variety of forms ranging from burlesque servers, strange food or drink, or even healers on staff.

1d10	Legal Amenity
1	*Gambling Den.* Cards, dice, and other games of chance are allowed or provided at tables inside.
2	*Private.* All rooms and dining experiences are offered with extra seclusion, possibly even private dining and drinking rooms.
3	*Exotic Dining.* Imported food, strange alcohol, or peculiarly dressed servers offer a unique dining experience.
4	*Official Combat Matches.* Wrestling, boxing, or fighting matches overseen by professionals, often for prizes, store credit, or gold.
5	*Bathhouses.* In the establishment or adjacent to it are a suite of public or private baths attended by servants with various oils and soaps for use at a small fee.
6	*Book Collection.* The establishment offers a wide selection of books, journals, scrolls, maps, or other written collections for patrons.
7	*Sanatorium.* The business offers healing services or intensive care to patrons who require it, for a fee.
8	*Brothel.* Sex workers ply their trade on the premises. (**Note**: avoid "pimps." Allow your sex workers to be unburdened entrepreneurs!)
9	*Stage.* Offers a built-in stage for bards, poets, and dancers to perform for tips and notoriety.
10	*Security.* The establishment maintains a robust magical and physical security force on the premises to ensure patrons feel safe.

Amenities should fit into any location, but not every establishment will have **illegal amenities**. The more common such things are, the more corrupt and amoral your world may feel. Having said that, it is possible that the illegal activities are unknown or condemned by the proprietors - perfect options for quests in your game.

1d10	Illegal Amenity
1	*Drug Dealer.* A small group of drug pushers frequent, work at, or live in the establishment.
2	*Forger.* A person working at the establishment is capable of expert forgeries The cost of such a document is equal to 10 times the DC to spot the forgery, up to DC 18.
3	*Gang Run Business.* This location is the heart of a criminal syndicate. The syndicate's wealth is directly proportional to that of the patrons.
4	*Traitors.* The proprietor of this establishment actively plots to overthrow the local government or a governmental figure.
5	*Illegal Gambling.* Creature fights, blood sports, unsanctioned magical duels, and death pools are all examples of illegal gambling, but also all non-licensed gambling may be considered illegal.
6	*Black Market.* Items, people, or services that are considered illegal in the region are sold, in secret, inside the establishment.
7	*Monster Breeding.* One or more employees at this establishment breed and sell coveted monstrosities on the premises, such as basilisks, cockatrices, death dogs, or hell hounds.
8	*Spies.* Be it gaining blackmail information, finding magic items, or hiring assassins, at least one employee is a spy for hire. Services cost 5d10 gp per day, plus expenses.
9	*Thieves Guild.* A troupe of pickpockets, housebreakers, or burglars use this establishment as a base of operations.
10	*Cult Nexus.* This establishment is home to a small yet devout secret cult to a dark or evil deity, sometimes run by a cleaver devil, arcanists, or evil priestess.

LOCATION

Many establishments are built in interesting, strange, exotic, or troublesome locations. These locations should prove useful and interesting in day-to-day operations of the business. Do not underestimate the power and potential of judiciary and governmental issues!

1d10	Location Type
1	*Not incorporated.* Built between wards, it is technically illegal to be arrested on the premises by the city watch.
2	*Precarious.* One side of the building to built exceptionally close to a body of water, cliff, collapsing city wall, or rock face.
3	*Arboreal.* The establishment was built around a tree instead of having it cut down. The tree is 4d10+1 feet tall, sometimes far taller than the building around it.
4	*Underground.* Part or all of the building stretches underground into a renovated cave, ravine, or mine shaft.
5	*Road Spanner.* The establishment was built on both sides and over-top of a major road. A passageway allows for through-traffic.
6	*Repurposed.* The building is a renovation, often in the improper part of town. Such as a tavern built in an old shipyard, an inn built in an abandoned granary, or a taproom made from a wizard tower.
7	*Hotspring.* The establishment is built near, atop, or above a geothermal hot spring, making it damp and warm year round, perfect for baths, saunas, and spas.
8	*Overhead Institution.* The establishment is built on the floors above a much larger establishment, such as a tavern built above a steelworks or an inn built above an expensive feasting hall.
9	*Water-bound.* The business was built surrounded by water in either the sea or a lake. An old sea-fort or a fishing dock could make for a perfect foundation for a new business.
10	*Suspended.* The establishment is built far overhead in a tree, on a cliff side, or built atop an impenetrable abandoned wizard tower. Such places take great pains to ensure wonderful views are maintained.

STAFF

NPCs are important to every location you present to your players in Dungeons and Dragons, but few are interacted with as much as employees that populate your businesses. Consider using the resources inside the *Dungeon Master's Guide* to further flesh out and develop your NPCS, but the following charts will help give you a starting-off point in how the staff interacts with not only the adventurers but the rest of the world.

1d10	Staff Type
1	*Apathetic.* The staff comes to work for a paycheck and little else. They do not put any effort into their interactions with patrons.
2	*Skilled.* The staff is expertly trained and have perfected their jobs but are not personable.
3	*Caring.* The staff here treat patrons as family, though they're not experts at their jobs.
4	*Energetic.* Speed of service is paramount to this staff. They're so speedy and removed that it can be hard to learn even their name.
5	*Temperamental.* The staff often butts heads with guests over undertipping, difficult requests, suggestions, or loud noises. Really anything that may irk them can spark a fight.
6	*Problematic.* Though the staff tries their best, it's not uncommon to see dinners dropped or have servers to go missing for the night.
7	*Pitiful.* Overworked, underpaid, and run ragged by patrons – this staff is threadbare but trying their best.
8	*Suspicious.* The staff here seems to take an incredible interest in the comings and goings of patrons and rumors, sometimes irritatingly so.
9	*Reverent.* As though a gift to be adored, the staff here goes to any length to please patrons, learn their names, and serve them.
10	*Monstrous.* The staff here is mostly populated by monstrous races such as orcs, kobolds, homunculi, or even preserved undead. *(Roll again to determine type, ignore this result.)*

ROOMS

Many locations develop a theme to their rooms, be it private dining, meeting rooms, common rooms, bedrooms, bathrooms (or outhouses), kitchens, or dining rooms. The following table gives examples of several features or adornments you may find in a Tavern, Inn, or Taproom.

1d10	Room Features
1	*Tall.* The rooms have high or vaulted ceilings, perhaps originally built for Large creatures to be comfortable in.
2	*Expansive.* The rooms are quite wide, deep, and spacious.
3	*Busy.* The room is over-filled with trinkets, art objects, plants, or superfluous furniture.
4	*Breezy.* Several windows, doors, collapsible walls, or sparse furnishings make this room feel extremely open.
5	*Sparse.* Only the necessary furnishings populate the room. The unused floor space makes it seem under-furnished and empty.
6	*Short.* The low ceilings seem as though they were built for Small creatures to be comfortable in. Medium and larger creatures need to stoop slightly.
7	*Cramped.* The furnishings in the room are far larger than the room comfortably accommodates, making it difficult to navigate.
8	*Well Appointed.* Care was taken to ensure the expertly chosen furnishings in the room are well made and maintained for comfort and style.
9	*Poorly Appointed.* The furnishings of the room seem cheap, uncomfortable, mismatched, or weathered.
10	*Modern.* The furnishings seem “before their time” or oddly futuristic, such as polished steel counters, chairs with gnomish-made wheels, meshed fabric coverings, and spun cotton bedding.

MENU

Most locations offer a variety of food and drink for patrons. The following charst will give a general impression of available items for your party to purchase and the quality (and price) of said items. Contrasting rolls can be an interesting selling point (or concern) of an establishment, so feel free to play around!

1d4	Dining Quality
1	*Poor.* The food and drink are commonplace or scarce. Ale is sometimes watered down; meat pies have scraps of gristly meat from several animals; bread has the occasional insect in it; produce is sometimes unfit to serve on occasion. *(**Price.** 2cp - 1sp per meal. No more than 5sp per drink.)*
2	*Good.* Acceptable quality all around. Little care is taken in presentation or composition, but the food quality is very serviceable. On offer are fresher meats and vegetables, the occasional day old bread, and clean plates. *(**Price.** 2sp - 5sp per meal. No more than 1gp per drink.)*
3	*Great.* Vittles to be remarked upon. Fresh ingredients on clean tables, plates, and utensils. Meals have hardy, balanced portions that are well presented. Care is put into making sure each meal and beverage are above expectations. *(**Price.** 5sp - 1gp per meal. No more than 2gp per drink.)*
4	*Grand.* The zenith for gastronomes and the aristocratic. Lavish meals of several courses each expertly crafted and presented with incredible care. No aspect of the experience is overlooked, and each ingredient is the best available. *(**Price.** 2gp or more per meal. No upper limit of price per drink, ranging from 9sp to 50gp or more per glass.)*

1d10	Dining Type
1	*Plentiful.* With large drinks, big plates, and hefty servings, few people leave wanting.
2	*Spare.* Small drinks, little plates, and minimal servings offer just enough to not anger patrons.
3	*Spicy.* The establishment focuses on herbs and spices for their food and drink. Sometimes hot ground peppers, fragrant cinnamon, and clove.
4	*Sweet.* Dishes are heavily sweetened with sugar, honey, or fruits. Even the savory dishes have a sweet twist, to mask the flavor of cheap dishes or enhance the flavor of expensive ones.
5	*Fresh.* The establishment focuses their attention on fresh picked fruits and vegetables, freshly butchered meats, and young, vibrant alcohol.
6	*Old.* The food is either close to expiring or prepared for a long time, perhaps even fermented. Vintages of alcohol are also well aged, for better or worse.
7	*Rustic.* On offer are hearty bowls and plates of steaming food meant to keep patrons satiated the majority of the day as well as hot wines, pungent meads, and heavy ales or beers.
8	*Simple.* Little thought is put into the combination of flavors in these dishes. Each ingredient is left to make its own impression, such as baked potatoes and grilled meat. Drinks are also straight forward and not elaborate, like wheat ale, honey mead, and dry red wine.
9	*Elaborate.* Each food item is prepared, presented, or layered in ornate or gaudy eye-catching ways. Beers, meads, and wines have a complex infusion of various flavors, sometimes to success, sometimes to failure.
10	*Exotic.* The food and drink on tap are unlike most regional offerings. Examples include offerings of stewed fish in the cow-focused heartland or butter pastries in the frigid north where stewed cabbage and roots are common. Likewise, imported alcohol is often used, even if patrons care little for it.

Random Meal Generator

Use the following generator to help make on-the-fly meals if needed. Keep in mind the previous tables when using the generator, as it will help determine the quality, quantity, and style of each dish!

(Roll 1d10 for each column and combine)

1d10	Preparation	Primary Ingredient	Secondary Ingredient	Spice	Side
1	Roasted	Rhubarb (or) Beef	Parsnip (or) Mutton	Nutmeg (or) Chives	Pasta (or) Hazelnuts
2	Stewed	Squash (or) Lamb	Turnips (or) Chicken	Ginger (or) Cinnamon	Rice (or) Peanuts
3	Fried	Beans (or) Fish	Broccoli (or) Duck	Cumin (or) Peppercorn	Black Bread (or) Chickpeas
4	Boiled	Mushroom (or) Sausage	Leek (or) Cheese	Cardamom (or) Turmeric	White Bread (or) Yogurt
5	Salad	Pumpkin (or) Pork	Carrots (or) Goose	Basil (or) Fennel	Asparagus (or) Hard Cheese
6	Grilled	Sweet Corn (or) Bacon	Yam (or) Cream	Clove (or) Oregano	Corn Muffins (or) Grapes
7	Braised	Spinach (or) Shellfish	Onions (or) Bone Marrow	Red pepper (or) Cilantro	Porridge (or) Safflower seeds
8	Wrapped	Potato (or) Rabbit	Chilies (or) Pigeon	Paprika (or) Allspice	Wild Herbs (or) Pomegranate
9	Curry	Cabbage (or) Eggs	Sweet Peppers (or) Ham	Mint (or) Bay Leaf	Tomatoes (or) Figs
10	Soup	Tomato (or) Venison	Eggplant (or) Turkey	Garlic (or) Shallots	Apples (or) Soft Cheese

QUESTS AND JOBS

Every location should have a small pool of quests and jobs to choose from. Adventurers make their living seeing to problems, venturing to places others fear to go, and putting their lives on the line – making them perfect for seeing to an establishment's troubles.

1d6	Quest/Job
1	*Business Errands.* The proprietors are happy to pay for trustworthy adventurers to acquire special items, collect outstanding debts, or deliver packages.
2	*Local Jobs Notice.* A large board outside the establishment offers many local jobs, including monster hunts, security job listings, and bounties from the local government.
3	*Personal Errands.* The patrons and staff are desperate for help seeing to personal conflicts in their life, be it recovering kidnapped family from brigands, clearing out monster infested houses, or safely escorting employers to another location for personal reasons.
4	*Bounties.* A stack of bounties left by the local government and military are held behind the bar, including manhunts, information gathering, and pay-per-kill monster extermination notices.
5	*Mercenary Opportunities.* Officers of local mercenary groups frequent the establishment to recruit adventurers into their ranks for a variety of reasons, such as military excursions, security of governmental property, and the hunting of very dangerous creatures.
6	*Rumors.* The patrons and proprietors have no work for the party, but do offer up several unproven rumors of the surrounding region, such as lost treasure, strange portals, unusual happenings, or sunken temples to plunder.

DETAILS

Visualize the establishment in your mind and give it one interesting detail – the detail can lead to the name, such as a building that has a hole in the roof being called "Skylight Lounge." Alternatively, roll 1d6 for **Aspect** and 1d6 for **Uniqueness** below:

1d8	Aspect	Uniqueness
1	Floor	Unusually Large
2	Ceiling	Strange Material
3	Walls	Oddly Disfigured
4	Tables	Overly Ornate
5	Lighting	Cramped or Small
6	Windows	Weirdly Shaped
7	Doors	Remarkable Color
8	Dishes	In Disrepair

APPENDIX A: GUEST LOCATIONS

THE MULTIVERSE IS FILLED WITH STRANGE AND unique locations spread over countless worlds and multiple alternate dimensions, each one with singularly unique experiences to offer. As such, your adventurers may find themselves in a completely new and diverse Taverns.

To help diversify the experience for you and your players, the following list of bonus locations populated by guest writer Loren Peterson for use in any of the far-flung places in the multiverse!

Your Business, Your Choice
The following locations are not specified as Tavern, Inn, or Taproom in an effort to let the decision fall to you based on what is needed in your own games!

SATYR'S REST

***Atmosphere**: Cozy, Folksy*
***Drink**: Good*
***Food**: Great*
***Entertainment**: Good*

***Lodging:** Poor*
***Location:** The Feywild*
Cost
◩□□□□

The Satyr's rest sits at the nothern edge of an elven village and is contained wholly within the hollowed out stump of a petrified tree that was felled long ago.

The publican of Satyr's Rest is a local ranger named Rowain. He puts his skills to good use keeping the larder full of fresh ingredients while his wife, a fae touched woman named Ilina, often sings for guests and minds the bar.

The inside of the stump is festooned with carvings of stories shared during *the ramble,* a storytelling competition held by the fire every tenday. The competition costs 1 cp to enter, a chance to tell a story. The best storyteller wins the pot and is immortalized in the walls of Satyr's Rest.

Rowain and Ilina allows guests to sleep at a table or on the common room floor in exchange for doing chores or 2 cp. The food on offer is always fresh and changes with the season, and there is never a dearth of stories, songs, and drinking contests to keep travelers entertained for as long as they frequent the place.

KROZGOG'S GALLEY

***Atmosphere**: Loud, Boozy*
***Drink**: Great*
***Food**: Poor*
***Entertainment**: Grand*

***Lodging:** None*
***Location:** Plane Traveler*
Cost
■■■■■

A floating planar barge that's rarely in one place for long, Krozgog's Gallley is home to drink, games, and a plethora of rough customers that have boarded the ship from dozens of the planes in the multiverse the ship has journeyed to.

The real Krozgog died many years ago, though some insist he never existed at all and that it's just a story to add to the mystique of the place, but the galley can often be found sailing up and down the rivers of the cosmos, be they water, blood, clockwork gears, or inky blackness - attracting customers wherever it may stop.

Inside, bright lights illuminate tables full of cards, dice, and coin while **helmed horror** (MM 183) bouncers bring drinks and ensure that cheaters are dealt with hastily and, on more than one occasion, permanently.

Travelers should beware biting off more than they can chew while on the galley, as there's been more than one high roller who's found themselves bankrupt and put to work on its oars and many drunkards wake from their pleasure to find themselves abandoned on the riverbank on a different, sometimes hostile, plane of existence.

Guests must play, drink, or go for 'a swim.' There are no rooms on offer, but many guests partake in alcohol, drugs, and magic that allow them to persist without rest. Only small snacks and easily made fare are offered as well. The real draw for guests lies in the continual, constant supply of gambling, dancing, singing, and personal pleasures on offer.

There is no upper limit to the amount a player can wager on the “high roller” tables, and it is not uncommon to see creatures of all sorts spending tens of thousands of coins in a single tenday aboard Krozgog's Galley.

MYLARA'S TRADING POST

***Atmosphere**: Eccentric, Cosmopolitan*

***Drink**: Good*

***Food**: Great*

***Entertainment**: Great*

***Lodging:** Good*

***Location:** The Beastlands*

Cost

●●○○○

Mylara's Trading post offers travelers in the monolithic, sweeping jungles of The Beastlands an opportunity to rest, recuperate, restock, and offload unwanted goods.

It features all manner of strange items, each one with a rich and complex history of stories and owners, almost certainly all lies concocted by the owner, Mylara.

Mylara herself is rarely present, always off on some fantastical adventure in the near limitless sprawl of the plane of vibrant life: exploring forgotten tombs, trading with locals, or getting into some manner of general trouble.

Meanwhile, the post itself is tended by her wife, Nyka, an ex-pirate of the Astral Sea who finally decided to settle down, though she is not without her tales of high adventure on the Sea of the Outer Planes.

Another fixture in the trading post is Marmuk, the still living head of a goblin kept in a cage above the bar. Cursed by a tribal shaman some years ago, Marmuk's body is still wandering the plains of The Beastlands in search of his head. While he can still feel his lost head, he has absolutely no idea where its gotten to. Until they are reunited, Marmuk is, functionally, immortal.

Travelers who happen upon the trading post will find modest rooms at a modest price, as well as mooring for boats on the nearby Snakeback River. Having access to seemingly impossible amounts of vegetation and wildlife, the food on offer is rich in spices and rare meats and vegetables that make it an incredible location for gastronomes.

Storied hunters, bestial adventurers, and scholars from all the corners of the multiverse may happen upon the plane of untamed wildlife. No one knows who may pass through the trade post and offer amazing stories, rare items to see, songs to join, and games from faraway lands.

SLIDESLIP'S PLACE

***Atmosphere**: Cramped, Comfortable*

***Drink**: Good*

***Food**: Great*

***Entertainment**: Good*

***Lodging:** Grand (Limited)*

***Location:** The Outlands*

Cost

●●●●○

Slideslip the halfling just wanted a place to bring his boyfriends in secret, but over time his hideaway became so much more than that for the crowded city of Sigil.

Located quite literally between the shared wall of the flower shop and the farrier, Slieslip's Place is an pocket dimension that plays host to the select few that know how to find it.

Those who do know how to enter the place come to Slideslip's narrow, but surprisingly spacious, den of mischief for the strong drinks, hearty food, and comfortable amenities. Sadly, you cannot enter the space without an invitation from Slideslip or his 'inner circle,' making them extremely rare.

Once you have the invitation its as easy as pressing it to the center stone that makes up the wall from the alleyway between the cramped buildings and squeezing through the opening that appears. Many have tried to guess at Slideslip's method for engineering such a space, but he remains tight lipped about it. The prevailing theory is that the bar itself is inside a massive *portable hole* that Slideslip somehow managed to camouflage.

Special guests who gain entrance into Slideslip's Place will find a handful of popular musicians and poets plying their trade inside. Rich family recopies of extravagant food make the menu robust and hearty, all cooked by traveling chefs to the City of Doors. Being a nexus, of sorts, Sigil has a limitless variety of alcohol, many of which are kept in the cramped confines of Slideslip's Place.

Only three rooms are on offer, as the other two have been eternally occupied by Slideslip's most trusted companions. Getting one of the rooms requires not only a hefty 60 gp per night, but hundreds of gold worth of bribes. Luckily, the room is yours until you fail to pay or give it up for someone new, unless Slideslip boots you out, personally.

Appendix B: Alcohol Index

LISTED BELOW ARE ALL OF THE BREWS PRESENT in *Taverns, Inns, and Taprooms* as well as guest brews from Allison "Ehloanna" and Loren "DM_LSP" Peterson! The more far flung or out of place a brew may be, the higher the price could be. Not all businesses adhere to the listed prices, they are meant as a guideline and may differ from elsewhere in this volume.

Alcohol

The intentional production of alcoholic drinks has been exceptionally common in our own world and certainly has a place in most fantasy settings. Such creations often reflect the geographical and sociological conditions of the region of its creation.

There should be no requirement to offer alcohol in your games, but should your players wish to include them, the following list has been created for use in your games. It is **by no means** an exhaustive list in regards to a single setting in Dungeons and Dragons, which has a history stretching back three decades from hundreds of authors and lore authorities.

Ale and Beer A-Z

Various beverages made from a variety of fermented cereal grains are listed below in alphabetical order. As a staple product that is consumed nearly as often as water or tea, most beers are exceptionally affordable and vary widely.

Albinama's Machinist

Wheat Beer - **Mug** 8cp **Gallon** 6sp 4cp

This beer pours canary yellow but maintains its crisp feel on the palate. Punchy aromas of apricots and peach work with a pleasantly bitter bite. A light spicy finish punctuates this artificer's unique, exceptional brew.

Apfel of My Eye *by Allison*

Fruit Beer - **Mug** 9cp **Gallon** 7sp 2cp

Apples are one of the main ingredients used when brewing this fine, light beer. The alcohol content packs a hidden punch with this light amber colored beer. Dates and figs are the up front notes of this beer, with a subtle spice that comes out with the dry, crisp finish

Black Spot Ginger Beer

Ginger Beer - **Mug** 4cp, **Gallon** 3sp 2cp

This beer has a spark and bubbliness to it brought by the fresh and crisp ginger used in its con struction.

It has subtle flavors of coriander, cardamom, and lemon.

Blister

Pale Ale - **Bottle** 1sp

Served in a black glass bottle, corked and waxed, this cloudy brew pours honeycomb gold and has aromas of tropical fruit: mango, grapefruit, and ripe pinapple. A soft semi-sweet hoppy finish makes this an exceptional beer.

Festoon *by Allison*

Ale - **Mug** 6cp, **Gallon** 4sp 3cp

With a hearty alcohol content and a thick mouthfeel, this ale is not one for the weak. This ale hails from inland warmer climates that specialize in beets, golden raisins, and honey imparting a very sweet style and the complexity of a rich red wine. This beer pours a reddish-brown color with very little head. Once poured, a bouquet of fruit and candied sugar are evident.

The Folly *by Allison*

Beer – **Mug** 5cp, **Gallon** 4sp

This sour beer was aged for several years in oak barrels. Its dark color and creamy white head give off notes of raspberry and cocoa nibs. The flavor is strong, but tart, and the mouthfeel is full with mild carbonation. Notes of caramel and other red fruit can be found, with a hint of funky yeast as a finishing note.

Gralen's Brew

Pale Ale - **Mug** 5cp , **Gallon** 1sp 9cp

Brewed in a small farming village to the west, this beer is beloved by locals. The taste of malt gives way to subtle hints of grapefruit, toffee, and butter - surprisingly sweet and refreshing.

Hillstepper 5

Lager - ***Mug*** *4sp,* ***Gallon*** *5gp*

Brewed in five hand-made large vats in the unused mill outside the old Meknav house, many call this dark beer otherworldly. As such, it commands the highest price of any drink at The Shouting Sail. Crisp, clean, and incredibly fresh, the exact recipe is a mystery and probably magical.

Effect: The first time a creature drinks 5 mugs of Hillstepper 5 Lager in one sitting, they can roll 1d4 and add that many hitpoints to their hit point maximum.

MERIWIN SHARPWIN

Ale - **Mug** 6cp

Brewed and sold by a popular chain of breweries called "Meriwin's Finest," this ale is a premium brew that is surprisingly well crafted. This ale sports a brilliant golden color with lively foam, with mild yeast flavor and notes of malt and fruit.

MOON MOUNTAIN ALE

Pale Ale - **Mug** 4cp

This ale is clear and light, made from barley, hops, and water pulled from the Unicorn Run river. A simple recipe as old as the Moon Mountain Brewery and a beloved staple for thousands.

MERIWIN WHEAT ALE

Wheat Ale - **Mug** 2cp

A well known brand sold from an established chain of breweries called "Meriwin's Finest" this ale is a staple for many. Nearly opaque, this gold colored unfiltered ale carries aromas of citrus, grain, and yeast-like spice. Slightly creamy with a weak carbonation make it best with food.

PYRAKIITO

Pale Lager - **Mug** 3cp, **Gallon** 2sp 4cp

The process for making this halfling beer has been unchanged for nearly 200 years. It's golden color and aromas of hops and bitter malt make it a firm everyday beer.

Steppe Up *by Allison*

Ale – **Mug** 5cp, **Gallon** 4sp

Pale as the straw you'd think this was brewed with, this farmhouse style ale is the perfect drink for a hot summer day. Alcohol content is light, and the white lacey head dissipates quickly after pouring. A waft of this beer brings in notes of straw and biscuit, with additional notes of light spice and ginger. This beer is crisp, cool, and mildly funky.

SIREN'S DEMISE *BY ALLISON*

Dark Lager – **Mug** 6cp, **Gallon** 4sp 8cp

Almost as black as the night, this ale is thick and creamy with rich tan colored head. The beer has noted of chocolate and kaethae, with hints of vanilla, plums, and raisins. The color is described as so dark that it could swallow you whole, much like the ocean once the sun has set.

SOFWIN ALE

Ale – **Mug** 4cp, **Gallon** 3sp

This weak ale is made by a small family a few days ride south of The Shouting Sail. The ale leans into the sweetness of the grain and is shipped in patched whiskey barrels, making it easy to drink but with a much stronger aroma than expected.

SKYREND BY BLACK BRANCH

Imperial Stout- **Mug** 4gp

Only 6 barrels of this exceptional stout are made each year, and are highly sought after.

This black beer is aged for 8 months in whiskey barrels before being served. Aromas of chocolate, roasted malt, oak, and vanilla pair with the crisp flavors of smoke, caramel, and a hint of raspberry.

TOPPLED OGRE

Dark Stout – **Bottle** 2sp

A dwarven beer with little alcohol content but a strong, explosive flavor, bolstered by magic. Barrel aged and bolstered with fire-roasted hardshell nuts. Dark black, very thick, with a tan head, it packs aromas of vanilla, praline, and hazelnuts. Flavors of caramel and dark stonefruit are pleasant, with no alcohol burn.

Effect: Drinking a bottle of Toppled Ogre gives you advantage on Constitution checks and saving throws against all forms of poison.

WIND AND WOLF

Farmhouse Ale – **Mug** 5cp

A light, yellow pour with pearly white foam, aromas of warm yeast and floral notes are welcoming. The crisp brew tastes earthy and herbal with notes of lemon zest and carries the mineral-heavy tinge of water taken from the River Rauvin.

VYNTER

Breakfast Beer – **Mug** 6cp, **Gallon** 4sp 8cp

A smooth pale beer brewed for a light, sweet flavor. Shipped in barrels with roasted coco beans for a robust earthy note.

UNICORN DANDY

Pale Ale – **Mug** 7sp, **Gallon** 5gp 6sp

A surprisingly fruity beer, this draft has flavors of peach, pineapple, and lime. Combined with the aroma of melon and figs, it has a refreshing brightness not found in many beers. Its pink-yellow color is off putting for some.

MEAD A-Z

Fermented from a combination of honey and water, mead is a sometimes called "honey-wine" and can be flavored with flowers, fruit, herbs, or spices. Very potent, mead is generally consumed in much smaller quantities than beer or ale, demanding a higher price.

BLACK BLOOD MEAD

Mead - **Mug** 2sp, **Jug** 2gp 5sp

A traditional Luskan brew, this mead has hibiscus, currants, and hops which gives it an enjoyable floral aroma and soft citrus flavor. The warm spices and dry, hoppy finish make it very comforting. The blood red color and syrupy consistency make it even more popular.

DANGER

Mead - **Mug** 1sp, **Jug** 1g 2sp

Made of clover honey and sweetened on the back-end with juniper berries, this mead is left to age in air tight glass jugs for months to mellow. Unlike many other complex meads, Danger tastes of clean, fragrant honey with a subtle bite of sour-sweet berries and shows no sign of its potent alcohol content, making it dangerously easy to drink.

DORWIN BREWERY

Herb Mead - **Mug** 7cp, **Pitcher** 1gp

A sharp, sour honey wine fermented with wild yeast, crabapple, lemon balm, rose, and hibiscus for a bright fragrant appeal.

GRIMBONE

Mead - **Mug** 3cp, **Gallon** 2sp 4cp

The main export of the Grimbone clan of half-orcs. It has become one of the most consumed alcoholic beverages in the entire region. A hazy straw colored sparkling mead with flavors of wintermint and blackberry. It's a crisp, snappy finish to a fruity, dry experience.

SNOW-SHOD MULBERRY MEAD

Mead - **Glass** 6gp, **Bottle** 52gp, **Barrel** 15,600

A heavy, semi-sweet mead with a lively feel that enhances the lemon zest, white peach, thyme, and mulberry notes. The mead is prepared using an ancient recipe passed down by the barbarian tribes of the far north. The mulberries are harvested only on years where the first frost comes early. Barrels are stored just above freezing, often by using dangerous Brown Mold.

WHITE WOLF

Mead – **Mug** 4cp, **Gallon** 3sp 2cp

A recipe stolen from Uthgart tribesmen ages ago, this mead is an every day staple due to its very low alcohol content.

A dull straw color, nearly white, it has flavors and aromas of cold kaeth, cigar ash, and the subtle taste of honeycomb and peach. A round and pleasant drink that has very little sweetness, it's perfect to fend off the endless cold.

WINE A-Z

Due to the relative scarcity of grapes when compared to both grains and honey, wine is often reserved for regions in which they grow easily or are catered to the wealthy. Some regions may offer wine at the same cost as beer, but some vintages would still cost as much as a stronghold per barrel.

BAROV CRUSH

Red Wine - **Glass** 1gp, **Bottle** 6gp

A masterful blend of smooth texture and intense flavors – leading notes of black fruit with a sharp coppery nip and soft vanilla, this wine has a delicate, lingering finish that is intensely satisfying. Delivered by a bright, colorful wagon from a far-off land, patrons can't get enough of it.

BAUV DAN SERASAE

White Wine - **Glass** 1gp, **Bottle** 9gp, **Barrel** 2,700

This medium-yellow wine has complex aromas of cream and ripe apples with the subtle flavor of red berries and toasted bread.

This wine is crafted using a white grape from the war-torn lands of the Sembia.

BRIMBLESWEET

White Wine - **Glass** 6sp, **Bottle** 4gp

The Brimblesweet halflings have been making this Lovely, crisp, tropical, and citrus fruit flavored wine for ages. The flavors are enhanced by oak barrel fermentation, adding nuances of oak and vanilla to the smooth and lengthy finish.

DARKREST

Spiced Wine – **Pitcher** 1sp 5cp

The Darkrest estate was once home to an incredible vineyard. A rampaging brood of Ankheg made a ruin of the estate itself and most of the surround. In the years since, the wine has become "cheap swill." It's a pale third-pressing, spicy with hints of pepper. It sports a deep red color from being dyed with earthy beets.

GOODBERRY WINE *BY LOREN*

Berry Wine – **Bottle** 15gp

A purplish sweet wine fermented from a druids Goodberry spell. The healing magic is no longer present, but the wine will never turn sour nor does drinking it cause hangovers or alcohol poisoning.

HOWLIN'S CLASSIC

White Wine - **Glass** 9sp, **Bottle** 5gp

Fermented in the trunks of tall Barrelstalk mushrooms, this ghostly-white Svirfneblin wine has a cult-like following. A surprisingly fresh, fragrant, frizzante wine with vibrant, flavors and aromas of moss, stone fruit, oranges, and honey. The wine is concentrated and flavorful, but not overly rich or heavy; sweet, yet balanced.

LUINEMORN WINE

Red Wine - **Estimate Price**: Barrel 34,000gp

This wine is so select and rare that its price is never set – generally sold at auction. Each year it ages, it increases in value and flavor.

It offers vibrant aromas of warm raspberry, black cherries, toasted vanilla, with undertones of tobacco and roasted figs. A succulent, juicy wine, it's exceptionally pleasant from start to finish.

SHIRAWIN'S WHITE

White Wine - **Pitcher** 1sp, **Barrel** 16gp

This cheap wine is sold in repurposed oak barrels. Drinkers can expect to enjoy the hot taste of young wine that does its job. If a barrel is left to mellow for several months, it gains a much smoother more pleasant flavor, should the barrel not leak.

SHIRAWIN'S RED

Red Wine - **Pitcher** 1sp, **Barrel** 16gp

This cheap wine is sold in repurposed burbon barrels, often patched with sawdust and tar for shipping. Drinkers will find the red a more forgiving flavor than its white counterpart, but still fairly harsh. The brewery mixes cherries with the final product to give it a bright red color and a fruity taste, despite the vinegar-like burn.

SIPP'N SEPPA

Black Grape Wine - **Glass** 8sp, **Bottle** 4gp 8sp

An "everyday drinker" kind of wine beloved by traveling bards. It has both fruity and earthy aromas of cherries, currants, thyme, and turned clay.

Exceptionally tart when put in the bottle, it's a great wine to cellar and enjoy when it smooths out or to provide the punch you need to keep you awake during long, slow travel.

TREACLETART WHITE

White Wine – **Glass** 1gp, **Bottle** 6gp, **Barrel** 1,800gp

A recipe originally brewed by a gnomish family from a foreign land, Treacletart White Wine has been well received by the majority of those who've tried it. A blend of seasonal grapes expertly balanced for tropical notes and citrus flavors; experts taste notes of oak, honey, lime, and guava. A crisp and refreshing vintage.

VASSAL

Red Wine - **Glass** 2gp 3sp, **Bottle** 13gp 5sp, **Barrel** 4,050gp

This wine has the aromatic pinch of roasted blue fruits, cherry spice, and sweet oak. Each barrel is branded with a counting number, and only one hundred and five barrels are made each year, leading to an exorbitant price.

WHITE MIRE WINE

White Wine - **Glass** 1gp 5sp, **Bottle** 12gp

A white wine that uses the "sweet mire" grape. The flavor of passion-fruit and apricot blend with aromas of honey, baked pears, and clove to make for a remarkably warm and inviting sweet wine perfect for fruit and vegetable heavy dishes.

1014 DR AUGLA NIGWIN

Gnomish Red Wine - **Bottle** 480gp, **Barrel** 144,000gp

Considered by many to be "perfection" this wine has complex, expansive, and vibrant aromatics and a velvety full-body texture that compliments the building remarkably sweet tannin running through the bottle. Subtle flavors of currants, cherries, smokey incense, warm spices, and leather notes unearth themselves from this remarkable gnomish vintage. The rare "Sunlit Rain" will not disappoint.

SPIRITS A-Z

Also called liquor or hard alcohol, spirits are made from the distillation of fruits, grains, or vegetables that have already fermented for alcohol. Likewise, they can be flavored or altered through all manner ingredients, including parts from various creatures. Since beer and wine are already serviceable, spirits are actually quite uncommon and command an incredibly high price by comparison when compared to common low-alcohol beverages.

Blue Cloud Brandy

Plumb Brandy - **Glass** 4gp, **Bottle** 17, **Barrel** 4,335gp

Uncorking this bottle offers rich aromas of new leather, stewed plumbs, and turned clay. True to the name, this brandy is an incredible cerulean color.

Extremely soft and gentle, packed with sweet blue plumbs and a gentle pepperiness, it's a refreshing and delicate spirit.

Calburn's Fierce

Rum – **Shot** 1sp, **Mug** 6sp, **Pin** 2gp

The most standard, workhorse of spirits, this sugarcane rum is brewed by a clan of Dwarves that ship the stuff around the world in stupendous quantities. Very sweet and strong enough to peel paint, the crew of The Shouting Sail have always drown hefty portions of citrus (mostly limes) in it to help stave off scurvy and mouth rot.

Cat's Eye

Cream Whiskey - **Shot** 3sp, **Bottle** 6gp

A sweet dessert-like liqueur, Cat's Eye blends strong dwarvish whiskey, fresh auroch cream, subtle spices, and a single drop of blood from an ice mephit, as a preservative.

Served over ice or mixed with other drinks, it's an all purpose tool for any barkeep.

Crosspots Dragonfat Whiskey *by Loren*

Cream Whiskey – **Bottle** 40gp

Crosspots, an eccentric gnomish alchemist, mixes melted dragon fat with his rye whiskey. He lets the brew mingle for several days before freezing the bottle and skimming the fat from the top. The remaining whiskey is described as having a slick mouth feel with a strange spice given by the type of dragon used, presenting an unparalleled taste.

Blue dragon fat adds a tingly carbonated feel, red dragon adds heat, white dragon gives a refreshing coolness, black dragons offer a bitter bite, and green dragon fat will cause severe vomiting.

Goldbrew Wurn

Potato Spirits - **Shot** 6sp **Bottle** 13gp

Distilled up to six times, this is one of the purest drinking spirits in the world. It has a clean, crisp mouth feel and a silky smooth finish that leaves drinkers wanting more. Wurn (or "water") has extremely high alcohol content and practically no taste.

Ilithid Black *by Loren*

Whiskey – **Bottle** 14g

In an iron and glass flask, tinged black by the contents inside, this whiskey has a single mind flayer tentacle floating inside. The brew does not cause normal inebreation. It instead offers visions and stray throughts from from random humanoids within 1 mile. It tastes incredible, but the hangovers are unbearable.

Effect: Each swig of whiskey gives the emotions and random thoughts of one humanoid within a mile.

June Nipper's "L"

Sweet Barrel Gin - **Bottle** 2gp

Each small apothecary-style single-serving bottle of this fermented juniper berry alcohol contains a unique blend of lemon, cherry wood, and rose flavors with a smooth finish.

Prickle Brandy

Fruit Brandy - **Glass** 3sp, **Bottle** 4gp

A spirit made from the fruit of the Anauroch Cactus. The flavor is a singular blend of sap candy and watermelon with a hint of clove. A refreshing and easy-to-drink potent alcohol, it's jokingly referred to as "Brain Buster Brandy." Over a ton of cactus fruit is used in each batch.

Stonebone Whiskey

Whiskey - **Shot** 5sp, **Bottle** 11gp

A high alcohol rye whiskey brewed by the Stonebone clan of Dwarves. After blending, the whiskey is filtered through a secret blend of coarse minerals to impart mineral notes not found in nature. The whiskey is then put into ancient oak barrels for another maturation. The flavors are intense and powerful with a slight fragrance of honeyed fruit, woodsmoke, and the aroma of fresh rain on concrete.

T'viat

Berry Brandy - **Glass** 1gp, **Bottle** 18gp

Something of a novelty, this brandy comprised of both blue and black berries. While overly potent and unenjoyable during distillation, after 1 full year of air exposure, the brandy becomes a crisp, black beverage with distinct blueberry notes and an earthy aroma.

White Leaf Whiskey

Whiskey - **Shot** 1gp, **Bottle** 19gp, **Barrel** 4,921gp

Only ten barrels of this incredible whiskey are made each year and added to the cellars, where it is stored for fourteen years, adjusted daily.

Contrasting with rich aromas of sugared pecans, char, dried red fruit, oak, and the subtle bite of tobacco, this spirit drinks as smoothly as fruit juice.

COCKTAILS

When two or more ingredients are mixed with one or more spirits, you're left with a cocktail. Though most cocktail inventions come from a desire to add flavor and make for a more pleasant drinking experience, some are inventions of necessity on the march to war or the dregs of poverty stricken watering holes. They vary widely in price and availability.

HOBGOBLIN WAR BREW *BY LOREN*

Grog – **Mug** 1cp

An army on the go relishes space, and equipment packs must be kept light. A particular warband of hobgoblins saves on space by combining liquids into large ceramic bottles. Each soldier's bottle takes on its own flavor over time, as the bottle is never emptied before new drink is added.

War Brew is usually acquired from barter or battle and reused until the bottle breaks. Proprietors often dump what's left of his own libations inside when there isn't quite enough left to pour another round. A game can me made by offering newcomers a swig of the bottle and taking bets on what brews were recently added to the mix.

POM'A'ZING

Cocktail - **Glass** 3sp

This cocktail is made from the juice of fresh pomegranates, white wine, dark cane sugar, and lemon zest. Named by a patron, the beverage is often laughed at but deceptively good.

RASPBERRY RUNNER

Cocktail - **Glass** 3sp

Poured in a tall glass with ice, this cocktail blends raspberry pulp, elderflower brandy, and vanilla flavored mead into a tart, fragrant beverage that pairs well with desserts and fresh salads.

RAZOR KELP GIMLET *BY LOREN*

Cocktail – **Glass** 8sp, **Bottle** 18gp

A very rare gin distilled with various sea plants makes the base for this lemony cocktail. It is blood-red, briny, and bracing with only a hint of citrus to mask the bitter, unpleasant taste of the razor kelp, the rare seaweed that grows miles off shore and gives the drink its blood-red color Unfortunately, production has slowed since a tribe of sahaugin moved into the kelp bed. A local ranger believes they are treating it as holy ground.

Effect: The first time you consume Razor Kelp Gin each day, you can hold your breath for an additional 3 minutes.

ZOLAN'S FINEST

Grog – **Pint** 5cp

No one quite remembers who Zolan was, but their legacy lives on in the form of this exceedingly popular with pirates and sailors. Equal parts black rum and water, this grog is boiled in a copper kettle with sugar, nutmeg, and the feeder tendril of a chuul. A single tendril can be reused in twenty or more kegs of Zolan's Finest, and gives the grog the subtle smell of wet grass, helps sleep on savage seas, and, more importantly, triples the sugary beverage's shelf life.

Effect: After drinking two pints of Zolan's Finest, you can fall asleep as an action and wake up normally. After six hours of sleep, you wake feeling well rested.

Appendix C: Magic Items

TRAVELERS AND TRADESPEOPLE MAY NOT SEE magical items in their daily lives, but so frequent are visitors to taverns, inns, and taprooms that such places become a nexus of rumors of where to acquire such rare and incredible tools. Three items, Brittle Bite, Fury, and Stormbreaker make appearances in various locations in Chapters 1-3. Th other items may be acquired or alluded to during the course of a characters' travels.

Quest Rewards

The following magic items may entice players to complete quests tied to locations in this volume.

Brittle Bite

Weapon (bow), rare (requires attunement)

This bow is crafted of woven vines and twigs, magically preserved to remain green and supple. A copper charm of a snake dangles from the grip.

You gain a +2 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon.

In addition, when you hit a creature or object with an arrow fired from this bow, you can use your reaction to cause the arrow to transform into a **poisonous snake** for 1 minute or until it is reduced to 0 hit points. The snake is friendly toward you but does not follow your orders. At the end of each of your turns, the snake attacks the nearest creature to it, other than you. Only one snake can be summoned using this item at a time.

Fury

Weapon (maul), very rare (requires attunement)

Carved in the shape of a screaming face, fashioned with flutes that cause the hammer to shriek when swung, this magical weapon commands a great deal of attention on the battlefield.

You gain a +2 bonus to attack and damage rolls. In addition, when you reduce a creature to 0 hit points with this magical weapon, you can use your reaction to move up to your speed directly toward the nearest enemy without provoking attacks of opportunity. If you hit that creature before the end of your turn, it takes an additional 3d6 bludgeoning damage.

Stormbreaker

Weapon (scimitar), very rare (requires attunement)

You gain a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. While carrying the sword, you are under the effects of the *water breathing* spell. It has 6 charges and regains 1d4+1 charges daily at dawn while within 10 miles of the sea.

While you carry it, you can use an action and expend 1 or more of its charges to cast the following spells from it (save DC 15): *fog cloud* (1 charge), *gust of wind* (2 charges), *control wind* (3 charges), or *control weather* (5 charges).

Magical Weapons

Potent weapons help characters overcome powerful creature defenses and give them extra potency in combat. Such items should be offered sparingly and last the majority of a character's adventuring career.

Bloodseeker's Athame

Weapon (dagger), rare

You gain a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. You have advantage on attack rolls against creatures that are not missing any of their hit points.

Opportunist's Lash

Weapon (whip), rare

You gain a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. When you hit a prone, restrained, or incapacitated creature with this weapon, the creature takes an additional 3d4 slashing damage.

In addition, when you hit a creature with an opportunity attack using this weapon, the creature must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Magical Armor

The margin between wounded and dead is razor thin. Powerful armor can help characters weather the powerful threats of the world and stand, undiminished. Armor may last an entire tier of play before it is replaced with something more suited to the individual character.

Shadowkeeper's Armor

Armor (breastplate), rare

You gain a +1 bonus to AC while wearing this magical armor. While in an area of dim light or darkness, you have advantage on initiative rolls and stealth checks.

Urchin's Mark Leather Armor

Armor (leather), rare

This shabby patchwork armor is speckled with bite marks and tiny scratches. While wearing this armor your constitution score is increased by 2, to a maximum of 20 and you may communicate with with rats and insects through sounds and gestures. Such creatures do not attack you unless harmed by you.

Ursine Armor

Armor (light, medium, or heavy), very rare (requires attunement)

This armor is covered in thick brown-black fur and adorned with the claws of a bear. While you are below half your hit point maximum, you gain 1d10 temporary hit points at the start of your turn.

Cavern Mauler. As an action, you can transform into a **cave bear** (MM 334, polar bear variant) as though under the effects of the *polymorph* spell. Once used, this property cannot be used again until the next dawn.

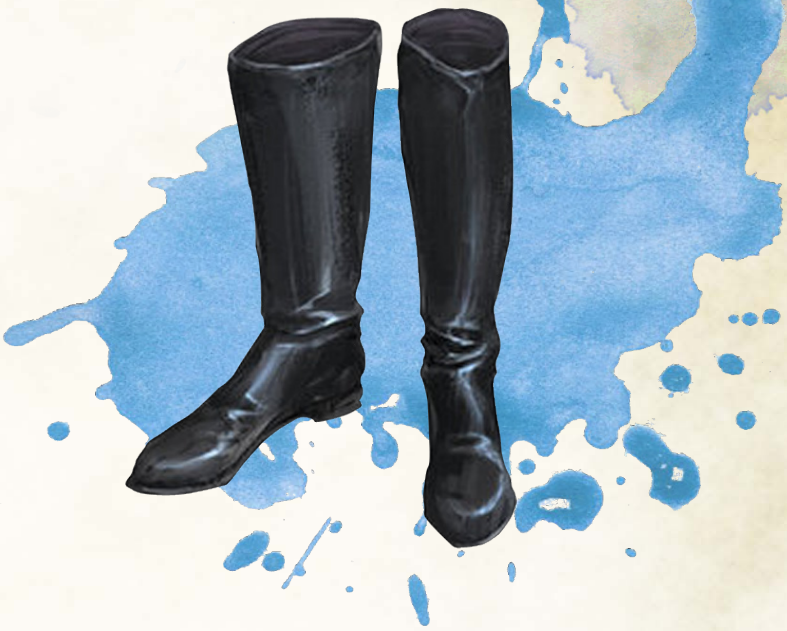
Wondrous Items

Odd baubles of magical design, wondrous items an be extremely effective of laughably strange and unwieldy. These magical trinkets comprise the proverbial toolbox of a character's adventuring arsenal.

Burglar's Bug

Wondrous item, uncommon

This ceramic beetle is nearly indistinguishable from a real bug. A creature must succeed on a DC 13 Intelligence (Investigation) check to discern its true nature. When a creature comes within 10 feet of the beetle while it is on a flat surface, it releases an inhuman shriek audible out to 300 feet. It can only make such a sound once every hour.



Gallivanter's Treads

Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement)

While wearing these supple leather boots you have advantage on saving throws to resist being knocked prone and your walking speed is 40, unless your walking speed is higher.

While walking, you can control the volume and timbre of your footfalls by speaking a command word. You can cause your footsteps to sound nearly silent, jangle like clinking bells, or even mimic the thunderous stomp of an ogre.

In addition, treat any roll of 14 or lower as though you rolled 15 on the die when you make Charisma (Performance) checks to dance.

Racer's Helmet

Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement)

While you wear this magical headpiece, you gain a +5 bonus to initiative rolls. In addition, on your first turn after you roll initiative, your speed is doubled. Attacks of opportunity against you are made at disadvantage until the end of your first turn in combat.

Volatile Chalk

Wondrous item, common

A stick of otherwise common-looking chalk that explodes into a 5-foot radius sphere of white powder that clings to everything it touches. The chalk reeks of sulfur.

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- Loren Peterson. **Appendix A: Guest Locations, Appendix B: Alcohol Index.**
- Carolyn Hotchkiss. "Gretta Wildhammer" **Chapter 2, *Lanternlight.***

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